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THE NEW YORKER

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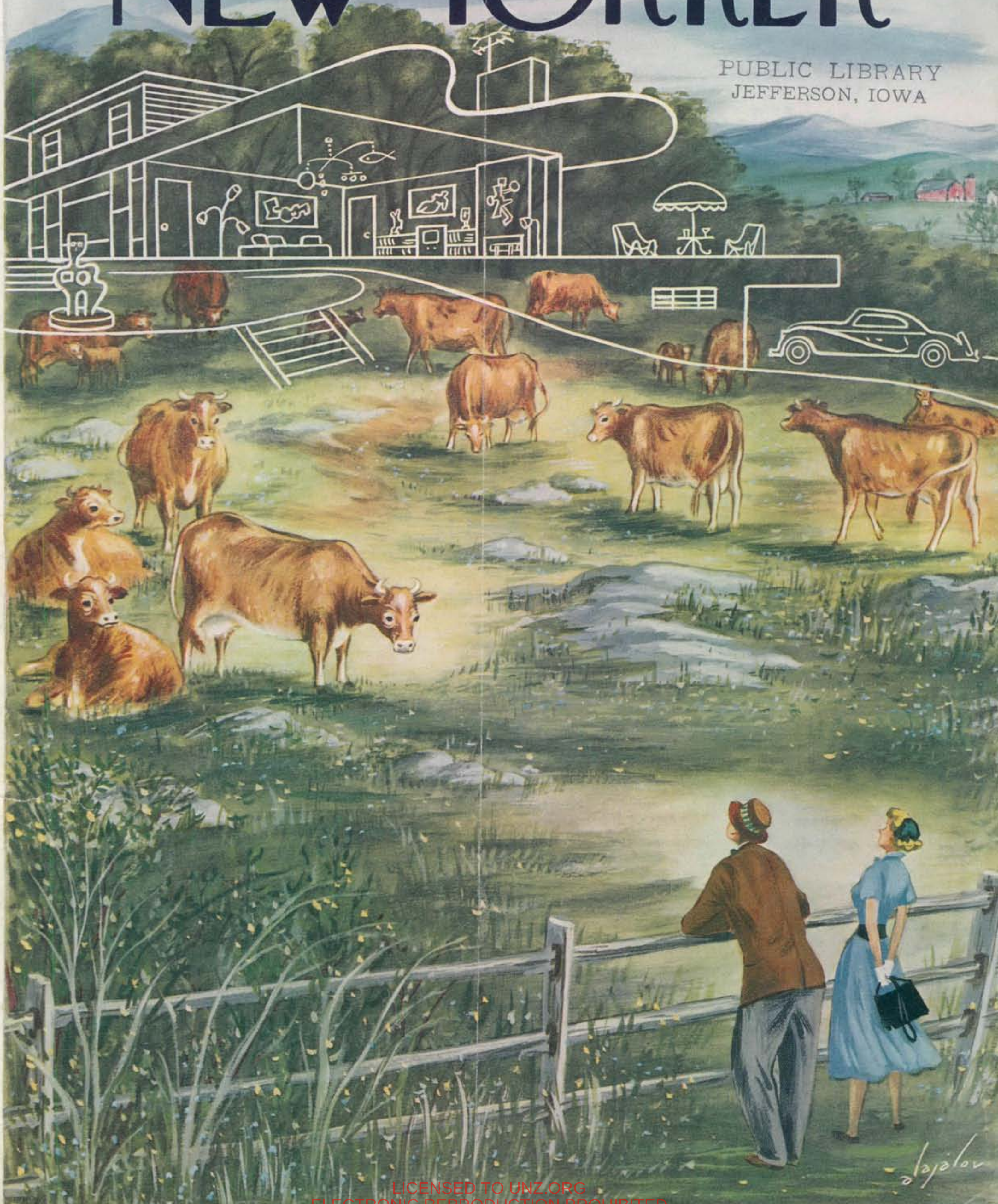

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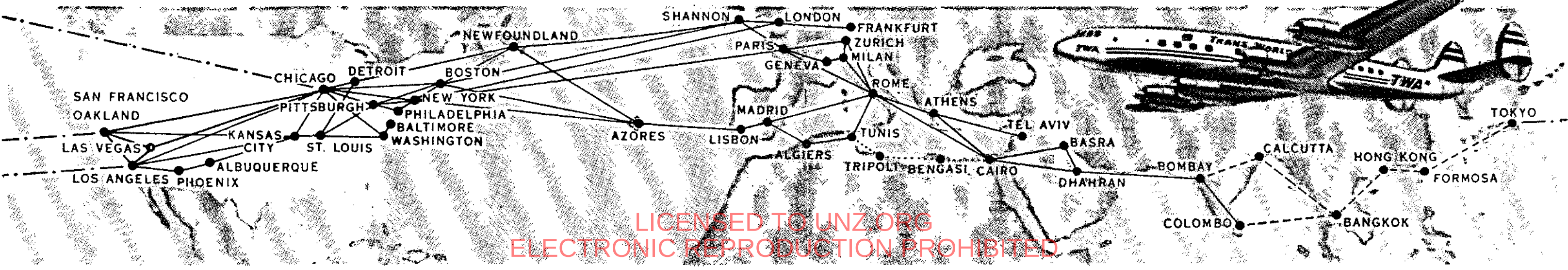
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best in this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel is a highly impressive achievement. Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious, and the acting is all magnificent. Henry Fonda, Lloyd Nolan, and John Hodiak head the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Confidential Clerk—T. S. Eliot's special blend of elementary farce and poetic reflection will probably enchant his admirers, but others may find neither ingredient altogether satisfactory. Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood are mainly concerned with the alchemy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:35. Closes Saturday, May 22.)

The Girl on the Via Flaminia—Alfred Hayes has made a play out of his novel about an Italian girl's unhappy romance with an American soldier, and in spite of a poorly contrived rendering of its central role it is a rather touching piece of work. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Maybe this unobtrusive comedy by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke lacks substance, but it has enough real humor to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. The play was directed by Walter F. Kerr, and Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Franchot Tone as a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net. Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden are those who conspire to complicate his life in Edward Chodorov's bright and expert comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ondine—Without Audrey Hepburn, this Giraudoux fantasy, adapted by Maurice Valency, probably wouldn't amount to much; with her, it makes for a captivating couple of hours at the theatre. Miss Hepburn, who moves to some pleasant incidental music by Virgil Thomson, needs, and gets, only slight support from Mel Ferrer, who is co-starred with her. Directed by Alfred Lunt. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—Burgess Meredith, as the hero of Liam O'Brien's very lively farce-comedy, has eight children in Wilmington and nine in Philadelphia, and you can see how confusing that might be. Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager are also in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—This sociological document by Samuel Taylor, which has something to do with a romance between a millionaire and the daughter of a chauffeur, stars Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten, and they are both quite appealing. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Moves on Monday, May 17, to the Royale, 45th St., W., CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

The Solid Gold Cadillac—A pertinent and spirited satire on the business world of today. Josephine Hull is, as usual, the girl of everyone's dreams, and Loring Smith is rampageous as a magnate whose weakness is reciting "Spartacus to the Gladiators." The play is the work of George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—Deborah Kerr, as an understanding older woman, and John Kerr, as a sensitive boy accused of homosexuality, are both compelling in this thoughtful but not altogether convincing play written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's diverting comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne is happily all over the place as a resident Oriental, and John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, and William Hansen are some of the transient Occidentals. There is also an interesting contribution by Mariko Niki, who plays a geisha. Directed by Robert Lewis, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle for the best original American play of the year. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Long Runs—the fifth season: Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this play about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** Tom Ewell has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl while his wife is away for the summer. Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, but the show's book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's songs are by no means in his best vein. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, old-fashioned Coney Island settings. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Girl in Pink Tights—Jeanmaire is always bewitching as a Parisian ballerina in old New York, but she gets almost no assistance from the Chodorov-Fields book, and not much more from Don Walker's arrangement of the Sigmund Romberg score. Charles Goldner and Brenda Lewis furnish some useful comedy, and Alexandre Kalioujny appears to excellent effect in the Agnes de Mille dances. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Golden Apple—A cheerful but fairly standard musical that transports Ulysses, Paris, Helen, and all that clan to nineteenth-century America. It is chiefly the work of John Latouche, who wrote the book, Jerome Moross, who did the music, and Hanya Holm, who staged the dances. With Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, and Stephen Douglass. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—Five very funny sketches are the highlights of this potpourri, which features the comic gifts of Hermione Gingold, Billy De Wolfe, Alice Pearce, and Orson Bean. Among the singers and dancers are Harry Belafonte, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. The sketches are by Jean Kerr, Lauri Wylie, and many others; and Richard Adler and Jerry Ross wrote most of the songs. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—Alfred Drake cuts a dashing figure as the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin; Charles Lederer and Luther Davis fixed up the book; Jack Cole did the choreography; and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and sets. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Light Opera Company—"Show Boat," with Burl Ives and Robert Rounseville, is being presented through Sunday, May 16. . . . ¶ The second production of the season will be "Fledermaus," in English, with Jack Russell, Adelaide Bishop, Gloria Lind, and Guen Omeron. Preview on Tuesday, May 18. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 19, and

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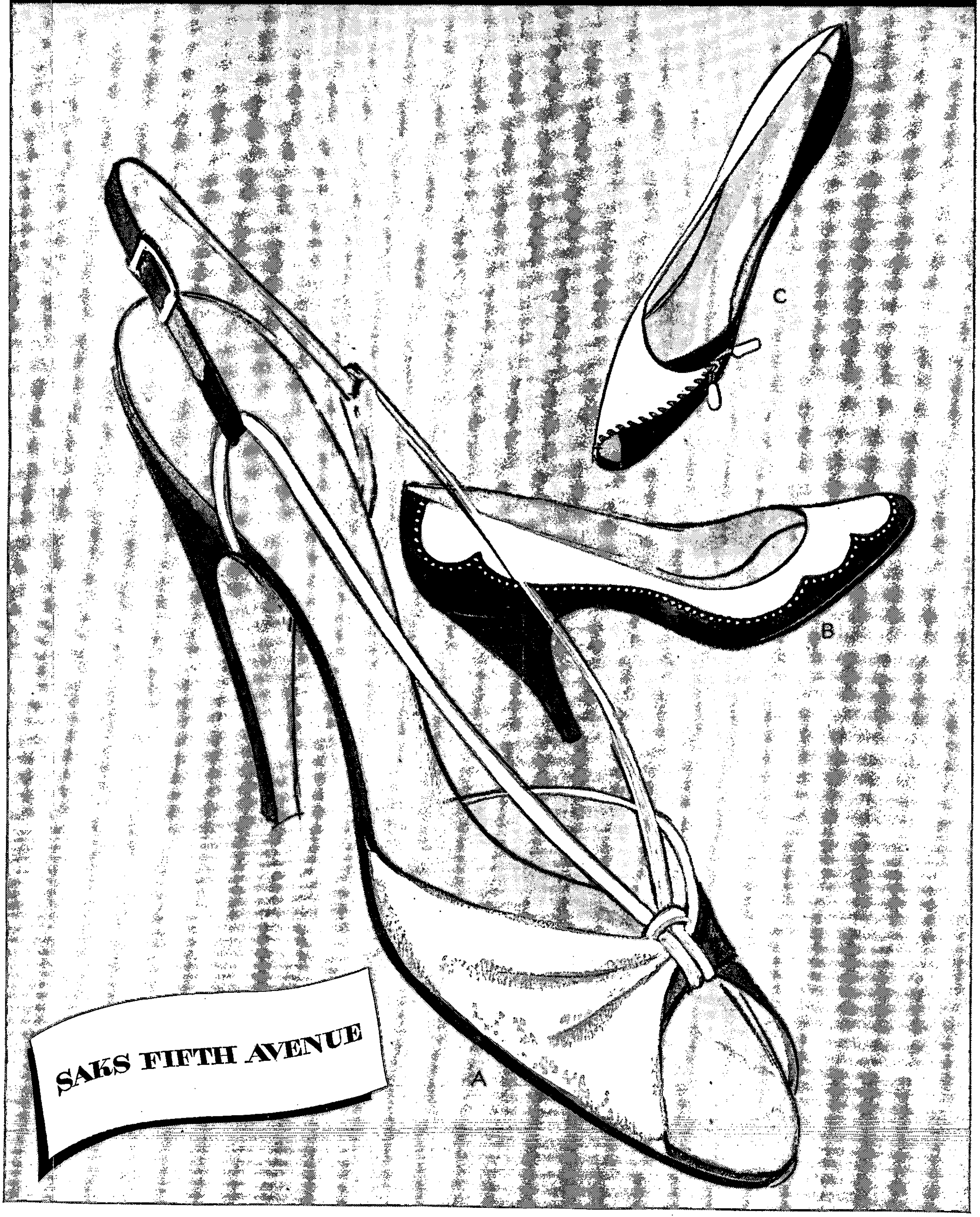

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

will run through Sunday, May 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CAN-CAN: Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Peter Cookson, Gwen Verdon, and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WONDERFUL TOWN:** Life and love in Greenwich Village in the mid-thirties. The music is by Leonard Bernstein, and the cast is now headed by Carol Channing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—John Raitt, Janis Paige, and Eddie Foy, Jr., in a musical directed by George Abbott and Jerome Robbins. The book, by Mr. Abbott and Richard Bissell, is based on Mr. Bissell's novel "7½ Cents," and the score and lyrics are by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. Produced by Frederick Brisson, Robert E. Griffith, and Harold S. Prince. Opens Thursday, May 13. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, May 14: "Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance. Through Sunday, May 30.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Philip Barry's "Here Come the Clowns." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," with Montgomery Clift, Judith Evelyn, and Kevin McCarthy in a cast directed by Norris Houghton. The producers are T. Edward Hambleton and Mr. Houghton. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, June 13.)

SHAKESPEARE GUILD FESTIVAL COMPANY—"Hamlet," directed by Herbert Kramer. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-7060. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

MISCELLANY

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A ten-week Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler. Through Sunday, May 16: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 18-23: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, May 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden, whose floral exuberance is the handiwork of man, not God, has dancing every evening but Sunday to the music of Jules Lande's orchestra.

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BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his ensemble make soft music "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing.

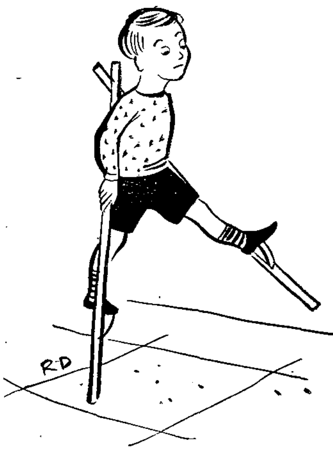
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—George DeWitt comes close to being an any-thing-for-a-laugh boy, but there's no denying that his technique works. Jane Froman romps through her ditties, and the Copa ballerinas breeze through their elemental exercises. On Thursday, May 20, Jimmy Durante will be put in charge of a new extravaganza. . . . ¶ After two in the morning, through Wednesday, May 19, Kirby Stone's quartet will be giving off listening music in the gaudy lounge.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Selected specimens of local and West Coast fauna, staring in rapture at people they haven't seen since cocktails. Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba group.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Trends may come and trends may go, but ice shows . . . The one in the Terrace Room, where Steve Kisley's orchestra plays for dancing, is presented at dinner and supper. Closed Sunday and Monday nights.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The singing in the Cotillion Room these nights is the responsibility of Dorothy Sarnoff, a skillful representative of the operetta school. Her confrere is Russell Swann, a smooth talker about, rather than an actual participant in, feats of magic. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band take care of the guests' athletics. On Tuesday, May 18, Denise Darcel, a prominent example of modern French landscaping, and Charles Carts, a personable French palmer of cards, will take over the stage. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ A small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Some of the jokes propounded by the young married team of Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are almost too far inside their family circle; those designed to be shared with the outside world are, on the whole, pretty funny. The happy couple is in the Persian Room, where Ted Straeter, a cherubic vocalist, coaxes elegant sounds from his piano and his dance band, and Mark Monte's quintet adds to the jollity. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's cocktail music is audible in the Palm Court every day but Monday. No dancing.



ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Except Sundays, the Grill affords dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which perambulates along at a Shetland-pony pace.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is as away from it all as a cruise around the world, and as comfortable as breakfast in bed. There is almost continuous dance music by Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble, and at dinner and supper Billy Daniel and Lita Baron prance through their new song-and-dance sequence. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ted Weems' orchestra, which can be quickly converted into a floor show simply by putting the top down, is inhabiting the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Night life as you see it on television, right down to the very last guest shot, commercial, and malapropism. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The party (George White's pint-size musical) had been going on for a year before Irwin Corey showed up, but he is already the life of it. Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson are noticeably humorous, too, which is a lot more than can be said for the libretto. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—George Gobel's conversation is easygoing and anecdotal. He operates in the Empire Room, also occupied by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, which produces an excellent grade of dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty pours forth casual, relaxed piano off and on from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing from eighty-thirty to one. On Sundays, another group takes over all chores.

NOTE—The sky-high conning tower called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of music, one may study Hoboken, Union City, Long Island City, West New York, Welfare Island, and other escapists' paradises. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The imperishable Eddie Davis still bows over his violin at all the old, imperishable faces. His tiny band is in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A reminder of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, played by a generally competent cast. The music, which is much less period piece, is provided at dinner and supper by Ralph Strain's eloquent piano, and at supper a strolling violinist joins in. On Sundays, no musicianship until after the theatre, when Fernando Valenti gives his harpsichord a thoroughgoing workout. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): In a placid, mannerly alcove, Cy Walter shows up, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, to play the sort of offhand piano that sounds easy until you try it yourself. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after ten for people who consider this their home away from home. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine, Jim Mahoney starts his brisk but nostalgic piano recital in this quiet, well-run dining room. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Herman Arminski's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of clearly mobile décor. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz plays piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet functions for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Robert Clary and Leo de Lyon must lead the life of kings, for not one inhibition clouds the skies of their separate little worlds. The resulting humor is deft, dynamic, and never indelicate. There are also songs by Trude Adams, a pretty and limpid soprano, and Sylvania Mello, a brand-new Brazilian parakeet. The backdrop is the subdued but fervid tone poems of Jimmy Lyons' trio and Bart Howard's piano.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Marshall Izen and his puppets reduce opera as we know it to a cheerful shambles; Susan Johnson brings a convincing manner and an understanding mind to bear on her lyrics; and the Lord Burgess calypso singers, fresh (and gawky) from the fastnesses of the West Indies, put on a fine little free-for-all. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): There's no fool like a young fool, as is delightfully demonstrated by the fledgling merriment here; i.e., the frantic efforts of Bill Norvas to keep his flighty child bride, Dee Arlen, out of the audience's hair, and the gently maniacal conversations of Tom Poston and Gerry Matthews. Two veterans, already in their twenties, help out—the beautiful Ellen Hanley and her top-drawer soprano, plus Gabe Dell and his taut, terse, pile-driver monologues. The Norvas family departs on Saturday, May 15. Julius Monk, the mentor of this brood, and the incomparable Norman Paris and his trio supply the music. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Marion Harris, Jr., sings every night but Sunday; her last night is Monday, May 17. Don Adams, a stripling comedian, will be around every night, through Sunday, May 16. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play vigorous double piano, and Hazel Webster is, as always, the solo pianist. Bygone movies are added to the show on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the top young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the appropriate setting. Closed Sundays. The place is over the frequently raucous Show Spot Lounge.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Hammer and tongs are the weapons of choice at this particular county fair. The wielders are Jimmie Komack, whose rantipole topical tunes are highly seasoned; Charlotte Rae, a deadpan parodist with an unerring aim; Thelma Carpenter and her breezy ballads; Jimmie Daniels and his Left Bank lyrics; Norene Tate, singer of sad songs and player of blithe piano; the Three Flames, makers of polyphonic music, who are paced by Tiger Haines; and Bruce Kirby, the local fall guy. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Under this spreading chestnut tree, Wild Bill Davison, a leading Village smithy, heads up a splendid anvil chorus. He gets noble backing from Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Don Lamond, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays his splendid four-hand jazz piano during the intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding passel of guest fusiliers. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Among the season's blessed events is the reunion of Red Norvo and Tal Farlow in a trio that puts out intense but quiet and introspective experimental jazz. The forthright Dorothy Donegan, a strong-arm pianist, leads another trio. They're all off Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five act as happy as if they owned the joint, on which by now they ought at least to have squatters' rights. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A newly constructed jazz band, which includes Danny Parker, Cecil Scott, Freddie Moore, and Don Kirkpatrick, is making its maiden run. Don Frye is solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Dizzy Gillespie, delight of what by now must be the second generation of advanced thinkers, is the leading light of this fevered rain forest. Chet Baker's quartet is also audible. Mondays, when the regulars are off, are jam-session nights.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Through Sunday, May 16, the bands of Flip Phillips, Miles Davis, and Slim Gaillard will take turns at delivering the Message to the faithful. On Tuesday, May 18, Woody Herman's big orchestra and the Sara McLawlor trio will be checking in. Closed Mondays.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis, who toots a fairly puissant trombone, and his tailgaters fill the vasty deep of the grill with music Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On the afternoon of Sunday, May 16, Billy Butterfield's gang will look in to chew the fat with the local boys, from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dancing.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the trio belonging to Marian McPartland, a latter-day piano player with a mind and a touch of her own, goes into a rewarding huddle in the center of the bar. At least through Sunday, May 16, Johnny Mehegan, a master of introvert, understated pianism, should be holding forth between sets.... **BONFIRE,** Lexington Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-2440): A late-night greenroom for the jauntier professional musicians, wherein, except Sundays, the jaunty and inspired Sylvia Syms sings jazz with a will and a way. Her last night will be Tuesday, May 18.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Friday, May 14, there'll be a wholesale uproar, probably by Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Joe Sullivan, Cliff Jackson, Pop Foster, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, a welkin-ringing contest between (it is reliably reported) Oran Page, Benny Morton, Freddie Ohms, Willie the Lion Smith, Elmer Shobel, Sonny Greer, and Henry Goodwin. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ARNOLD BLANCH—Semiabstract landscapes primarily, in the artist's first one-man show here in four years; through Saturday, May 22. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

MANOLO BORROMEO—The first American exhibition of paintings by an Italian modern, who uses the lessons of Chirico to excellent effect; through Saturday, May 15. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.)

MARTIN J. HEADE AND FITZ HUGH LANE—North American landscapes and seascapes, together with a group of South American nature studies, painted in oils in the middle of the nineteenth century; through May 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HELIKER—Architecture in Rome and Naples and studies of Maine in the summer are the subjects of Mr. Heliker's recent semi-abstract works; through May 29. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

SARKIS KATCHADOURIAN—Copies of mural paintings in the cave temples of India, done with great fidelity and, considering the difficulty of the undertaking, considerable spirit; through Saturday, May 22. (New India House, 3 E. 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

WILLIAM KING—His first gallery showing of

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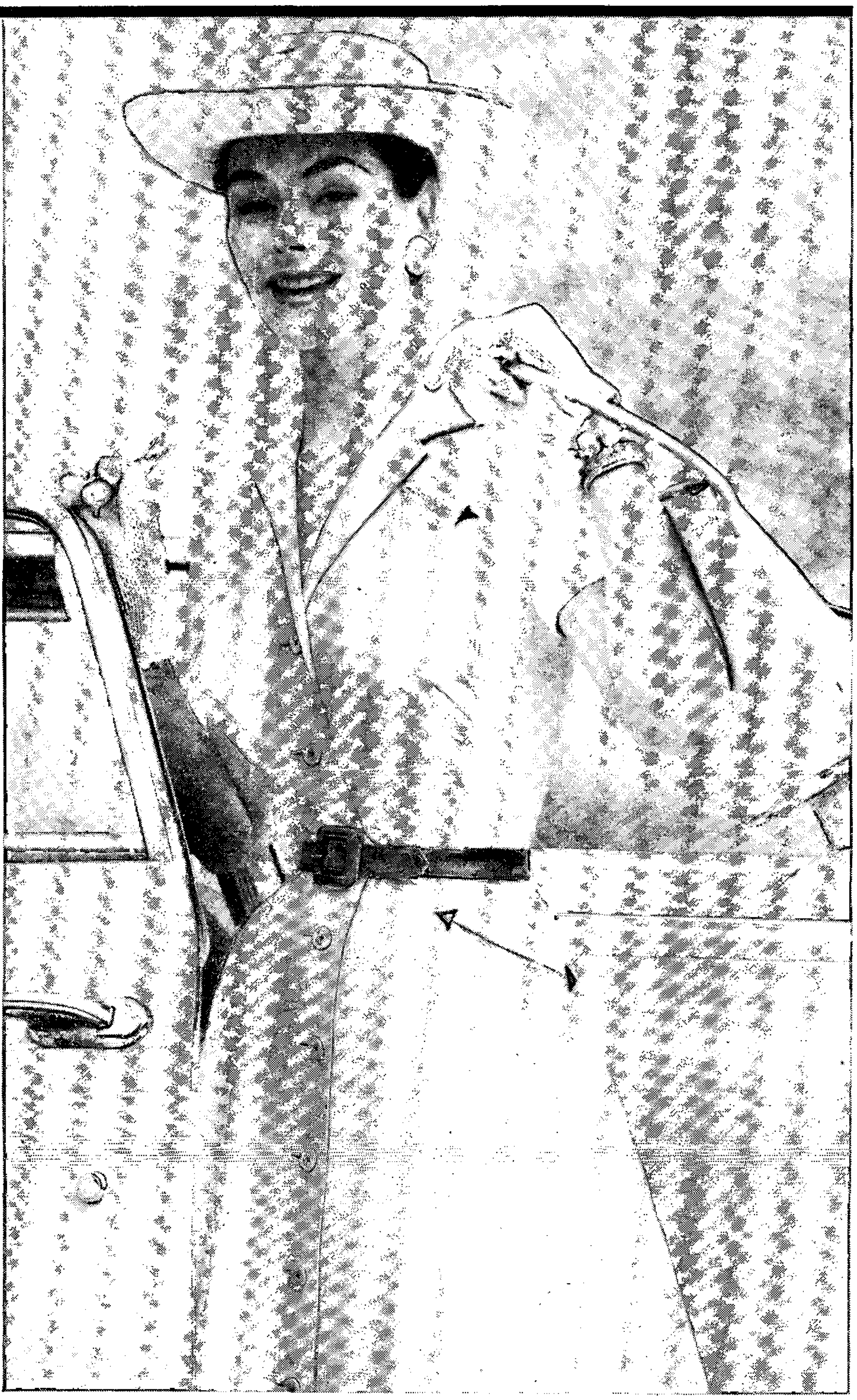

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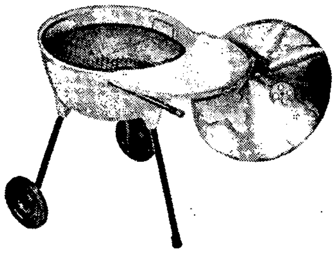

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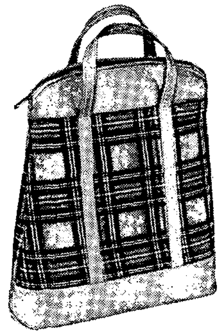

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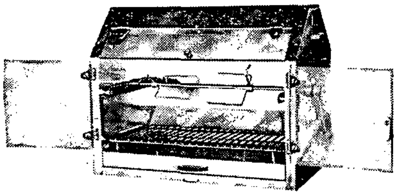

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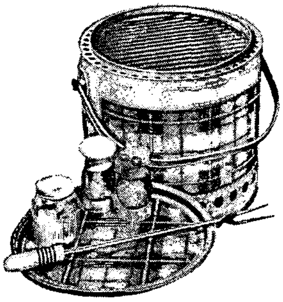

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures, many of them embodying brilliant variations on Early American folk-art styles; through Saturday, May 15. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

KLEE, KANDINSKY, AND LÉGER—A selection of paintings by these three artists, concentrating on water colors and oils by Klee; through June 15. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

FRANZ KLINE—Big, powerful abstractions in black-and-white by a major representative of the American calligraphic school; through Saturday, May 22. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—Seventeen new abstractions, all of which are being shown for the first time in New York; through May 29. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

THE RIPE YEARS—Gifford Beal, Lyonel Feininger, Edward Hopper, and five other contemporary artists, each represented by two oils; through May 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

AUGUSTE RODIN—Close to forty bronze sculptures, and about the same number of water colors and drawings; through May 29. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Slashing, dashing, but a bit repetitious, abstractions, in a first exhibition here of a young French painter; through Saturday, May 15 (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

VUILLARD AND ROUSSEL—*A small selection of their* paintings; through May 29. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.) The Vuillard exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may be of interest in this connection.

WHITE JADE—Over thirty Chinese carvings, from the Sung to the Ch'ien Lung dynasties, in a loan exhibition; through June 30. (China House, 125 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A summer exhibit of works by Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, Marsden Hartley, Sol Wilson, and a score of others; through Aug. 31. . . . **CLAPP**, 170 E. 75th St.: Sculptures by such moderns as Lu Duble, Jacob Lipkin, and Louise Nevelson; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The twenty-fifth anniversary show, with canvases by about thirty artists whom the gallery has sponsored since its early years; through May 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American folk art, mostly paintings and sculptures, from various sections of the country; through Saturday, May 22. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: The spring annual, with a painting apiece *(ranging from realist to abstract examples)* by sixteen of the gallery's artists; through Saturday, May 22. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: The sixty-second annual by the National Association of Women Artists, with examples in all mediums and from all parts of the country; through May 30. (Daily, except Saturday, May 15, from 1 to 6. On Friday, May 14, from 7:30 P.M. to 11 P.M., admission will be charged for the benefit of the New York Heart Association.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: About fifty modern oils that were selected by Adolph Gottlieb, Jack Levine, and William A. Smith; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Eighteen canvases, evenly divided between Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through June 30.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Prints by Picasso, Braque, Villon, and others; throug May 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 t 6.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Matisse, Gris and Arp are among those represented in the last show of the season here; through May 24. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: The second section of a two-part exhibit of paintings by Braque, Dufy, Picasso, and other modern masters; through May 29.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Mary Heisig; starting Saturday, May 22. (Week-

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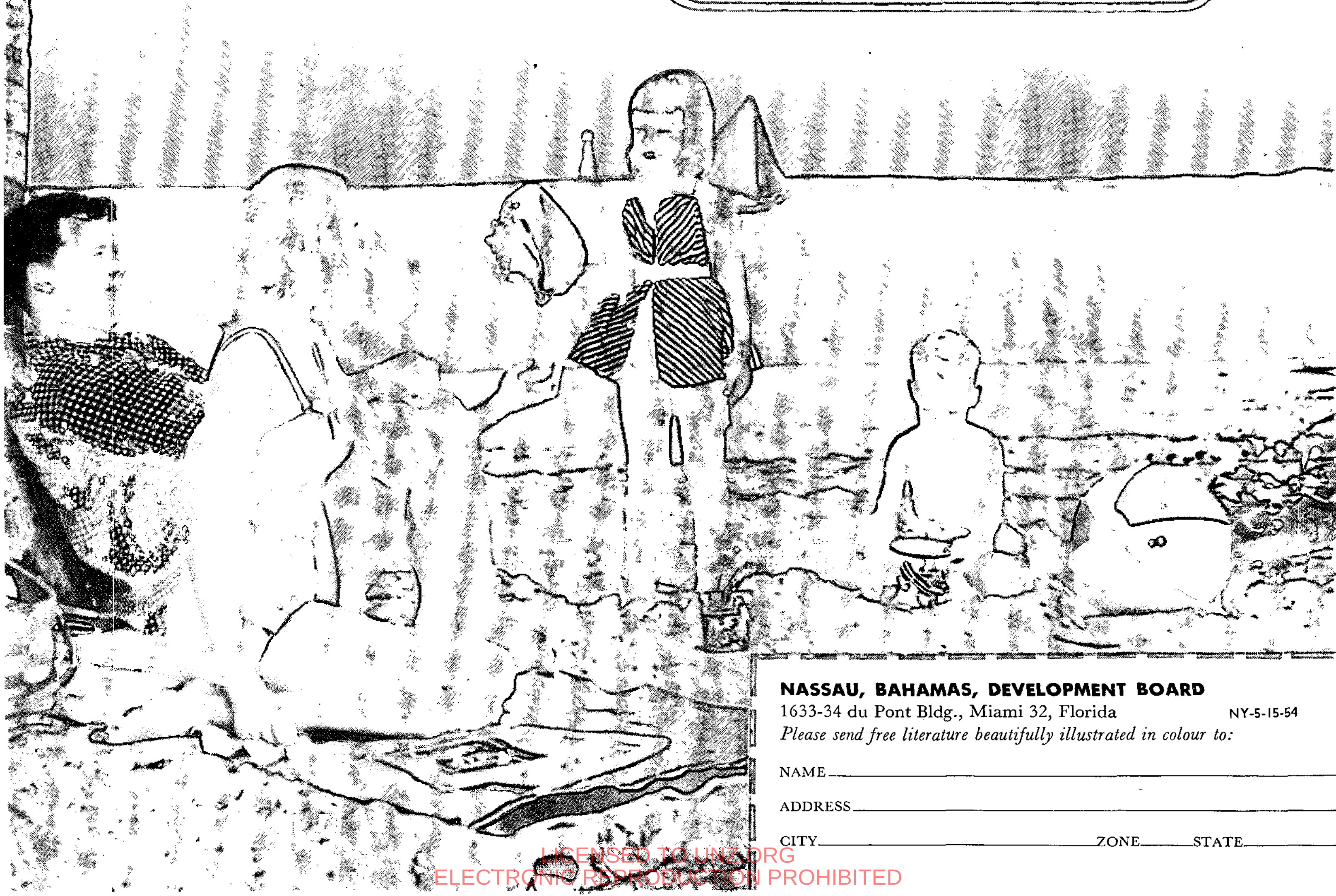

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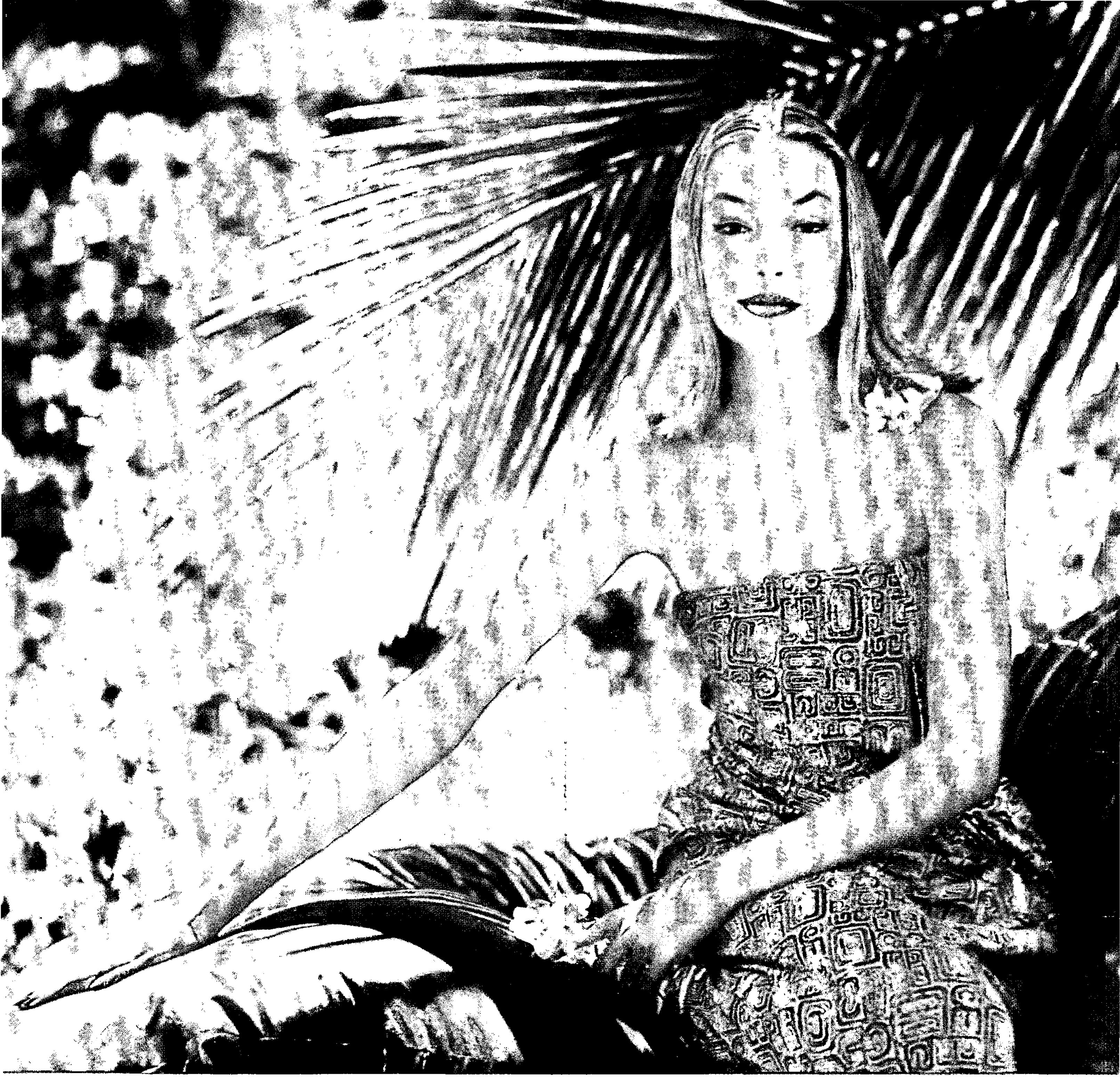

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days, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave. at 55th St.: George H. Cuneo; starting Monday, May 17. . . . **MYERS**, 32 W. 58th St.: Adomas Galdikas; starting Friday, May 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Esther Rolick; starting Tuesday, May 18. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **CRESPI**, 205 E. 58th St.; starting Monday, May 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday and Saturday evenings until 9.) **DAVIS**, 231 E. 60th St.; starting Monday, May 17.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from two until dark, starting Saturday, May 15, and continuing through Sunday, June 13.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over two hundred paintings by James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. Among them are the picture popularly called "Whistler's Mother," Sargent's portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Pulitzer, and Cassatt's familiar women and children. A loan show that has been supplemented by items from the Museum's collection; through May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9:45; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first large retrospective exhibit in this country of the works of Edouard Vuillard, with over a hundred oils and about thirty prints, starting with his early works around the turn of the century and continuing until his death in 1940. Through June 6. (A good complement to the exhibition is the Vuillard show at Cadby-Birch.) . . . ¶ A survey of Jacques Lipchitz's sculptures from 1911 to the present, which includes several pieces that have never been shown before in America; starting Wednesday, May 19. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The eighth annual exhibition of American graphics; through June 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty-odd young American artists represented by everything from inks to oils (and even cement panels) and demonstrating a wide variety of styles; through July 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Clippers, harbors, sailors, and the sea are the subjects, as usual, of Gordon Grant's fifty or sixty oils, water colors, and prints on display here; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—Almost a hundred paintings by nineteenth-century Americans, ranging from primitives to Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, in an exhibition that was shown in Germany and Italy under the auspices of our State Department; through May 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

POP CONCERTS—D'Artega conducting a sixty-piece orchestra—Friday, May 14: With Raphael Bronstein, guest conductor. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 15: An all-Tchaikovsky concert. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21: A Latin-American program. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22: An all-Gershwin concert, with Muriel Rahn, soprano; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; and Stan Freeman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting, with Yehuda Gutman, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 14, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

PAULIST CHORISTERS—Joseph R. Foley directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8:30.)

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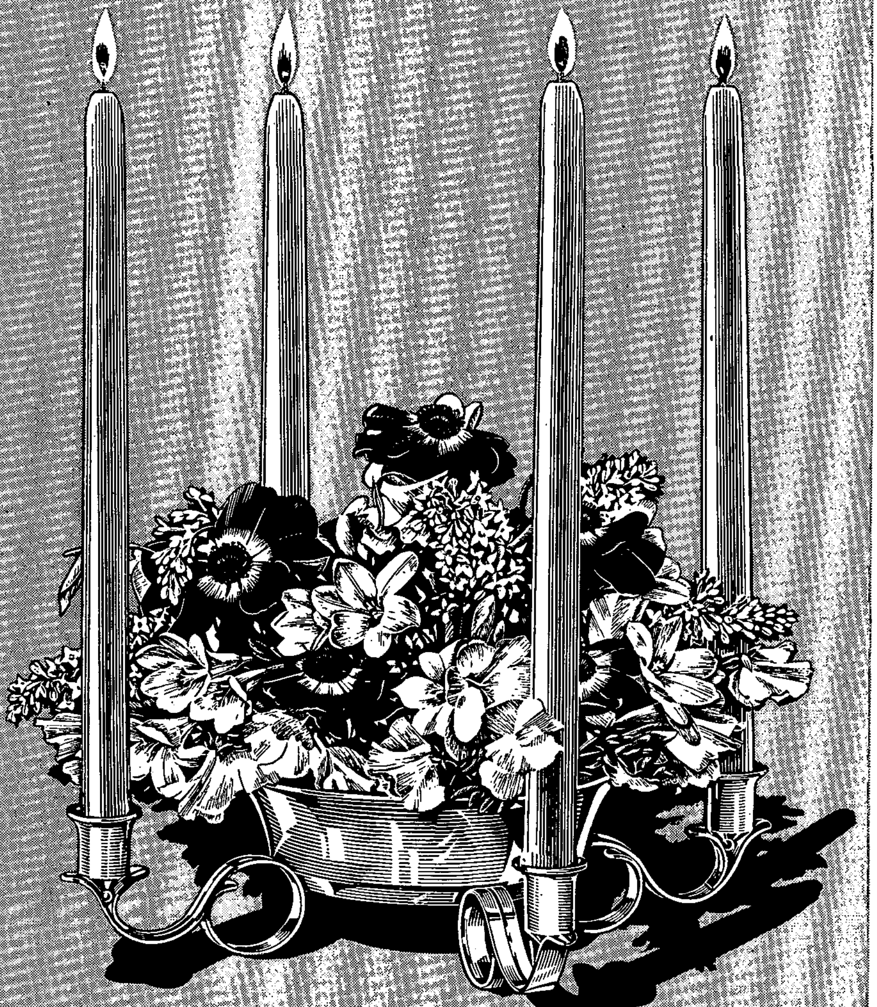

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MISCELLANY

"Pianorama World"—A bouillabaisse of music, old and new, foreign and local, presided over by John Conte and played by five pianists and a jazz band that includes Bobby Hackett, Clyde Lombardi, Ed Shaughnessy, Joe Roland, Tony Scott, Kai Winding, and Ken Clarke. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, May 13, at 1:30; Friday, May 14, at 8:15; and Saturday, May 15, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Sunday, May 16, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, May 18, at 8:15, and Wednesday, May 19, at 1:30. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 13, at 1:30; Friday, May 14, at 8; and Saturday, May 15, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sunday, May 16, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tuesday, May 18, at 8, and Wednesday, May 19, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, May 21, at 8, and Saturday, May 22, at 1:30. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, May 21, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 22, at 2.

Boxing—Friday, May 14: Ralph Jones vs. Jacques Royer, of France, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21: Joe Giardello vs. Pierre Langlois, of France, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday, May 15.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 22.)

Golf—Palm Beach Golf Championship. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Thursday through Sunday, May 13-16.)

Horse Show—Eastern Pennsylvania P.H.A. Show. (Langhorne, Pa. Friday through Sunday, May 21-23.)

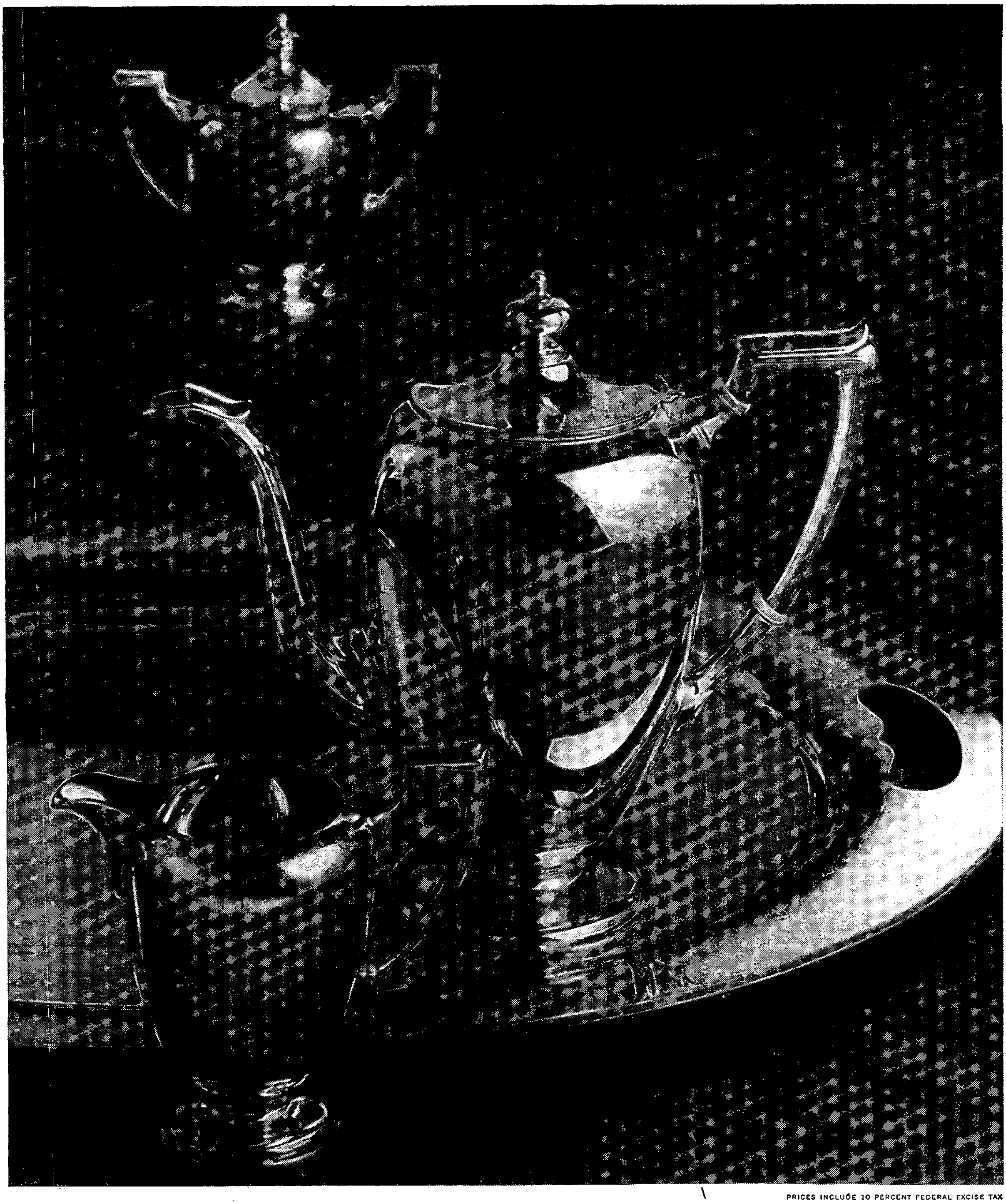
Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 15.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 22.)

Racing—At **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 12. The Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, May 15; the National Stallion, Wednesday, May 19; and the Roseben, Saturday, May 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, May 31. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Play—The King-Coit Association presenting "Nala and Damayanti," a Hindu play from the "Mahabharata," an epic poem of ancient India. (King-Coit Children's Theatre, 330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Thursday, May 13, at 5; Monday, May 17, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Monastery of Mount Saviour, Elmira, N.Y.; and Wednesday, May 19, and Friday, May 21, at 5.)

Bronx Zoo—At the **children's zoo:** Such causes for childish delight as kittens in a well, a village of mice, talking crows, and lambs to be petted. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30, and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **casting pool:** Anglers of thirteen and under (who use barbless hooks and bent pins), can fill their creels (to the limit of three) with white and yellow perch, bluegills, and black calico bass. (Mondays 1



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to 5; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays 10 to 4:30; and Sundays 10 to 5:45.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next few months; however, there are periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Armed Forces Day—Saturday, May 15: Thousands of representatives of the armed forces and of civic organizations will march down Fifth Avenue, from 95th Street to 63rd Street, starting at 2. They will have a two-hundred-and-fifty plane escort overhead. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, May 15-16, from 1:30 to 4:30: The Navy will open the battleship New Jersey to public inspection at Pier 88, W. 48th St., as well as several smaller ships at Pier 26, W. Beach St.

British Artists in Crystal—Twenty pieces of engraved glass—figurines, bowls, vases, and so on—each incorporating a design by a contemporary English painter, sculptor, silversmith, or other artist; through Saturday, May 15. (Steuben Glass, 718 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Daily, 9:30 to 5:30.)

Photographs by Berenice Abbott—Fifty examples, taken between 1927 and 1953, which include portraits, scenes of New York, industrial and scientific pictures, and experimental works; through May 27. (Caravan Gallery, 132 E. 65th St. Daily, 3 to 7.)

Coney Island—A survey of the playground's three-hundred-year history. There's a beach scene, of course, with life-size bathers of 1895 vintage; a gondola emerging from a nineteenth-century Tunnel of Love, two old carrousel horses, and hundreds of pictures, including six by Reginald Marsh. Through Sept. 6. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including autograph manuscripts by W. S. Gilbert, Dylan Thomas, and Emily Dickinson; an illuminated Dutch manuscript, circa 1450; drawings by old masters; and incunabula. Through July 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, May 13-15, at 1:45: Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century American furniture, with a chest by Nicholas Disbrowe that is believed to be the earliest example of signed cabinetwork in this country, together with portraits by Charles Willson Peale and John Copley and other pictures; from the collection of the late Mr. and Mrs. Luke Vincent Lockwood. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, May 18-20, at 1:45: First editions of Le Sage's "Gil Blas" and several of Dickens' works, as well as autographs of Presidents of the United States and Napoleon and his contemporaries, and other literary material; from the libraries of the late Justice Phoenix Ingraham, his son, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 19, at 8: Paintings, drawings, and prints by Renoir, Degas, Inness, Reginald Marsh, and others, and a sculpture apiece by Rodin and Epstein; the property of Stephen Goodyear, George Grant, and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 15.

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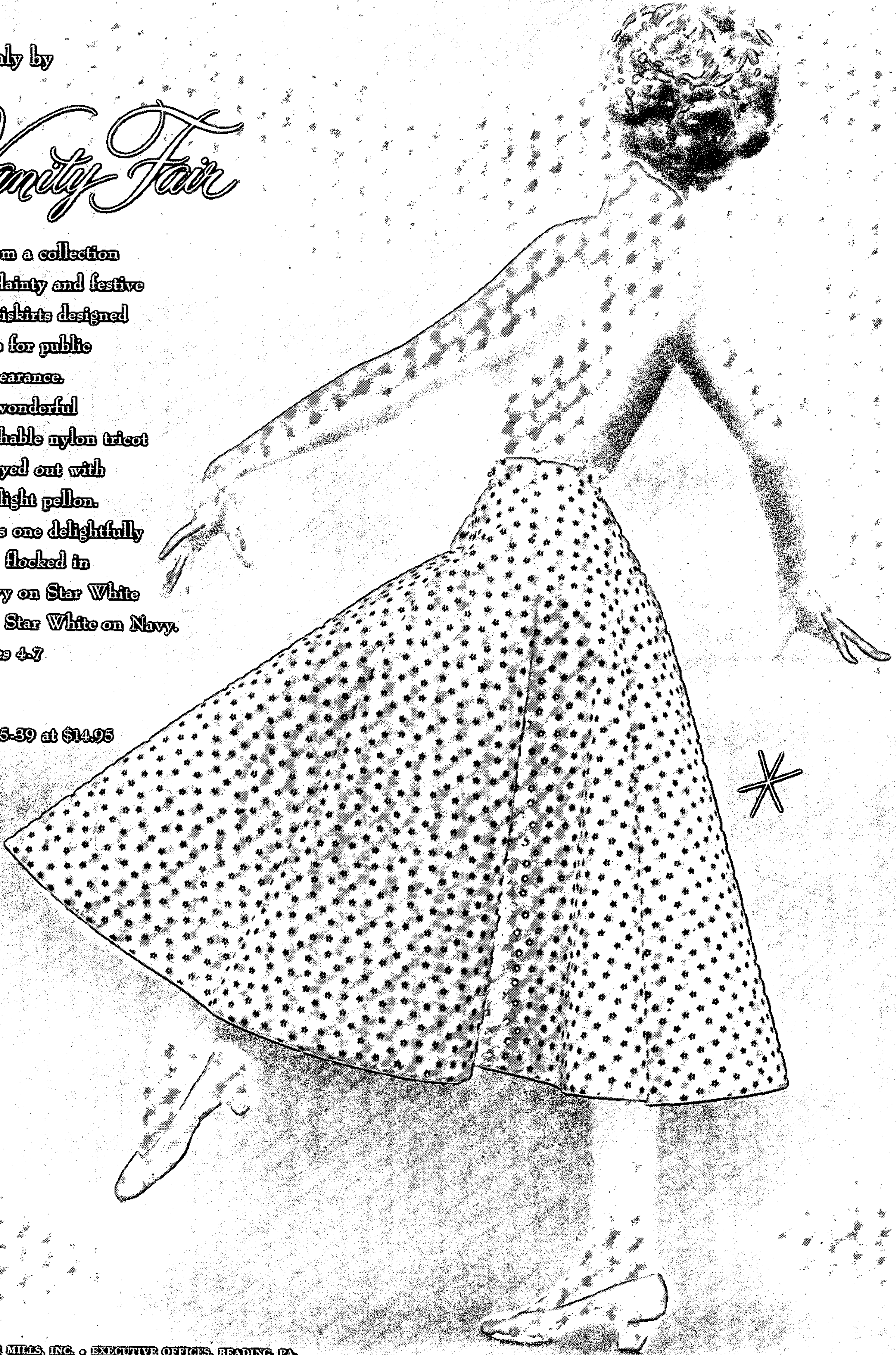

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MARK SHAW

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annapurna—An exciting chronicle, in color, of the French expedition that succeeded four years ago in reaching a twenty-seven-thousand-foot peak in the Himalayas, a triumph immediately followed by disaster on the way down. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 13. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 14-17.)

Beat the Devil—Some jolly doings fomented by several diverting crooks who have taken up residence in an Italian town on the Mediterranean while they hatch plans to get control of a big uranium deposit in Africa. The script was written by Truman Capote and John Huston; the scoundrels are enacted by Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard; and Jennifer Jones and Gina Lollobrigida add the feminine touch. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 19, tentative.)

Genevieve—A thoroughly likable English film in which a pair of ancient-car fanatics try a run from London to Brighton and back with astonishing results. One of them takes his wife along, the other takes a model, and all four are pleasant people. With John Gregson, Kenneth More, Dinah Sheridan, and Kay Kendall. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Julius Caesar—A West Coast cultural endeavor that moves with a tread so stately it sometimes seems to be making no progress at all. However, the film does have the virtue of employing James Mason, as Brutus; John Gielgud, as Cassius; and Edmond O'Brien, as Casca, all of whom are apt in their Shakespearean readings. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through May 16.)

Knock on Wood—Danny Kaye up against some international badmen in a rowdy farce whose plot never gets too much in the way of his hilarious routines. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The Living Desert—Another Disney exploration of the world of birds, insects, and animals. This one, magnificently photographed, has to do with the wildlife indigenous to the Western deserts of the United States. Some of the creatures under surveillance are a bit hard to take (snakes, rats, tarantulas, bats, and the like), but the picture has plenty of action and enormous detail. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through May 15. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 19, tentative.)

Men of the Fighting Lady—Some authentic and startling shots of naval pilots in action during the Korean fighting compensate for a rather routine story about the difficulties of a jet squadron run by a martinet. With Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn, and Frank Lovejoy. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

The Pickwick Papers—Sam P., Sam Weller, and all the old crowd in a movie that should please the Dickens buffs, even though it is quite lengthy. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Roman Holiday—A lovely princess (Audrey Hepburn) breaks away from a royal tour in Rome, meets up with an American newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a photographer (Eddie Albert), and has a wonderful time in the old town. You will, too. Produced and directed by William Wyler. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 14.)

REVIVALS

The Best Years of Our Lives (1947)—The postwar troubles of three veterans. With Fredric March. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; May 17-19, tentative. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; starting May 17.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 18.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 18.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 15.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 18-19.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 14.)

Ways of Love (1950)—A trilogy composed of one Italian and two French films. With, among others, Anna Magnani. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 18-19.)

We're Not Married! (1952)—Some crises that develop when several couples discover that their marriages are void. With Fred Allen, Ginger Rogers, and David Wayne. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 14-15.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 15.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy, with Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, and James Stewart. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; May 18-19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 16, at 3 and 5:30: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1923), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton. . . . ¶ Starting May 17, at 3: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921), directed by Alfred E. Green and Jack Pickford, with Mary Pickford. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, Peter Finch.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
KNOCK ON WOOD.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
May 13: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger.
From May 14: "The French Line" (in 3-D), Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland, Arthur Hunnicutt.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through May 18 (tentative): "Rails Into Laramie," John Payne, Mari Blanchard.
From May 19 (tentative): "The Mad Magician," Vincent Price, Mary Murphy.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
May 13: "Jubilee Trail," Vera Ralston, Forrest Tucker, Joan Leslie.
From May 14: "Playgirl," Shelley Winters, Barry Sullivan.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Executive Suite," William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and a raft of others.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
May 13: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (in 3-D), Richard Carlson, Julia Adams.
From May 14: "The Miami Story," Barry Sullivan, Luther Adler.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"River of No Return" (in CinemaScope), Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through May 19 (tentative): "Flame and the Flesh," Lana Turner, Pier Angeli, Carlos Thompson.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Prisoner of War," Ronald Reagan, Dewey Martin.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Sensualitá," Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Amedeo Nazzari.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
May 13: "The Holly and the Ivy," Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson.
From May 14: "Turn the Key Softly," Yvonne Mitchell, Terence Morgan; and "The Hidden Room," revival, Robert Newton.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through May 16: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
From May 17: **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 14: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**; and **SHANE**, revival.
May 15-19: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
May 13: "Counsellor-at-Law," revival, John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels; and "Kind Lady," revival, Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
May 14-17: **ANNAPURNA**; and "The Paris Express," revival, Claude Rains, Marta Toren.
From May 18: "The Spice of Life" (in French), Noël-Noël; and "The Horse's Mouth," Robert Beatty, Virginia McKenna.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through May 18: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.
From May 19: "The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston; and "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GENEVIEVE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 16 (tentative): "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
May 17-19 (tentative): **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Beauties of the Night" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 16: **JULIUS CAESAR.**
From May 17: "Anatahan" (in Japanese, and with an English narration by Josef von Sternberg, who also wrote and directed the film).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Spell of Ireland," a documentary film.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through May 14: "The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "Taza, Son of Cochise," Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush.
May 15: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and "Love Happy," revival, the Marx Brothers.
May 16-17: "Paratrooper," Alan Ladd, Leo Genn; and "Drive a Crooked Road," Mickey Rooney, Dianne Foster.
May 18-19: **WAYS OF LOVE** (in French and Italian), revival; and "Fear and Desire," revival, Frank Silvera.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 15: **THE LIVING DESERT.**
May 16-19: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 19 (tentative): **BEAT THE DEVIL.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through May 16: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.
May 17-18: "Back to God's Country," Rock Hudson, Marcia Henderson; and "Border River," Joel McCrea, Yvonne De Carlo.
From May 19: "The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston; and "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 19 (tentative): **THE LIVING DESERT.**

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
May 13: **ANNAPURNA**; and "The Paris Express," revival, Claude Rains, Marta Toren.

May 14-17: "The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "Taza, Son of Cochise," Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush.
May 18-19: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and "Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 17: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and "Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.
May 18-19: **YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU**, revival.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 16 (tentative): "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
May 17-19 (tentative): **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 16: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.
May 17-18: "Back to God's Country," Rock Hudson, Marcia Henderson; and "Border River," Joel McCrea, Yvonne De Carlo.
From May 19: "The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston; and "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
May 13: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
May 14-15: **WE'RE NOT MARRIED!**, revival; and "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," revival, Susan Hayward, Dan Dailey.
May 16-17: "Money from Home," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.
From May 18: "The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "Wings of the Hawk," revival, Van Heflin, Julia Adams.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 19: **THE LIVING DESERT.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Dirty Hands" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Pierre Brasseur, Claude Nollier.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 18: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.
From May 19: "The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston; and "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 15: **THE OX-BOW INCIDENT**, revival; and "Whirlpool," revival, Gene Tierney, José Ferrer.
May 16-18: "My Gal Sal," revival, Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature; and "No Highway in the Sky," revival, James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich.
From May 19: "The Golden Coach," Anna Magnani; and "The Frightened Bride," Mai Zetterling, Dennis Price.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through May 16 (tentative): "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
May 17-19 (tentative): **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through May 15: "Paratrooper," Alan Ladd, Leo Genn; and "Drive a Crooked Road," Mickey Rooney, Dianne Foster.
May 16-17: "Bend of the River," revival, James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy; and "Flaming Feather," revival, Sterling Hayden.
From May 18: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin; and "Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Out of This World," a documentary film of Tibet, photographed in color by Lowell Thomas and Lowell Thomas, Jr.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Drôle de Drame" (in French; also known as "Bizarre, Bizarre"), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay; and "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (in French; also known as "The Devil's Envoys"), revival.

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Pit of Loneliness" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Moment of Truth" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Jean Gabin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 18: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.
From May 19: "The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston; and "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 17: "Rimsky-Korsakov" (in Russian); and "The Spice of Life" (in French), Noël-Noël.
From May 18: **OPEN CITY** and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (both in Italian and both revivals).

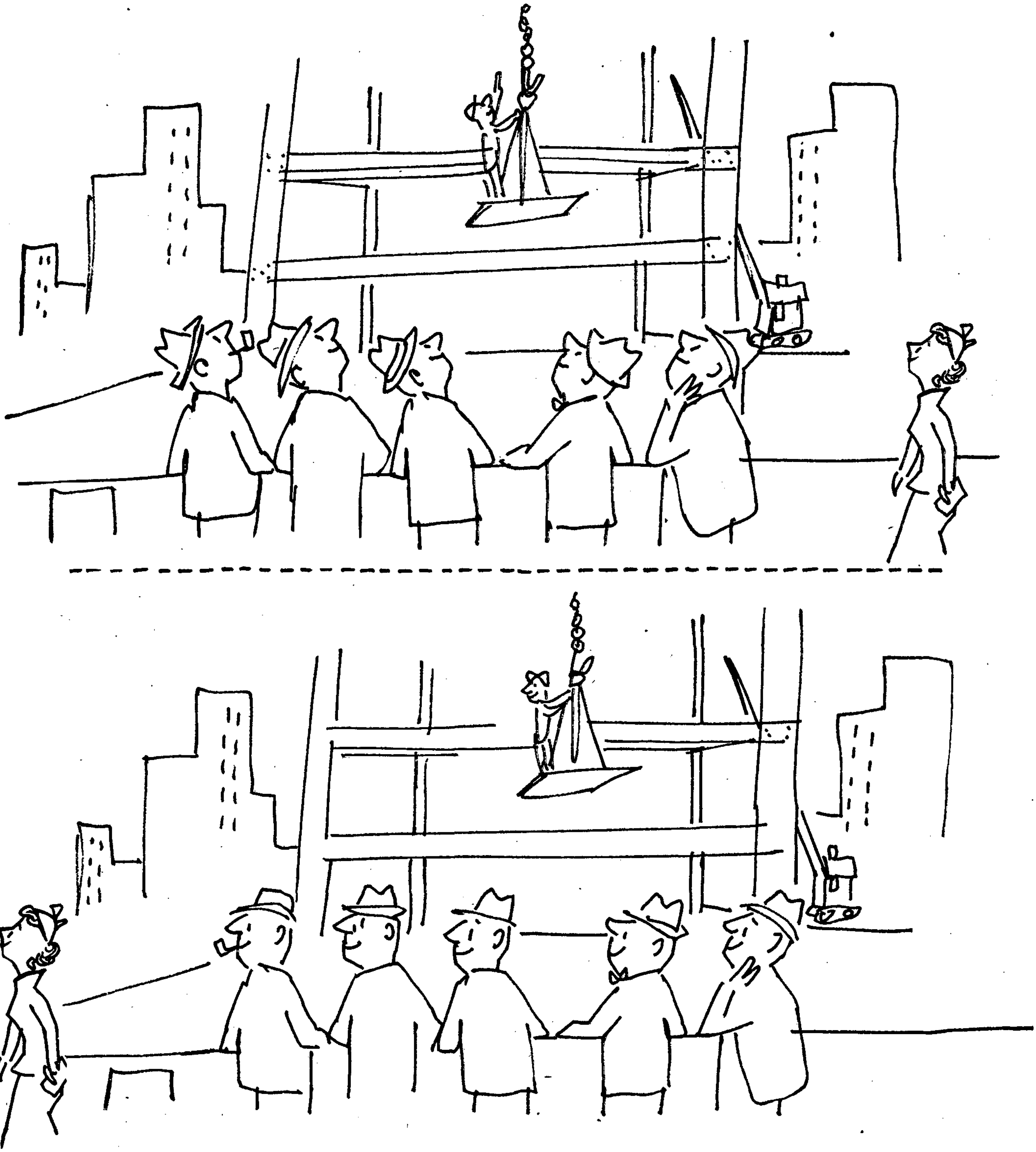
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
"Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 16: "Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy; and "Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders.
May 17-18: "Back to God's Country," Rock Hudson, Marcia Henderson; and "Border River," Joel McCrea, Yvonne De Carlo.
From May 19: "The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston; and "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through May 16: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
From May 17: **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through May 16 (tentative): "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
May 17-19 (tentative): **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



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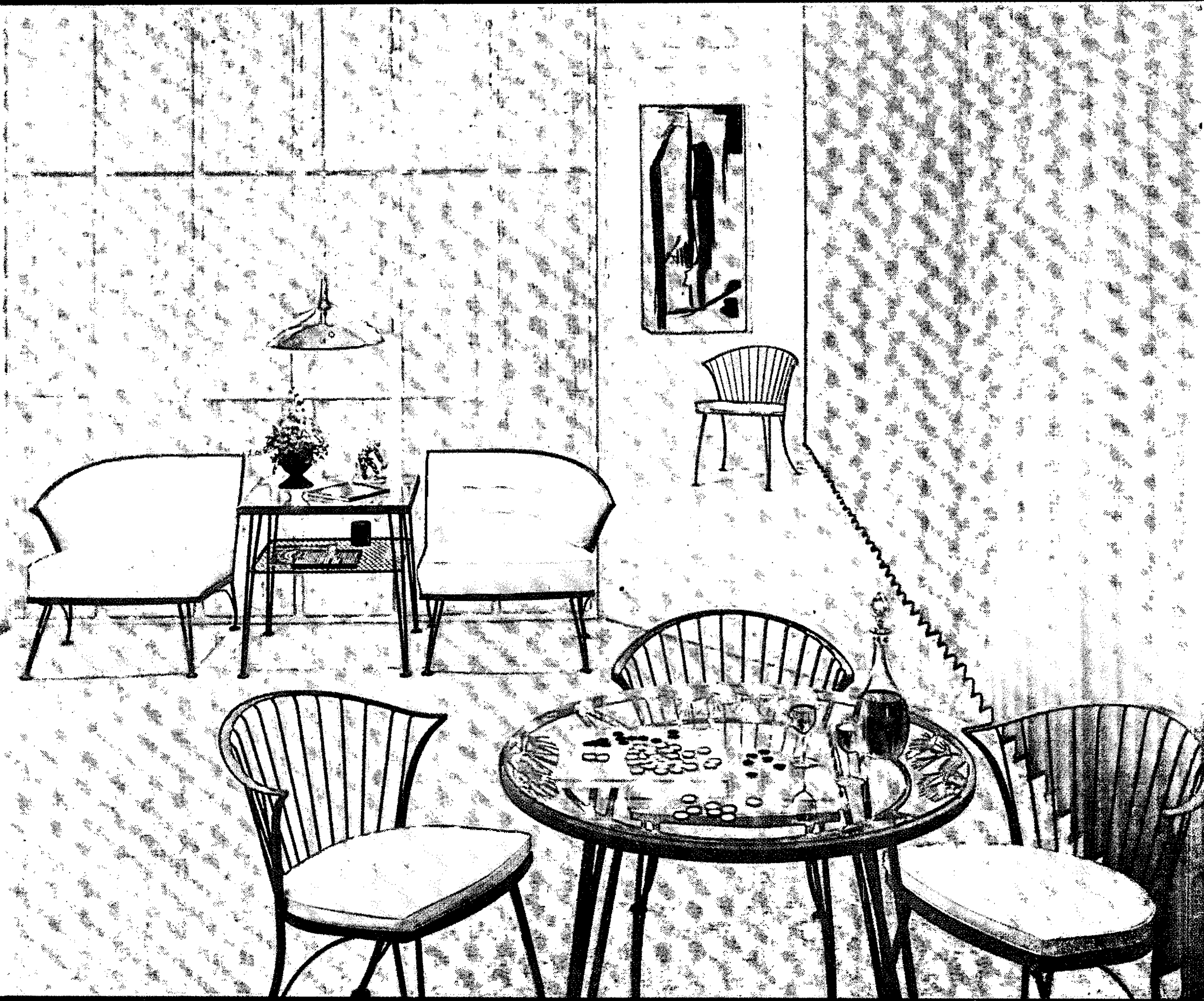

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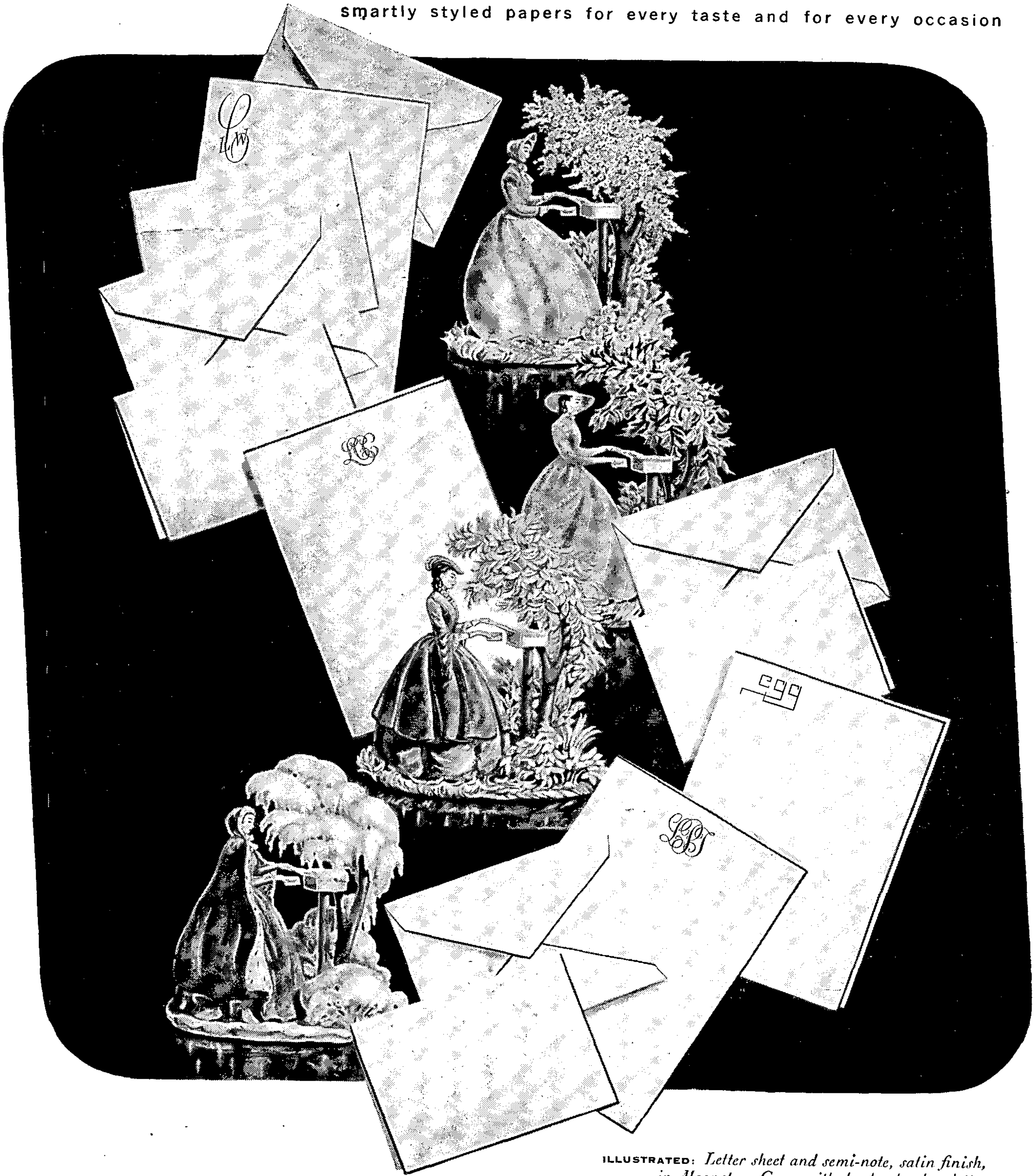

ILLUSTRATED: *Letter sheet and semi-note, satin finish, in Moonstone Grey, with duplex border; letter sheet and semi-note, Crane's Kid Finish, pearl white, with blue border; note and letter sheet, satin finish, pearl white, with duplex border; letter sheet and semi-note in Crane's Bluelawn, with duplex border.*

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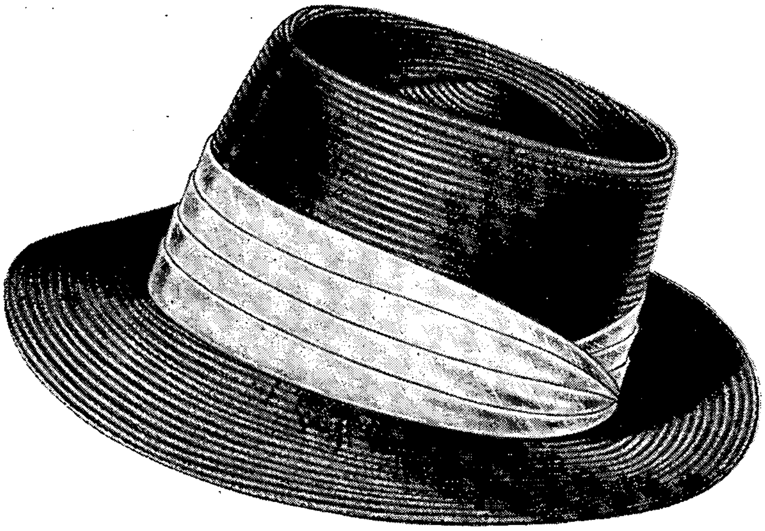

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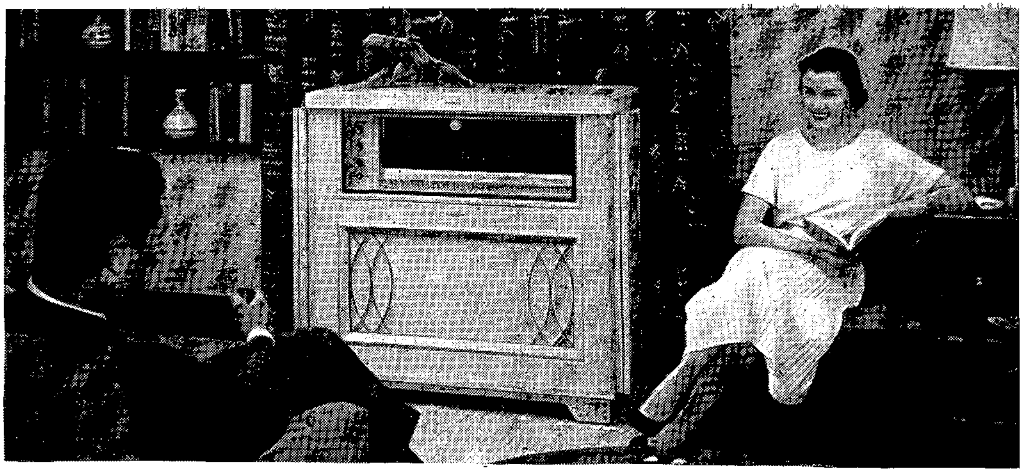

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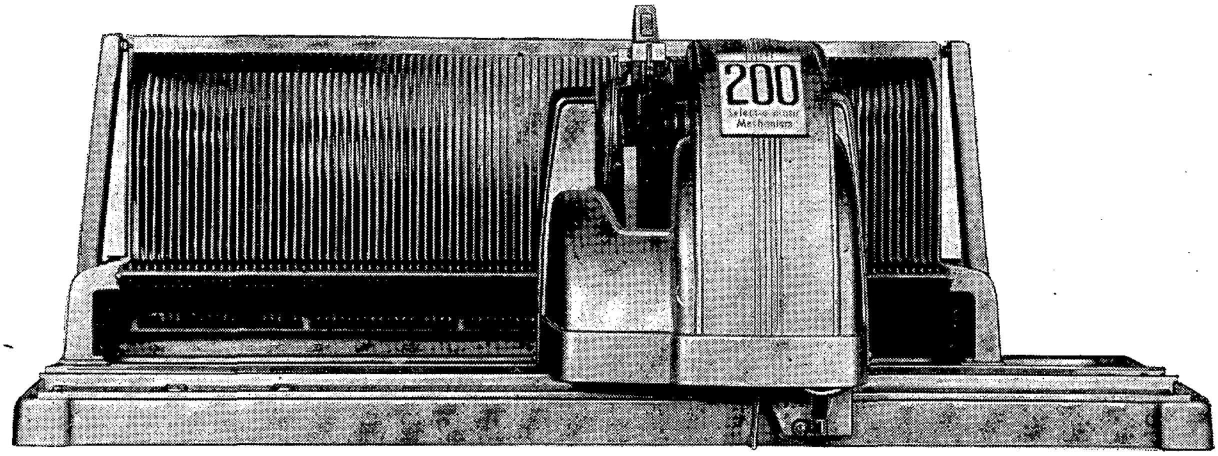

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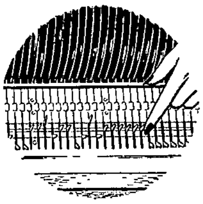

The Seeburg Select-O-Matic "200" Mechanism holds 100 records of 45 r.p.m. music . . . places 200 selections (more when Extended Play records are used) right at your finger tips. All you do is select the program . . . this wonderful instrument does the rest . . . playing a single record . . . five records . . . or up to 25 hours without repetition. You never touch a record, never handle an album.

Beyond its magical performance . . . the Select-O-Matic "200" is high fidelity in the finest sense, gives new tonal realism and presence to records.

For your home or your business. Whether you want the finest in recorded listening pleasure for your home or want a practical, inexpensive method of bringing the acknowledged benefits of music to your business, you'll want to know all about the Seeburg Select-O-Matic "200".

Write: A descriptive brochure and the name of your Seeburg Select-O-Matic "200" Dealer will be sent promptly on request.

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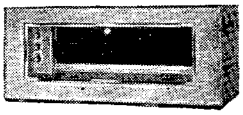
dependable music systems since 1902

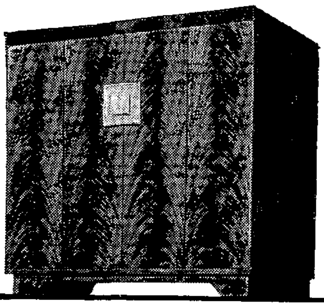
The Library Unit. For playing through TV, radio or other amplification system. High fidelity pre-amplifier. Spring tension magnetic pickup with genuine diamond styluses. Modern limed oak cabinet.

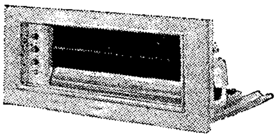


NO WORK . . . ALL PLAY WITH **Seeburg Select-o-matic 200** ***MUSIC SYSTEMS***

TRUE HIGH FIDELITY GIVES NEW TONAL REALISM

The Console. High fidelity power amplifier (20 watt—20 to 30,000 cps range), high fidelity pre-amplifier, high fidelity dual coaxial speaker. Spring tension magnetic pickup with genuine diamond styluses. Beautiful light Korina or rich mahogany wood cabinet.





The Custom Unit. For built-in music systems. Mounted on sturdy, sliding metal track. High fidelity pre-amplifier. Spring tension magnetic pickup with genuine diamond styluses.

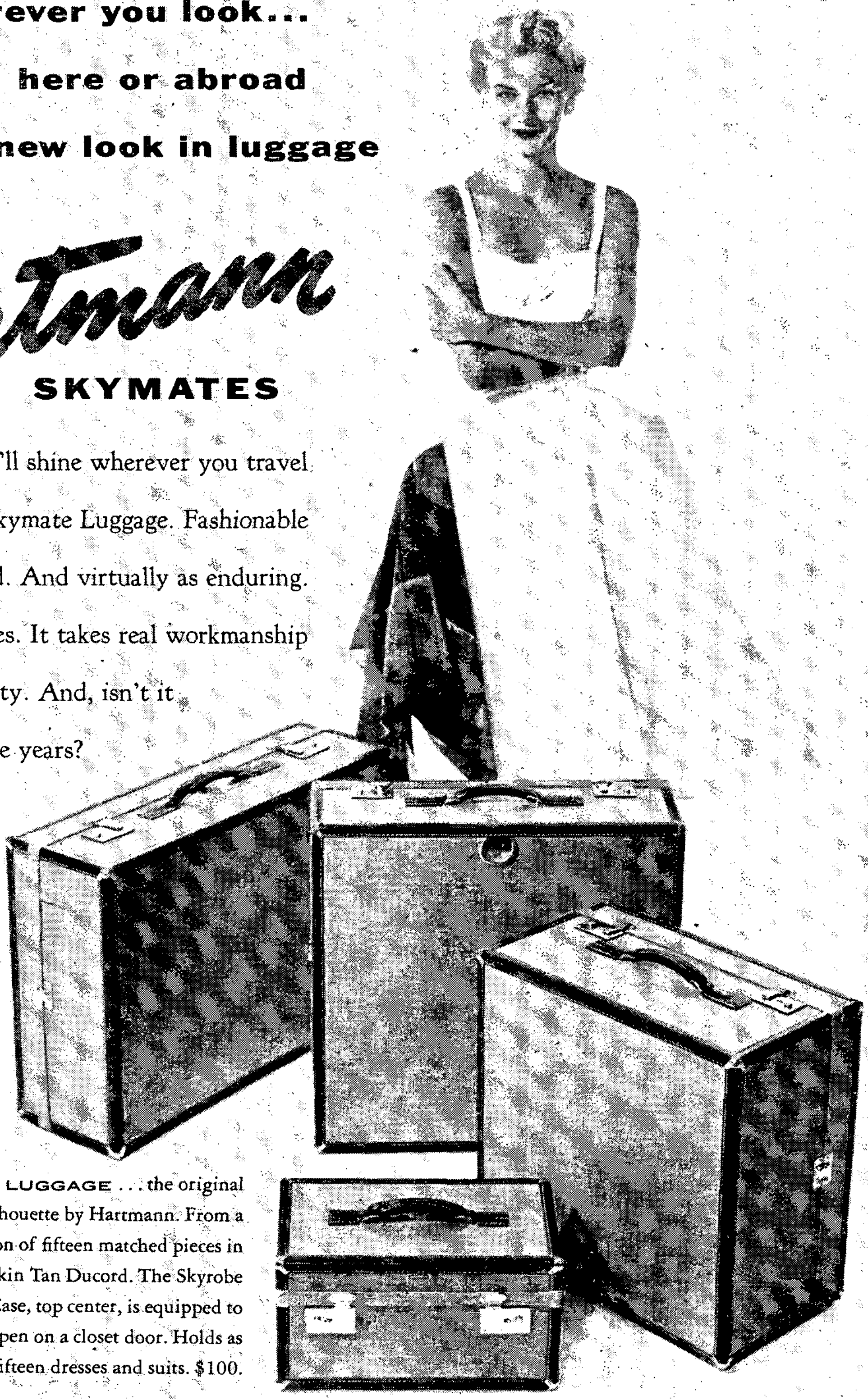
Wherever you look...

here or abroad

...this is the new look in luggage

Hartmann

SKYMATES



You'll shine wherever you travel with Hartmann Skymate Luggage. Fashionable as a square-cut diamond. And virtually as enduring. Look at the lines. It takes real workmanship to achieve such classic simplicity. And, isn't it the classic that survives the years? You'll *always* be in vogue with the Skymate.

THE DRESS . . . from Pierre Balmain's New York collection.

THE LUGGAGE . . . the original Skymate silhouette by Hartmann. From a collection of fifteen matched pieces in Buckskin Tan Ducord. The Skyrobe Garment Case, top center, is equipped to hang open on a closet door. Holds as many as fifteen dresses and suits. $100.

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THE "Perfume that Clings"

A fragrance that
invites romance and gaiety . . .
as irresistibly alluring
as black Chantilly lace.

The original new kind of
perfume in creamy liquid form
lasts hours and hours . . .
LIQUID SKIN SACHET, $1.85

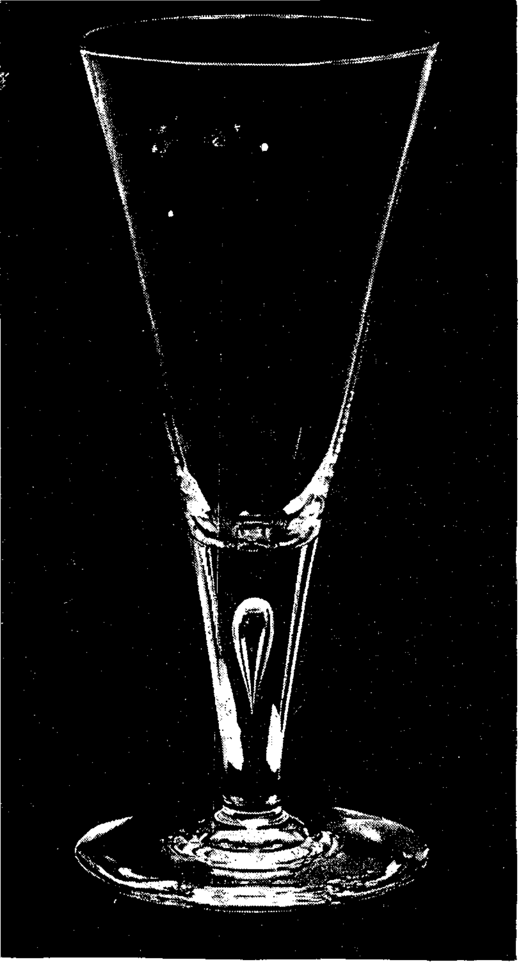
Bath Powder
$1.50; $3.95

"Swivelstik" Perfume
$1.50

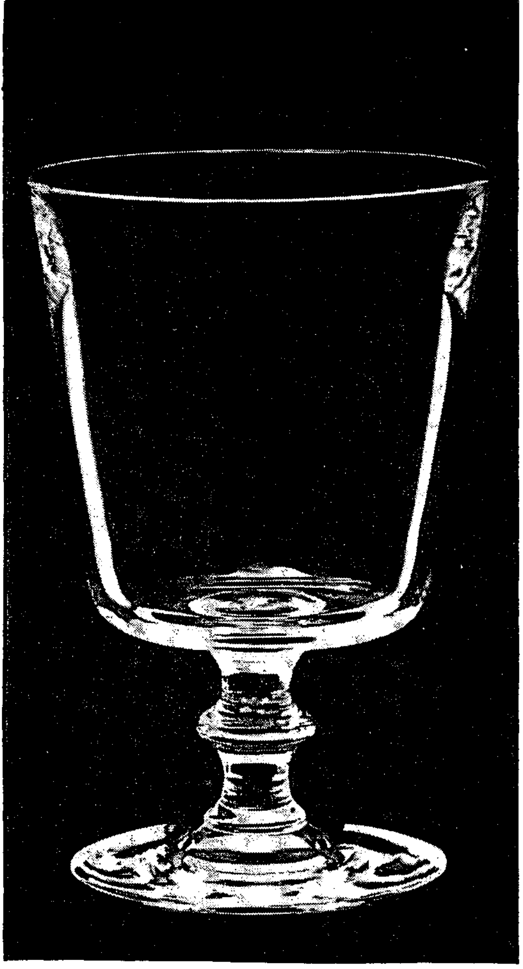
Perfume
$3.50 to $35

Eau de Toilette
$2.75; $3.95

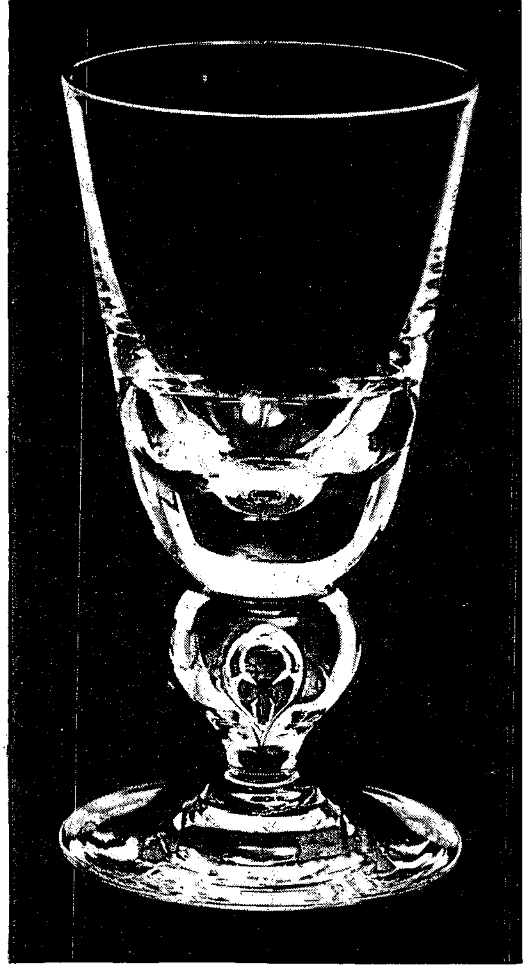
(All prices plus tax)



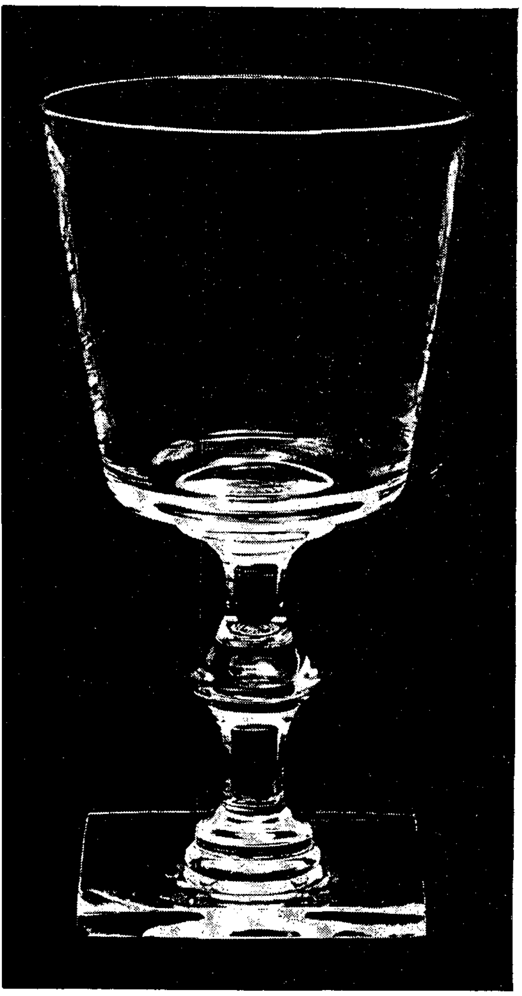
Drawn trumpet bowl with teardrop stem. Plain circular foot. T1 Goblet $150 doz.



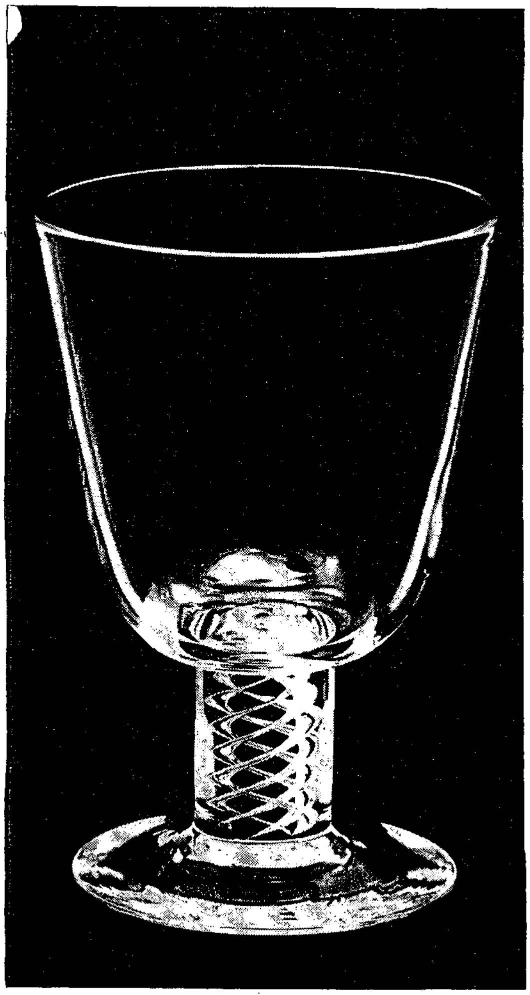
Glass with tapered bowl on button-knobbed stem. Circular foot. T6 Goblet $138 doz.



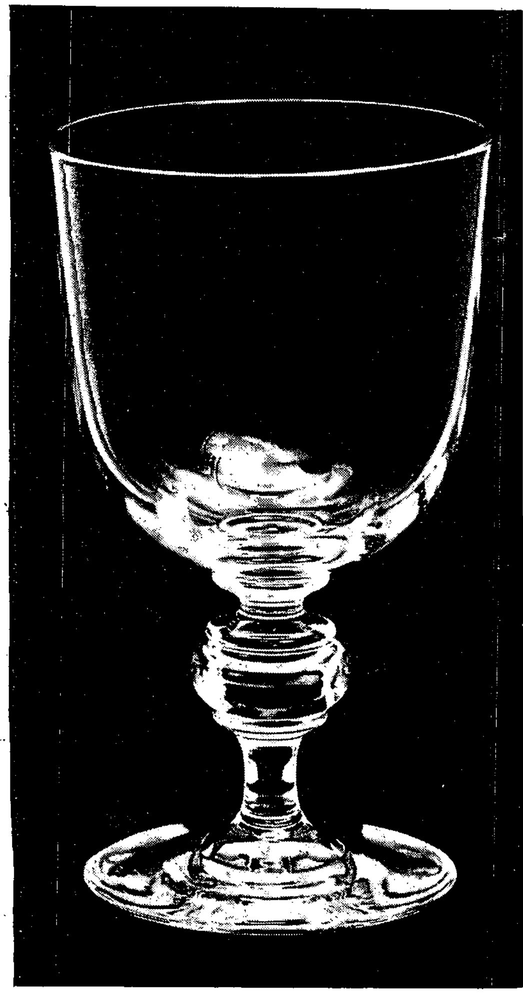
Slightly flaring bowl supported on baluster stem with teardrop. T7 Goblet $150 doz.



Glass with square cut foot, tall knobbed stem, tapered bowl. T8 Goblet $198 doz.



Spiral air twist stem, deep rounded bowl and circular foot. T9 Goblet $150 doz.



Delicate rounded bowl and ball-knobbed stem; circular foot. T4 Goblet $138 doz.

A Guide to Steuben Table Crystal

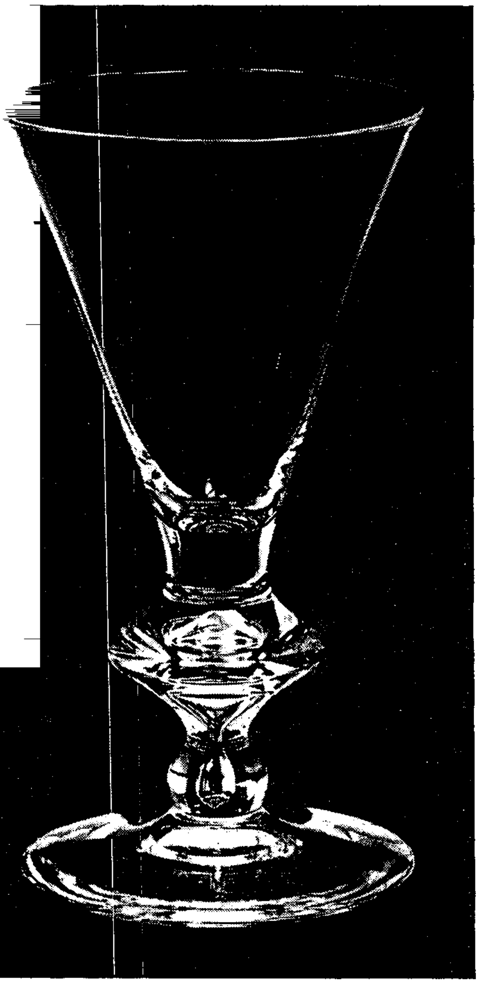
YOU SEE here the goblet from each of nine distinguished sets of table crystal by Steuben. There are six glasses in each set: the goblet, the liqueur glass, and four different wine glasses — for red wine, white wine, sherry and champagne.

Steuben achieves the unique perfection of its superb glass by using the hand process. It is slow and costly work. Just to shape a single goblet from the molten crystal takes a team of six Steuben craftsmen: a gaffer (or master-blower), a servitor, a gatherer, a bit-gatherer, a stick-up boy, and a carry-in boy.

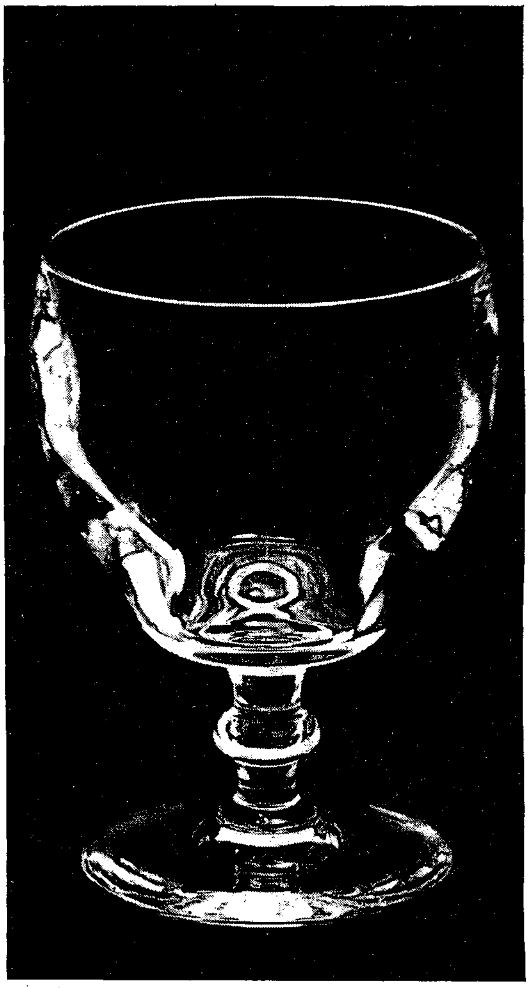
The artistic distinction of the Steuben *designs,* and the brilliant purity of the Steuben *crystal* are a source of endless pleasure to the brides who are fortunate enough to receive Steuben wedding presents.

Write for a catalogue to Steuben Glass, 718 Fifth Avenue, New York 19. Or better still, come in and register your choice for the guidance of your friends.

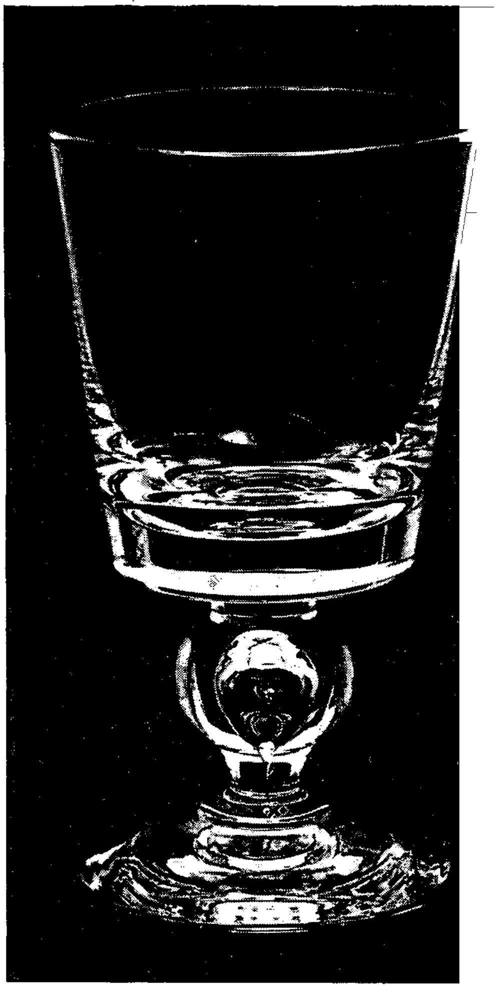
P.S. You can have your monogram, crest or coat of arms inscribed on each glass by Steuben's engravers.



Trumpet shape with double-knobbed baluster stem. T3 Goblet $150 doz.



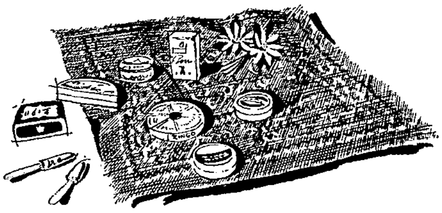
Glass with rounded bowl, knobbed stem and circular foot. T2 Goblet $138 doz.

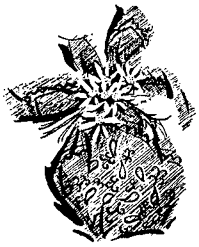


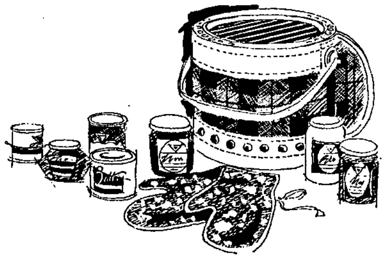
Straight-sided glass on baluster stem with teardrop. Domed foot. T5 Goblet $150 doz.

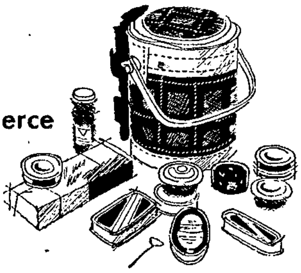
FIFTH AVENUE
B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK

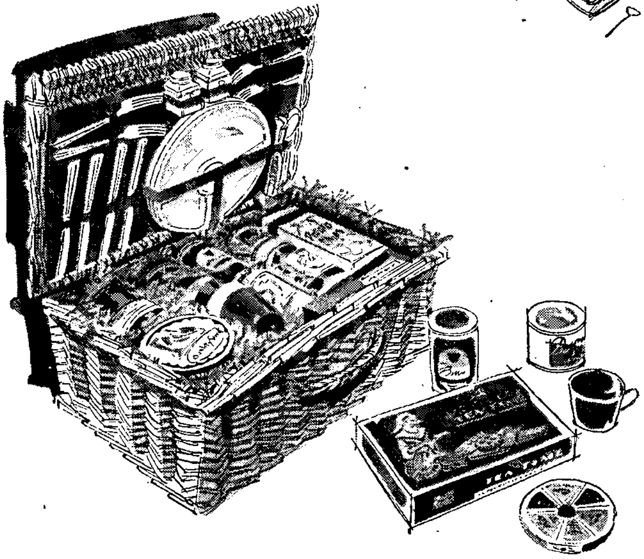
"Let's have a picnic!"











Altman's has all the fixings! Spread out this red hobo bandana for a "picnic" of 7 delicious cheeses, 7.25. Another is the bright cover for nuts, biscuits, candies and mints . . . for an enjoyable tea-picnic on the lawn, 7.25. Picnic in the back yard with our gay plaid portable grill filled with hamburgers, frankfurters, potato salad, condiments and a pair of mitts to protect the chef, 15.50. Our bright Skotch Kooler goes to a beach picnic, packed with S. S. Pierce snacks of anchovies, antipasto, red caviar, olives and tasty spreads, 1 gal. 8.50, 2 gal. 15.95, 3 gal. 25.75. And this Weekender picnic basket for the whole family holds a feast of hamburgers, frankfurters, potato salad, biscuits, candies, cheese, potato chips, pickles, mustard, mixed nuts PLUS table setting for 4, at 25.00

Altman gift baskets, main floor

Our "picnics" are packed to go anywhere in our motor delivery area, or elsewhere by express at additional charge. We've other assortments from 5.00 to 50.00. Orders may be placed at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

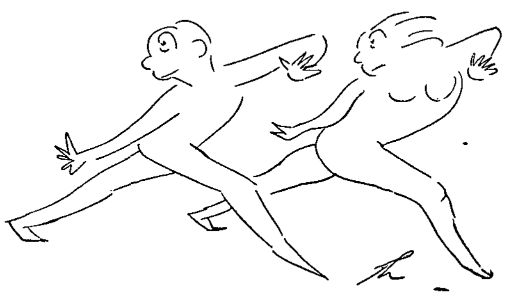
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHAT a miserably genteel age this is! Is there a single contemporary youth, let alone poet, who, without offering to send a penny, would try to buy books from Brentano's or Scribner's by revealing what he expected to inherit and promising to pay on the death of his relatives? We stopped in at a "Collector's Choice" exhibition at the Grolier Club the other afternoon and noted the following letter written by Percy Bysshe Shelley, presumably to a bookseller:

> SIR:
>
> I am in want of a supply of classical and other books on the following condition, I beg to know whether you would agree to furnish them.—
>
> At the death of my father and grandfather I inherit a large property, which descends to me as an unalienable reversion. Their respective ages are 63 and 85. If you would consent to furnish me with books, I would grant you a post obit bond in the proportion of 250 for every £100 worth of books provided. Of course I can give proof of my title to these estates, which amount to £7000 per an.

The Grolier Club doesn't exhibit the reply, if any, but the melancholy financial truth is that Shelley, who died before he was thirty, predeceased his father by twenty-two years. His grandfather, as a matter of fact, died at eighty-four, and was already in his grave when Shelley's father was sixty-three, so there was something wrong with the poet's figures, or possibly with the state of his information about his grandfather. The date of the letter is badly scrawled, but it looks as though it were 1814. In this case, Shelley's father would have been sixty-one and his grandfather eighty-three, and the writer might have added a couple of years in each instance simply in order to seem a more desirable customer. We're afraid he was a poor risk, but we admire his gumption.



Speed

IN our opinion, the prettiest and sweetest-smelling place in town last week was the ground floor of Macy's, which was decked out with no fewer than two million blooms of all sorts, sizes, and scents, from chaste white dogwood, fresh out of a nursery in New Jersey, to torch ginger and birds of paradise, fresh out of Hawaii. Also present, in such abundance that one had to snoop to find mere merchandise, were masses of lilacs, hydrangeas, azaleas, calceolarias, anthuriums, tulips, birches, swamp maples, peonies, orchids, and roses, and there were scores of canaries singing away like mad in big white cages; hi-fi recordings, played over the public-address system and matching the live canaries trill for trill, of twenty-four American songbirds, including the warbling vireo, the rose-breasted grosbeak, and the Carolina wren; and a brown Hawaiian girl, on loan from the floor show of a Lexington Avenue hotel, who sat knee-deep in *leis* on a bosky counter top and smiled and batted her eyes at all comers. The occasion for this stupendous display, which Macy's described as "the largest flower show ever presented free of charge to the public," was Mother's Day, but we gathered, while we were watching the show installed, that the real reason for it was even more sentimental; it was simply that Wheelock Bingham, the president of Macy's, likes flowers.

Mr. Bingham used to be head of the Macy branch in San Francisco, and in that capacity often called upon the distinguished West Coast horticultural firm of Podesta & Baldocchi to decorate the store for him. Last year, Mr. Bingham got to hankering for some flowers arranged in the rich Podesta & Baldocchi manner, and, Macy's being the bravura operation it is, the president's hanker ended with the flying in of a cadre of P. & B. men to produce Macy's first flower show, which was so beautiful that even Gimbel's was touched and took an ad in the papers urging its customers to stop by and admire the neighboring bower. Having sensed that it had founded an institution worthy to rival its Thanksgiving Day Parade, Macy's decided to go even further this year, adding, among other things, special displays of a hundred and forty African violets, three thousand orchids, and twenty thousand tulips, the last—the largest single shipment of tulips ever to leave the Netherlands—being picked in bloom, flown here, and scattered in undiminished glory the length and breadth of Macy's, all within a period of thirty-six hours.

Speed was, in fact, the keynote of the whole operation. From the first fantastic ti leaf to the last chirruping canary, the show was made ready between 6 P.M. on Saturday, when the store closed, and early the following evening. Macy's had invited us to act as a noncombatant observer, and we reached the store shortly before six. Half an hour later, the counter tops had been cleared of goods, the last lingering shoppers and salesgirls had left, and the wide aisles of the ground floor were empty except for a handful of Macy maintenance men, a guard holding on leash two of the four Macy watchdogs, and a suicide squad of fifty-odd men, assembled by Mr. Edward Goeppner, of Podesta & Baldocchi. Tall, white-haired, and blue-eyed, Mr. Goeppner looked as cool as a Hollywood general at the zero hour. Establishing G.H.Q. in Silverware, he studied a couple of large blueprints on which the precise location of every about-to-materialize shrub and tree was marked, issued a few crisp instructions, glanced at his watch, and ordered the greatest floral assault in history to get under way.

Within a minute, the revolving doors of the store had been slipped from their sockets and a seemingly endless procession of men and boys (many of them recruits from the Rutgers School of Horticulture) had started carrying long, water-blackened branches down the aisles. Outside, on Broadway, great trailer trucks filled with dogwood were waiting at the curb, bottoms packed with wet moss to keep their cargoes in good heart. On Thirty-fifth Street waited truckloads of azaleas; on Thirty-fourth Street, tulips. Inside the store, the men spoke softly. You could hear over their voices and over Mr. Goeppner's commands—"Look out for those sprinkler heads! Sixty gallons a minute if you hit one!"—the steady sh-h-h of branches being dragged across the floor. The eerie air of a big store closed for the night but with all lights left blazing began to be dispelled; the barren brightness dimmed and thickened into greenness, into a dozen shades of pink, lavender, yellow, and rose. In the six windows facing Broadway, Macy display men arranged scenes of outdoor flower stalls in England, France, Italy, Hawaii, Siam, and Holland. Like Goeppner and his crew, the display men would be up nearly all night. "No sleep for me!" said Jack Foley, head of display. He sounded pleased and excited at the prospect of the long night's work. A girl from the farthest reaches of the executive wing came up to us and mentioned that just over there, beyond those bales of peat moss, was a thermos of Gibsons, a plate of turkey sandwiches. Would we like to join her? She looked as fresh and pretty as the flowers, and we said we would like nothing better.

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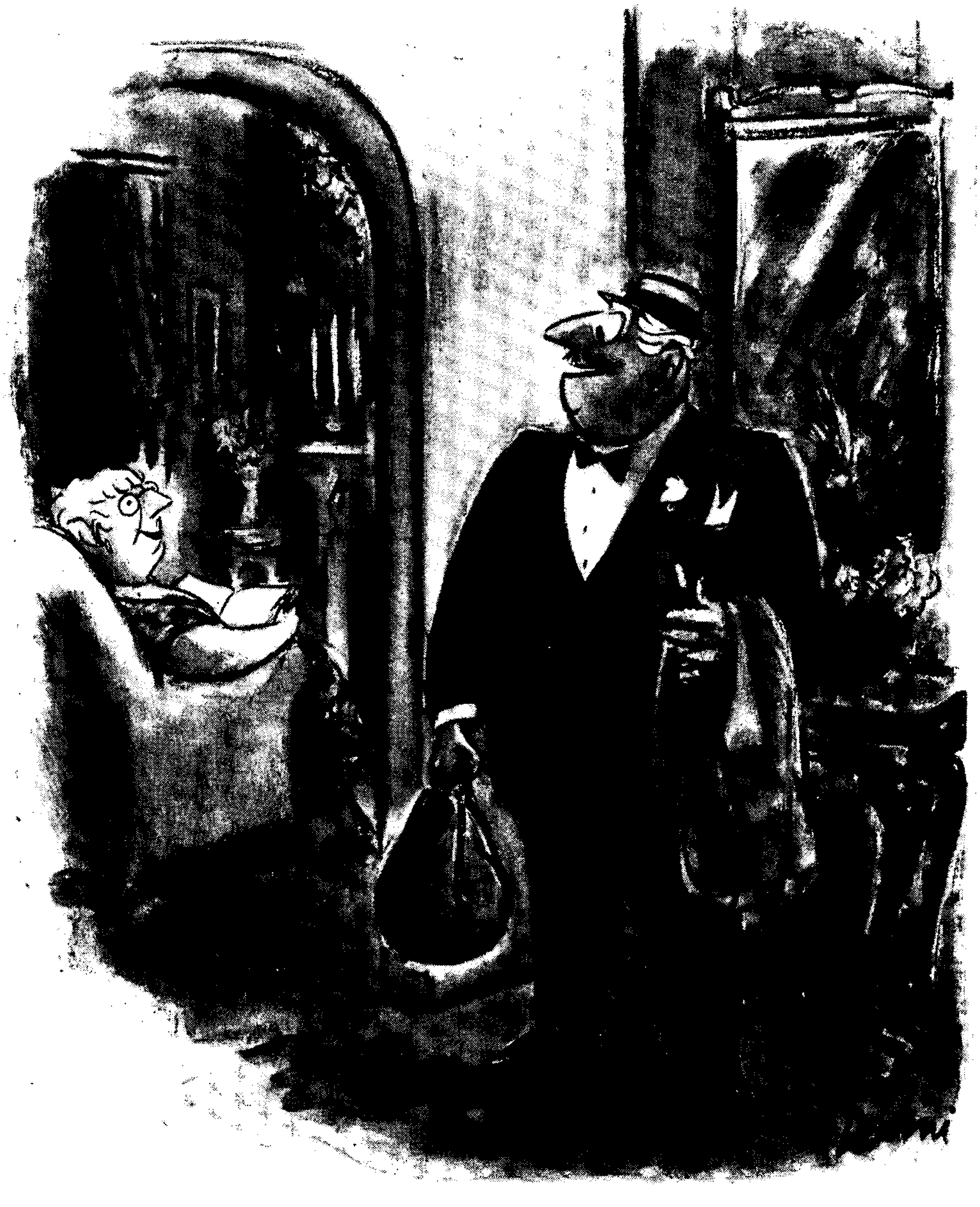
WASHINGTON INTELLIGENCE: Students attending classes at the Corcoran Gallery of Art are required to punch a time clock.

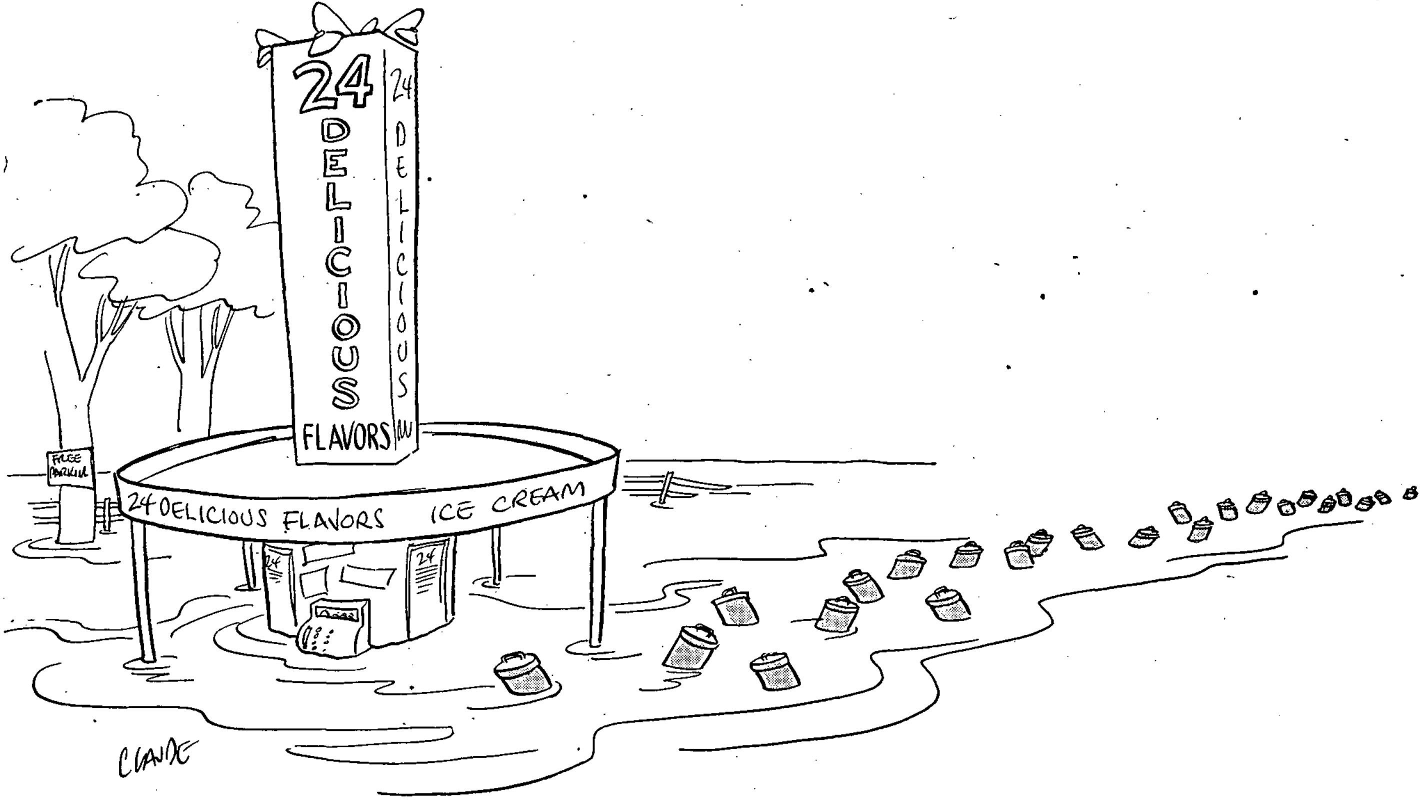
Emergency

WE went over to St. Clare's Hospital, on West Fifty-first Street, one evening last week to look in on Dr. Patrick Carney, a County Mayo man who has the reputation of being a kind of Red Grange of Gaelic football. In fact, Dr. Carney is so good at the sport that when he left Ireland, in March, to become an interne at St. Clare's, the Mayo team, to which he'd belonged, felt that it was all up with them as far as big games were concerned. Well, the reason we're going into all this is that a couple of weeks ago, when an important contest with Kerry loomed, the Mayo team decided that they just couldn't get along without the Doctor, so they dug into their exchequer and brought up five hundred dollars to pay his way from New York to Dublin and back. "I made it all right," the Doctor told us, "but it was a tight squeeze. I lighted out of here on Pan American at noon on Friday, reached Shannon at 5 A.M. on Saturday, took another plane to Dublin, arriving at 9:30 A.M., and loosened up my muscles until the game started, at 3:30 P.M. Sunday. Maybe the rarefied air did me good, since I played one of my best games and was fortunate enough to score eight of Mayo's eleven points. I'm happy to say that we won, eleven to seven. Usually when you make grand plans, you know, your project comes to nothing." Wasting no time after the game, which was attended by forty thousand people, Dr. Carney took off from Dublin at 8:10 P.M., and was back in New York at 6 A.M. Monday. He returned to his chores at St. Clare's on Tuesday morning at 7:30.

"You may wonder," the Doctor said, "how my patients were getting along while I was off kicking a ball around a Dublin stadium. Well, it so happens that



"Y-es, dear, I'm bowling again tonight."



my wife, Moira, a Wexford girl, is also doing a bit of postgraduate interning at St. Clare's, and I'm sure the patients found her ministrations a lot more soothing than mine." The Doctor went on to say that he'd met his wife at University College, in Dublin, from which they both graduated in July, 1951. "We were married last October," he said, "after what you might consider a fairly long engagement—we Irish are a conservative people, you know—and now that we're settled here for a while, she's doing medicine and I'm doing surgery. I don't know whether it's true love or real interest, but my wife seems to enjoy watching me play football, and she often comes along with me and some of the other lads when we go out to Van Cortlandt Park or Randalls Island to take a few swipes at the ball."

Now twenty-six, Dr. Carney is five feet eleven and a half, rangy in build, red-haired, blue-eyed, and quick with a broad smile. He informed us that Gaelic football has a lot in common with soccer, the chief difference being that in the former the players may use their hands more frequently, and that in Ireland there are thirty first-class outfits participating in the game. The Doctor has been named for the All-Ireland team for the past five years, and is, incidentally, one of Ireland's topflight golfers. "In Gaelic football," he observed, "we use fifteen men to a side and rarely put in a substitute. It's not a good move to call for a substitute until one of the players has fairly severe contusions, or a broken bone. It's a roomy game, the fields ranging from eighty by a hundred feet to a hundred and sixty by a hundred. All the big championship pitches are played on the large-size fields. Of the lot in Ireland, Mayo and Kerry are on top of the heap, and Cavan is also a strong county. Being asked to come back by Mayo has made me a marked man, and it may be I'll get a chance to go home a couple more times before the year is out."

Our chat was interrupted by a nun, who broke in to announce the arrival of an acute-appendicitis case.

Another World

A SUBURBAN dweller, a modest type who works in the advertising department of a women's magazine, has long been puzzled by the deferential attitude, bordering on awe, of the neighborhood children toward him. Things became clear the other day when one of them said to him, "Are you really a space salesman?"

Understated Sleep

DURING two recent weeks, the southwest corner of the main baggage room of Grand Central Station contained a full-scale mockup of two accommodations in the Siesta Coach, a new type of railway car, as yet unsold to any railway company, in which each passenger will have private, if not capacious, sleeping and bathroom facilities and a window seat at a price only slightly higher than the regular coach fare. To test public reaction, the Budd Company, maker of the Siesta Coach, and the New York Central Railroad, an interested potential customer, conceived the idea of collecting overnight coach passengers just arrived, bleary-eyed and mussed up, in New York, putting them momentarily to bed in the Siesta Coach mockup, and then asking their opinions of it. While that sounded like the most heavily loaded poll we had heard of since the Russian elections, we nevertheless made our way to Grand Central early one morning to watch. We found the mockup surrounded by an eager group, out of which a tall, dynamic man stepped and introduced himself as Goodrich K. Murphy, of the Budd Company, the Siesta's designer. Mr. Murphy introduced the others as Mr. Baird, assistant vice-president of the Central; Mr. Jackson, a porter on the Pacemaker, who was in the process of showing the Siesta Coach to a volunteer just selected by a passenger agent from the travellers on the all-night, all-coach Pacemaker from Chicago; and Miss Waldron, a hostess on the Empire State Express, whose job it was to interview each volunteer after his trip through the mockup and tabulate the results. "What we're trying to do is give the coach passenger the bare necessities of overnight travel," Mr. Murphy told us. "First thing anyone's done for the poor devil since streamlined trains came in, twenty years or so ago. Let's see how this gentleman is getting along."

With Messrs. Murphy and Baird, we took up a position outside the open window of one of the compartments in the mockup. The volunteer, a man of about forty who looked appropriately haggard and rumpled after the rigors of his ride from Chicago, was learning from Mr. Jackson how to lower the compartment's bed, which is to be operated by the passenger. "It comes down in halves—half from your front wall, half from your back," Mr. Jackson explained. "That metal lump above your feet, that's where the head of the man in the next compartment goes."

"Dovetailing," Mr. Murphy remarked to us. "By dovetailing the compartments and saving space in other ways, we get forty accommodations per car in the Siesta Coach, as against forty-four in de-luxe reclining-chair coaches. This will be a big traffic booster. The railroads are already beginning to lick their chops, even though we haven't firmed up our prices yet."

We glanced at Mr. Baird, who was not licking his chops but looked guardedly receptive.

Mr. Murphy urged the volunteer to take off his coat and shoes and try the bed. "How do you feel, sir?" he inquired after the volunteer had complied.

The volunteer said he felt self-conscious but happy.

"Mr. White, president of the New York Central, got in that bed," Mr. Murphy said. "He seemed deeply contented. Would you take this compartment, rather than a coach seat, for five dollars extra overnight?"

"If I had the fin," said the volunteer.

"Record that, please, Miss Waldron," said Mr. Murphy.

The volunteer climbed off the bed and put his coat and shoes on; a passenger agent arrived with a new volunteer, a lady who said she had come by coach all the way from California and would gladly try out a bed, *any* bed; and we seized the moment to ask Mr. Murphy for a word of autobiography. He told us that he graduated from Yale in 1923 and began building the Siesta Coach in his back yard in New Canaan in 1950, and has been tinkering with it almost ever since, over the objections of his wife, who maintains that he never does chores around the house. Then he led us to Miss Waldron's statistical table. "Out of some fifty visitors, a clean sweep in favor," he said with satisfaction, running his eyes over some ballots. "One man objected to the name, on the ground that it applies to a nap at midday, whereas the car is to be put on overnight trains. I'd like to point out that a siesta may correctly be taken at any time of day or night. We were looking for a word that would sort of understate the sleeping idea without using the suffix 'ette,' which I find objectionable."

"A comment we get a lot," Miss Waldron said, "goes like this: 'I'd take it if I were paying my own way, but if I were on an expense account, I'd still go Pullman.' "

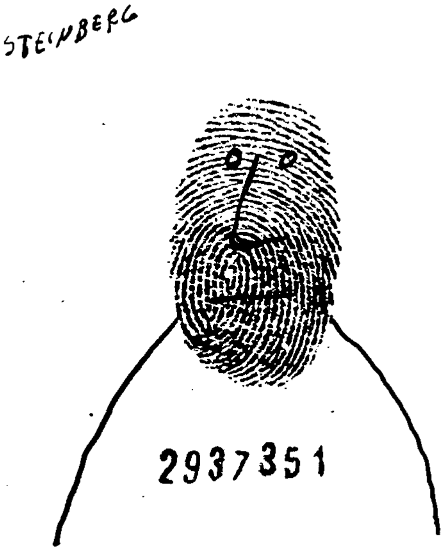
"Well," said Mr. Murphy, "it's time somebody did something for the poor devil who hasn't got an expense account."

◆

OVERHEARD at a *fête champêtre:* "It was her own fault. Imagine getting an Italian cut from a hairdresser named Ian!"

Relaxed

FOR the past two seasons, the Marine Theatre at Jones Beach has been given over to Venetian palaces and gondolas, straight out of the gaudy Venetian mind of Mike Todd. This season, the peculiar resources of the theatre—a vast island stage, accessible by means of a submarine tunnel; a lagoon between stage and audience; a roof of, in fine weather, stars—will be devoted to a production of "Arabian Nights," some notion of which may be gained from the fact that it will feature, afloat in the lagoon, a seventy-foot-long mechanical whale, with blinking eyes. The man behind the production will be none other than Guy Lombardo, whose accustomed habitat since the closing days of the Civil War has been the bandstand of the Hotel Roosevelt Grill. We stopped in at the Roosevelt early the other evening, before Lombardo and his Royal Canadians were scheduled to go on, and found him not in the least disturbed by the magnitude of the Jones Beach undertaking. He was seated at a table at the rear of the Grill, among assorted band members and friends, wearing an air of repose and a dinner jacket worthy of one who has been voted the nation's best-dressed band leader by both the Custom Tailors Guild and the Fashion Foundation of America. For a man who has been playing the sweetest music this side of Heaven for as long as Heaven itself may be able to remember, he looked uncannily young. While he was winding up some business farther down the table, a member of his entourage informed us that most of the Royal Canadians present were relatives of Lombardo's. "This is Carmen," he said, indicating the man beside him, "and there's Lebert and there's Victor. All brothers. Over there is Kenny Gardner, who married Guy's sister Elaine. Another sister, Rosemarie, who sang with the band for five years, recently retired. Carmen and John Loeb wrote the score for 'Arabian Nights,' and what a score! The two boys hopped out to the Coast to run through it for Lauritz Melchior, and it was enough to convince him that he'd better come East and play the Sultan."

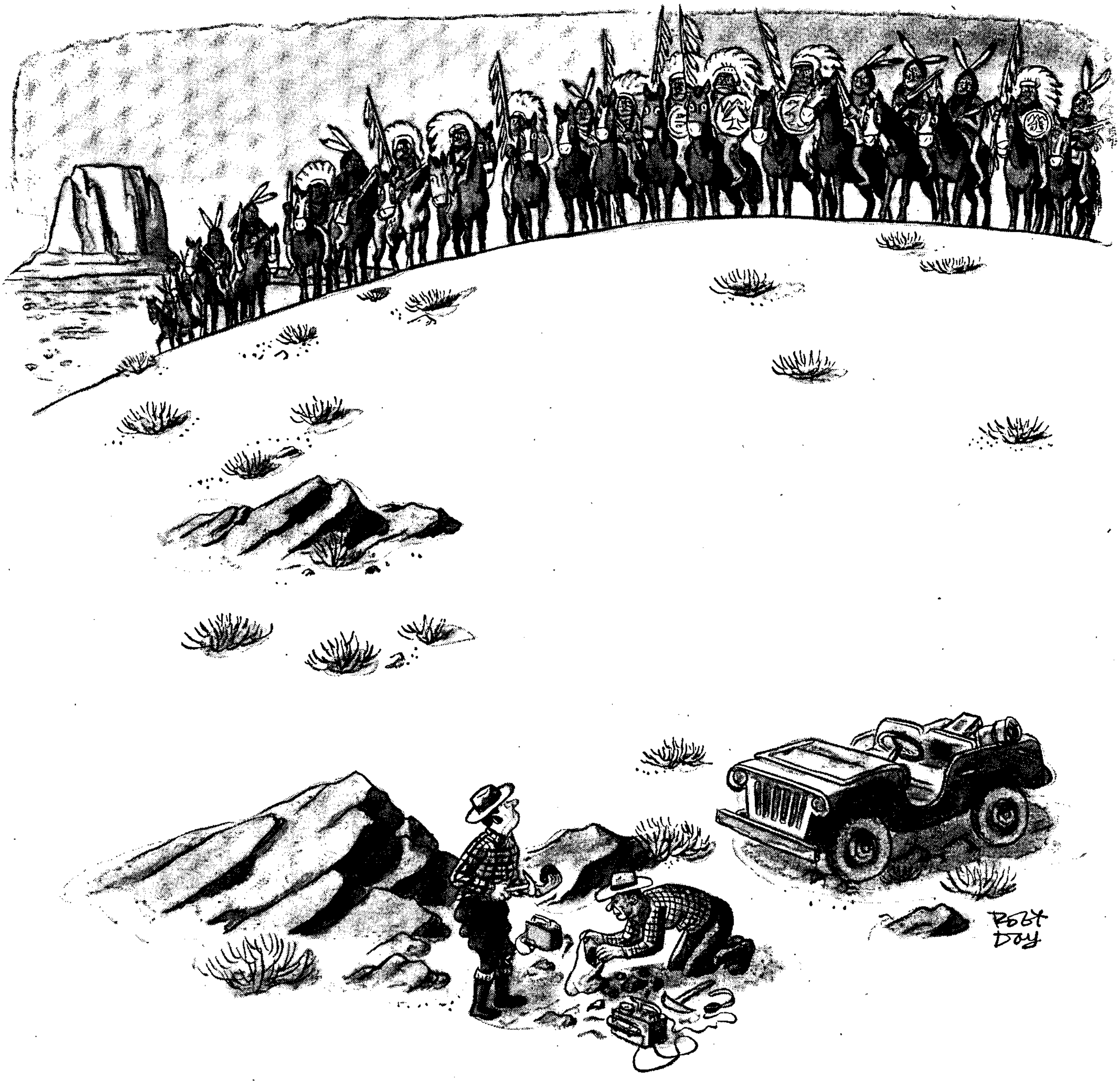


Carmen Lombardo leaned across the table and put in that the score had a Gilbert and Sullivan flavor. "We got a new slant on Scheherazade," he said.

"That KLB Telescoping Derrick is a sweetheart," we heard Guy Lombardo say. "She cuts knockdown and setup time in half. We moved her five miles from a five-thousand-foot well, raised her, and started drilling the rathole, all within five hours."

"Guy is vice-president of a company that makes oil-well drilling equipment," said our unknown historian. "Notice how relaxed he is? Nothing ruffles him. That's how he's managed to take all these years on the bandstand. He's got an office at 1619 Broadway, but he's never in it. Conducts all his business here and handles the song pluggers here, too. Guy has introduced two hundred and seventy-five hit songs—more than any other leader. He loves speedboats, and one sure thing, there are an awful lot of song pluggers in this town who know more about boats than they'll ever *need* to know."

Catching the last words, Lombardo turned toward us and shook his head. "There'll be no boating for me this summer," he said. "That is, except on the big Chinese junk we'll be using in



"Movies? No, of course there aren't any movies being shot around here."

• •

'Arabian Nights'—and that won't have much of anywhere to go." He ordered a cup of coffee and said, in a lazy, contented voice, "I'm still not sure why I went into this Jones Beach deal. Fact is I'm never sure why I go into any business. I used to eat at a certain restaurant in Freeport. One day the owner said he was going to sell out, and now I own a restaurant. We turned in our 'Arabian Nights' idea on twenty-four hours' notice, in competition with fifteen other plans for the Marine Theatre. Bob Moses thought it was great. His only advice to us was to keep talk at a minimum. Instead of talk, we're going to have jewels as big as boulders, a snake woman, a giant roc, a Cave of the Winds, and girls changing costumes underwater. Jones Beach is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary this year, and I want our show to succeed not only for our sake but for the sake of the Beach and the Island. I'm a big Island booster." He finished his coffee, got up, and headed for the bandstand. Along the way, he stopped to talk with a man whom the voice at our elbow identified as a person connected with the Lombardo TV show. "What a man!" said the voice. "A million people come to him with tricky ideas for TV, so what does he do? He puts on an absolutely straight show from here. Result? One of the highest ratings of any local TV program. And it all comes from being relaxed. He's so relaxed, he makes Bing Crosby look tense."

Alien Corn

A BETHESDA, MARYLAND, correspondent (Maryland license FJ-80-34) advises us that he motored up to New York last week and found himself on the Grand Concourse. He was driving along in a law-abiding way when a motorcycle cop waved him to the curb, leaned in, and asked if he was from Baltimore. No, he said, Bethesda. "Oh," said the cop. "I thought you might be from Baltimore. I'm from Baltimore, and I was lonesome." And off he buzzed disconsolately.

THE SMELL OF DEATH AND FLOWERS

THE party was an unusual one for Johannesburg. A young man called Derek Ross—out of sight behind the "bar" at the moment—had white friends and black friends, Indian friends and friends of mixed blood, and sometimes he liked to invite them to his flat all at once. Most of them belonged to the minority that, through bohemianism, godliness, politics, or a particularly sharp sense of human dignity, did not care about the difference in one another's skins. But there were always one or two—white ones—who came, like tourists, to see the sight, and to show that they did not care, and one or two black or brown or Indian ones who found themselves paralyzed by the very ease with which the white guests accepted them.

One of the several groups that huddled to talk, like people sheltering beneath a cliff, on divans and hard borrowed chairs in the shadow of the dancers, was dominated by a man in a gray suit, Malcolm Barker. "Why not pay the fine and have done with it, then?" he was saying.

The two people to whom he was talking were silent a moment, so that the haphazard noisiness of the room and the organized wail of the gramophone suddenly burst in irrelevantly upon the conversation. The pretty brunette said, in her quick, officious voice, "Well, it wouldn't be the same for Jessica Malherbe. It's not quite the same thing, you see . . ." Her stiff, mascaraed lashes flickered an appeal—for confirmation, and for sympathy because of the impossibility of explaining—at a man whose gingerish whiskers and flattened, low-set ears made him look like an angry tomcat.

"It's a matter of principle," he said to Malcolm Barker.

"Oh, quite. I see," Malcolm conceded. "For someone like this Malherbe woman, paying the fine's one thing; sitting in prison for three weeks is another."

The brunette rapidly crossed and then uncrossed her legs. "It's not even quite that," she said. "Not the unpleasantness of being in prison. Not a sort of martyrdom on Jessica's part. Just the *principle*." At that moment a black hand came out from the crush of dancers bumping round and pulled the woman to her feet; she went off, and as she danced she talked with staccato animation to her African partner, who kept his lids half lowered over his eyes while she followed his gentle shuffle. The ginger-whiskered man got up without a word and went swiftly through the dancers to the "bar," a kitchen table covered with beer and gin bottles, at the other end of the small room.

"Passive resistance," said Malcolm Barker, like the infidel pronouncing with satisfaction the holy words that the believers hesitate to defile.

A very large and plain African woman sitting next to him smiled at him hugely and eagerly out of shyness, not having the slightest idea what he had said.

He smiled back at her for a moment, as if to hypnotize the onrush of some frightening animal. Then, suddenly, he leaned over and asked in a special, loud, slow voice, "What do you do? Are you a teacher?"

Before the woman could answer, Malcolm Barker's young sister-in-law, a girl who had been sitting silent, pink and cold as a porcelain figurine, on the window sill behind his back, leaned her hand for balance on his chair and said urgently, near his ear, "Has Jessica Malherbe really been in prison?"

"Yes, in Port Elizabeth. And in Durban, they tell me. And now she's one of the civil-disobedience people—defiance-campaign leaders who're going to walk into some native location forbidden to Europeans. Next Tuesday. So she'll land herself in prison again. For Christ's sake, Joyce, what are you drinking that stuff for? I've told you that punch is the cheapest muck possible—"

But the girl was not listening to him any longer. Her head balanced delicately on her rather full, long neck, her fragile-looking face expressionless and with the flat eyes and the fine, short line of nose of a Marie Laurençin painting, she was looking across the room with intensity. Hers was an essentially two-dimensional prettiness: flat, dazzlingly pastel-colored, as if the mask of makeup on the unlined skin *were* the face; if one had turned her round, one would scarcely have been surprised to discover canvas. All her life she had suffered from this impression she made of not being quite real.

"She *looks* so nice," she said now, her eyes still fixed on some point near the door. "I mean she uses good perfume, and everything. You can't imagine it."

Her brother-in-law made as if to take the tumbler of alcohol out of the girl's hand, impatiently, the way one might take a pair of scissors from a child, but, without looking at him or at her hands, she changed the glass from one hand to the other, out of his reach. "At least the brandy's in a bottle with a recognizable label," he said peevishly. "I don't know why you don't stick to that."

"I wonder if she had to eat the same food as the others," said the girl.

"You'll feel like death tomorrow morning," he said, "and Madeline'll blame me. You are an obstinate little devil."

A tall, untidy young man, whose blond head outtopped all others like a tousled palm tree, approached with a slow, drunken smile and, with exaggerated courtesy, asked Joyce to dance. She unhurriedly drank down what was left in her glass, put the glass carefully on the window sill, and went off with him, her narrow waist upright and correct in his long arm. Her brother-in-law followed her with his eyes, irritatedly, for a moment, then closed them suddenly, whether in boredom or in weariness one could not tell.

The young man was saying to the girl as they danced, "You haven't left the side of your husband—or whatever he is—all night. What's the idea?"

"My brother-in-law," she said. "My sister couldn't come because the child's got a temperature."

He squeezed her waist; it remained quite firm, like the crisp stem of a flower. "Do I know your sister?" he asked. Every now and then his drunkenness came over him in a delightful swoon, so that his eyelids dropped heavily and he pretended that he was narrowing them shrewdly.

"Maybe. Madeline McCoy—Madeline Barker now. She's the painter. She's the one who started that arts-and-crafts school for Africans."

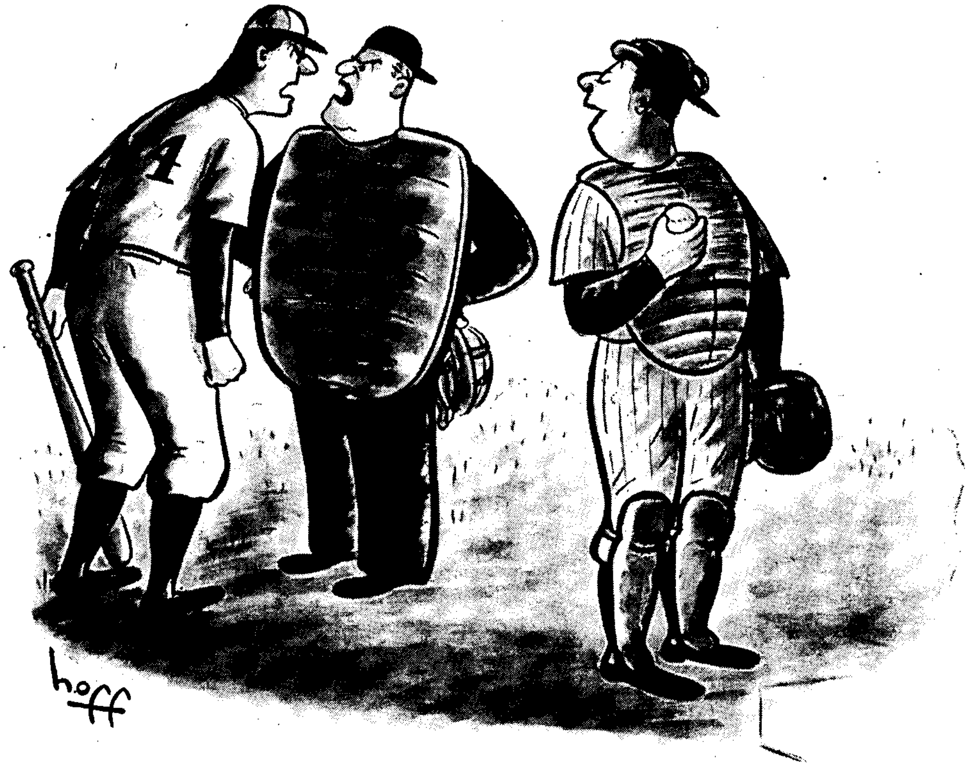
"Oh, yes. Yes, I know," he said. Suddenly, he swung her away from him with one hand, executed a few loose-limbed steps around her, lost her in a collision with another couple, caught her to him again, and, with an affectionate squeeze, brought her up short against the barrier of people who were packed tight as a Rugby scrum round the kitchen table, where the drinks were. He pushed her through the crowd to the table.

"What d'you want, Roy, my boy?" said a little, very black-faced African, gleaming up at them.

"Barberton'll do for me." The young man pressed a hand on the African's head, grinning.

"Ah, that stuff's no good. Sugar-water. Let me give you a dash of Pineapple. Just like mother makes."

For a moment, the girl wondered if any of the bottles really did contain Pineapple or Barberton, two infamous brews invented by African natives living in the segregated slums that are called locations. Pineapple, she knew, was



"I, on the other hand, agree it was a perfect strike."

made out of the fermented fruit and was supposed to be extraordinarily intoxicating; she had once read a newspaper report of a shebeen raid in which the Barberton still contained a lopped-off human foot—whether for additional flavor or the spice of witchcraft, it was not known.

But she was reassured at once. "Don't worry," said a good-looking blonde, made up to look heavily suntanned, who was standing at the bar. "No shebeen ever produced anything much more poisonous than this gin-punch thing of Derek's." The host was attending to the needs of his guests at the bar, and she waved at him a glass containing the mixture that the girl had been drinking over at the window.

"Not gin. It's arak—lovely," said Derek. "What'll you have, Joyce?"

"Joyce," said the gangling young man with whom she had been dancing. "Joyce. That's a nice name for her. Now tell her mine."

"Roy Wilson. But you seem to know each other quite adequately without names," said Derek. "This is Joyce McCoy, Roy—and, Joyce, these are Matt Shabalala, Brenda Shotley, Mahinder Singh, Martin Mathlongo."

They smiled at the girl: the shiny-faced African, on a level with her shoulder; the blond woman with the caked powder cracking on her cheeks; the handsome, scholarly-looking Indian with the high, bald dome; the ugly light-colored man, just light enough for freckles to show thickly on his fleshy face.

She said to her host, "I'll have the same again, Derek. Your punch." And even before she had sipped the stuff, she felt a warmth expand and soften inside her, and she said the names over silently to herself—Matt Sha-ba-lala, Martin Math-longo, Ma-hinder Singh. Out of the corner of her eye, as she stood there, she could just see Jessica Malherbe, a short, plump white woman in an elegant black frock, her hair glossy, like a bird's wing, as she turned her head under the light while she talked.

Then it happened, just when the girl was most ready for it, just when the time had come. The little African named Matt said, "This is Miss Joyce McCoy—Eddie Ntwala," and stood looking on with a smile while her hand went into the slim hand of a tall, light-skinned African with the tired, appraising, cynical eyes of a man who drinks too much in order to deaden the pain of his intelligence. She could tell from the way little Shabalala presented the man that he must be someone important and admired, a leader of some sort, whose every idiosyncrasy—the broken remains of handsome, smoke-darkened teeth when he smiled, the wrinkled tie hanging askew—bespoke to those who knew him his distinction in a thousand different situations. She smiled as if to say, "Of course, Eddie Ntwala himself, I knew it," and their hands parted and dropped.

The man did not seem to be looking at her—did not seem to be looking at the crowd or at Shabalala, either. There was a slight smile round his mouth, a public smile that would do for anybody. "Dance?" he said, tapping her lightly on the shoulder. They turned to the floor together.

Eddie Ntwala danced well and unthinkingly, if without much variation. Joyce's right hand was in his left, his right hand on the concavity of her back, just as if— well, just as if he were anyone else. And it was the first time—the first time in all her twenty-two years. Her head came just to the point of his lapel, and she could smell the faint odor of cigarette smoke in the cloth. When he turned his head and her head was in the path of his breath, there was the familiar smell of wine or brandy breathed down upon her by men at dances. He looked, of course, apart from his eyes—eyes that she had seen in other faces and wondered if she would ever be old enough to understand—exactly like any errand "boy" or house "boy." He had the same close-cut wool on his head, the same smooth brown skin, the same rather nice high cheekbones, the same broad-nostrilled small nose. Only, he had his arm around her and her hand in his and he was leading her through the conventional arabesques of polite dancing. She would not let herself formulate the words in her brain: I am dancing with a black man. But she allowed herself to question, with the careful detachment of scientific inquiry, quietly inside herself: "Do I feel anything? What do I feel?" The man began to hum a snatch of the tune to which they were dancing, the way a person will do when he suddenly hears music out of some forgotten phase of his youth; while the hum reverberated through his chest, she slid her eyes almost painfully to the right, not moving her head, to see his very well-shaped hand—an almost feminine hand compared to the hands of most white men—dark brown against her own white one, the dark thumb and the pale one crossed, the dark fingers and the pale ones folded together. "Is this exactly how I always dance?" she asked herself closely. "Do I always hold my back exactly like this, do I relax just this much, hold myself in reserve to just this degree?"

She found she was dancing as she always danced.

I feel nothing, she thought. *I feel nothing*.

And all at once a relief, a mild ela-

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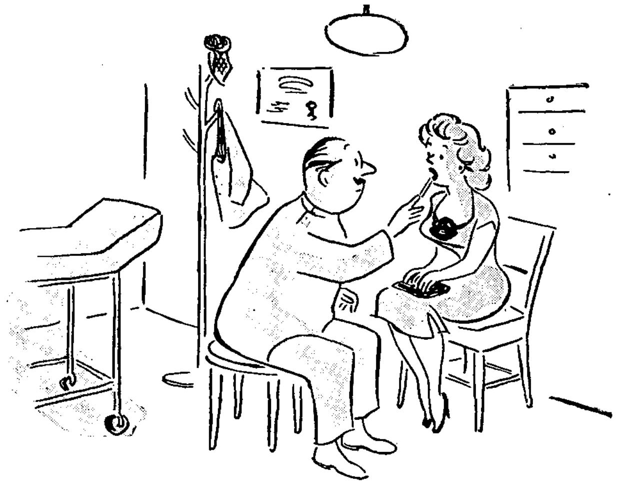

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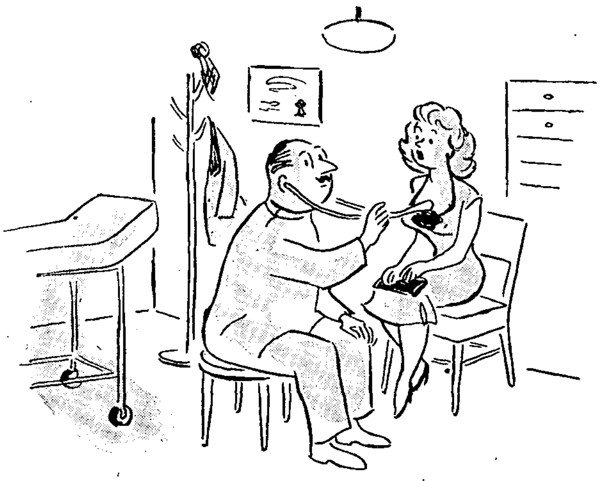

tion, took possession of her, so that she could begin to talk to the man with whom she was dancing. In any case, she was not a girl who had much small talk; she knew that at least half the young men who, attracted by her exceptional prettiness, flocked to ask her to dance at parties never asked her again because they could not stand her vast minutes of silence. But now she said in her flat, small voice the few things she could say—remarks about the music and the pleasantness of the rainy night outside. He smiled at her with bored tolerance, plainly not listening to what she said. Then he said, as if to compensate for his inattention, "You from England?"

She said, "Yes. But I'm not English. I'm South African, but I've spent the last five years in England. I've only been back in South Africa since December. I used to know Derek when I was a little girl," she added, feeling that she was obliged to explain her presence in what she suddenly felt was a group conscious of some distinction or privilege.

"England," he said, smiling down past her rather than at her. "Never been so happy anywhere."

"London?" she said.

He nodded. "Oh, I agree," she said. "I feel the same about it."

"No, you don't, McCoy," he said very slowly, smiling at her now. "No, you don't."

She was silenced at what instantly seemed her temerity.

He said, as they danced round again, "The way you speak. Really English. Whites in S.A. can't speak that way."

For a moment, one of the old, blank, impassively pretty-faced silences threatened to settle upon her, but the second glass of *arak* punch broke through it, and, almost animated, she answered lightly, "Oh, I find I'm like a parrot. I pick up the accent of the people among whom I live in a matter of hours."

He threw back his head and laughed, showing the gaps in his teeth. "How will you speak tomorrow, McCoy?" he said, holding her back from him and shaking with laughter, his eyes swimming. "Oh, how will you speak tomorrow, I wonder?"

She said, immensely daring, though it came out in her usual small, unassertive feminine voice, a voice gently toned for the utterance of banal pleasantries, "Like you."

"Let's have a drink," he said, as if he had known her a long time—as if she were someone like Jessica Malherbe. And he took her back to the bar, leading her by the hand; she walked with her hand loosely swinging in his, just as she had done with young men at country-club dances. "I promised to have one with Rajati," he was saying, "Where has he got to?"

"Is that the one I met?" said the girl. "The one with the high, bald head?"

"An Indian?" he said. "No, you mean Mahinder. This one's his cousin, Jessica Malherbe's husband."

"She's married to an Indian?" The girl stopped dead in the middle of the dancers. "Is she?" The idea went through her like a thrill. She felt startled as if by a sudden piece of good news about someone who was important to her. Jessica Malherbe—the name, the idea—seemed to have been circling about her life since before she left England. Even there, she had read about her in the papers: the daughter of a humble Afrikaner farmer, who had disowned her in the name of a stern Calvinist God for her anti-nationalism and her radical views; a girl from a backveld farm—such a farm as Joyce herself could remember seeing from a car window as a child—who had worked in a factory and educated herself and been sent by her trade union to study labor problems all over the world; a girl who negotiated with ministers of state; who, Joyce had learned that evening, had gone to prison for her principles. And now had not only gone to prison but had married an Indian. Jessica Malherbe, who was almost the first person the girl had met when she came in to the party this evening, and who turned out to look like any well-groomed English woman you might see in a London restaurant, wearing a pearl necklace and smelling of expensive perfume. An Indian! It was the final gesture. Magnificent. A world toppled with it—Jessica Malherbe's father's world. An Indian!

"Old Rajati," Ntwala was saying. But they could not find him. The girl thought of the handsome, scholarly-looking Indian with the domed head, and suddenly she remembered that once, in Durban, she had talked across the counter of a shop with an Indian boy. She had been down in the Indian quarter with her sister, and they had entered a shop to buy a piece of silk. She had been the spokeswoman, and she had murmured across the counter to the boy and he had said, in a voice as low and gentle as her own, no, he was sorry, that length of silk was for a sari, and could not be cut. The boy had very beautiful, unseeing eyes, and it was as if they spoke to one another in a dream. The shop was small and deep-set. It smelled strongly of incense, the smell of the village church in which her grandfather had lain in state before his funeral, the scent of her mother's garden on a summer night—the smell of death and flowers, compounded, as the incident itself came to be, of ugliness and beauty, of attraction and repulsion. For just after she and her sister had left the little shop, they had found themselves being followed by an unpleasant man, whose presence first made them uneasily hold tightly to their handbags but who later, when they entered a

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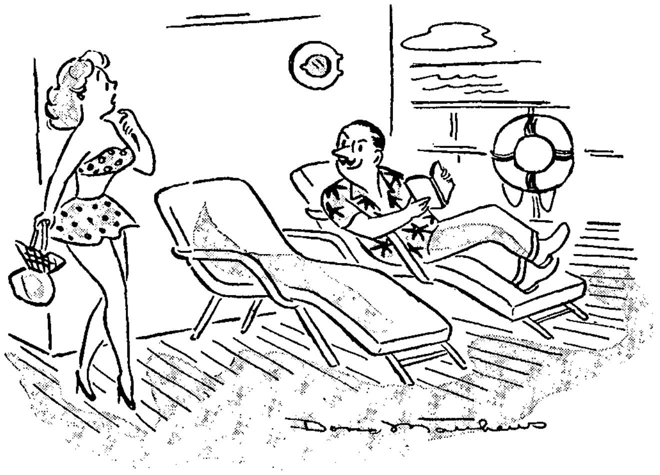

busy shop in an attempt to get rid of him, crowded up against them and made an obscene advance. He had had a vaguely Eurasian face, they believed, but they could not have said whether or not he was an Indian; in their disgust, he had scarcely seemed human to them at all.

She tried now, in the swarming noise of Derek's room, to hear again in her head the voice of the boy saying the words she remembered so exactly: "No, I am sorry, that length of silk is for a sari, it cannot be cut." But the tingle of the alcohol that she had been feeling in her hands for quite a long time became a kind of sizzling singing in her ears, like the sound of bubbles rising in aerated water, and all that she could convey to herself was the curious finality of the phrase: *can-not-be-cut, can-not-be-cut.*

She danced the next dance with Derek. "You look sweet tonight, old thing," he said, putting wet lips to her ear. "Sweet."

She said, "Derek, which is Rajati?"

He let go her waist. "Over there," he said, but in an instant he clutched her again and was whirling her round and she saw only Mahinder Singh and Martin Mathlongo, the big, freckled colored man, and the back of some man's dark-skinned neck with a businessman's thick roll of fat above the collar.

"Which?" she said, but this time he gestured toward a group in which there were white men only, and so she gave up.

The dance was cut short with a sudden wailing screech as someone lifted the needle of the gramophone in the middle of the record, and it appeared that a man was about to speak. It turned out that it was to be a song and not a speech, for Martin Mathlongo, little Shabalala, two colored women, and a huge African woman with cork-soled green shoes grouped themselves with their arms hanging about one another's necks. When the room had quieted down, they sang. They sang with extraordinary beauty, the men's voices deep and tender, the women's high and passionate. They sang in some Bantu language, and when the song was done, the girl asked Eddie Ntwala, next to whom she found herself standing, what they had been singing about. He said as simply as a peasant, as if he had never danced with her, exchanging sophisticated banter, "It's about a young man who passes and sees a girl working in her father's field."

Roy Wilson giggled and gave him a comradely punch on the arm. "Eddie's never seen a field in his life. Born and bred in Apex Location."

Then Martin Mathlongo, with his spotted bow tie under his big, loose-mouthed, strong face, suddenly stood forward and began to sing "Ole Man River." There was something insulting, defiant, yet shamefully supplicating in the way he sang the melodramatic, servile words, the way he kneeled and put out his big hands with their upturned pinkish palms. The dark faces in the room watched him, grinning as if at the antics of a monkey. The white faces looked drunk and withdrawn.

Joyce McCoy saw that, for the first time since she had been introduced to her that evening, she was near Jessica Malherbe. The girl was feeling a strong distress at the sight of the colored man singing the blackface song, and when she saw Jessica Malherbe, she put—with a look, as it were—all this burden at the woman's feet. She put it all upon her, as if *she* could make it right, for on the woman's broad, neatly made-up face there was neither the sullen embarrassment of the other white faces nor the leering self-laceration of the black.

The girl felt the way she usually felt when she was about to cry, but this time it was the prelude to something different. She made her way with difficulty, for her legs were the drunkest part of her, murmuring politely, "Excuse me," as she had been taught to do for twenty-two years, past all the people who stood, in their liquor daze, stolid as cows in a stream. She went up to the trade-union leader, the veteran of political imprisonment, the glossy-haired woman who used good perfume. "Miss Malherbe," she said, and her blank, exquisite face might have been requesting an invitation to a garden party. "Please, Miss Malherbe, I want to go with you next week. I want to march into the location."

NEXT day, when Joyce was sober, she still wanted to go. As her brother-in-law had predicted, she felt sick from Derek's punch, and every time she inclined her head, a great, heavy ball seemed to roll slowly from one side to the other inside her skull. The presence of this ball, which sometimes felt as if it were her brain itself, shrunken and hardened, rattling like a dried nut in its shell, made it difficult to concentrate, yet the thought that she would march into the location the following week was perfectly clear. As a matter of fact, it was almost obsessively clear.

She went to see Miss Malherbe at the headquarters of the Civil Disobedience Campaign, in order to say again what she had said the night before. Miss Malherbe did again just what *she* had done the night before—listened politely, was interested and sympathetic, thanked the girl, and then gently explained that the movement could not allow anyone but bona-fide members to take part in such actions. "Then I'll become a member now," said Joyce. She wore today a linen dress as pale as her own skin, and on the square of bare, matching flesh at her neck hung a little necklace of small pearls—the sort of necklace that is given to a girl child and added to, pearl by pearl, a new one on every birthday. Well, said Miss

Malherbe, she could join the movement, by all means—and would not that be enough? Her support would be much appreciated. But no, Joyce wanted to *do* something; she wanted to march with the others into the location. And before she left the office, she was formally enrolled.

When she had been a member for two days, she went to the headquarters to see Jessica Malherbe again. This time, there were other people present; they smiled at her when she came in, as if they already had heard about her. Miss Malherbe explained to her the gravity of what she wanted to do. Did she realize that she might have to go to prison? Did she understand that it was the policy of the passive resisters to serve their prison sentences rather than to pay fines? Even if she did not mind for herself, what about her parents, her relatives? The girl said that she was over twenty-one; her only parent, her mother, was in England; she was responsible to no one.

She told her sister Madeline and her brother-in-law nothing. When Tuesday morning came, it was damp and cool. Joyce dressed with the consciousness of the performance of the ordinary that marks extraordinary days. Her stomach felt hollow; her hands were cold. She rode into town with her brother-in-law, and all the way his car popped the fallen jacaranda flowers, which were as thick on the street beneath the tires as they were on the trees. After lunch, she took a tram to Fordsburg, a quarter where Indians and people of mixed blood, debarred from living anywhere better, lived alongside poor whites, and where, it had been decided, the defiers were to forgather. She had never been to this part of Johannesburg before, and she had the address of the house to which she was to go written in her tartan-silk-covered notebook in her minute, backward-sloping hand. She carried her white angora jacket over her arm and she had put on sensible flat sandals. I don't know why I keep thinking of this as if it were a lengthy expedition, requiring some sort of special equipment, she thought; actually it'll be all over in half an hour. Jessica Malherbe said we'd pay bail and be back in town by four-thirty.

The girl sat in the tram and did not look at the other passengers, and they did not look at her, although the contrast between her and them was startling. They were thin, yellow-limbed children with enormous sooty eyes; bleary-eyed, shuffling men, whom degeneracy had enfeebled into an appearance of indeterminate old age; heavy women with swollen legs, who were carrying newspaper parcels; young, almost white factory girls whose dull, kinky hair was pinned up into a decent simulation of fashionable style, and on whose proud, pert faces rouge and lipstick had drawn a white girl's face. Sitting among them, Joyce looked—quite apart from the social difference apparent in her clothes—so different, so other, that there were only two possible things to think about her, and which one thought depended upon one's attitude: either she was a kind of fairy—ideal, exquisite, an Ariel among Calibans—or she was something too tender, something unfinished, and beautiful only in the way the skin of the unborn lamb, taken from the belly of the mother, is beautiful, because it is a thing as yet unready for this world.

MAY WIND

The young birch tendrils are gold hair blowing
on the May wind still, and the fields not yet
a summer green.

                    But the tide runs fast:
boughs that were pink in the last sunset
foam now by the garden wall, the tide
fulls, and the delicate promise quickens
into lush achievement, the tight, pale bud
loses its reticence, colors, thickens.

Under your glance, a daffodil
opens, the lilies are repossessing,
minute by minute, their circular bed.

In an hour the light will change,
the warbler have taken his bath and gone,
tulips flare open to offer pollen
from their painted hearts, to receive the summer
in a scarlet cup, and the cherry petals,
by tomorrow noon, be scattered and fallen.

—FLORENCE B. JACOBS

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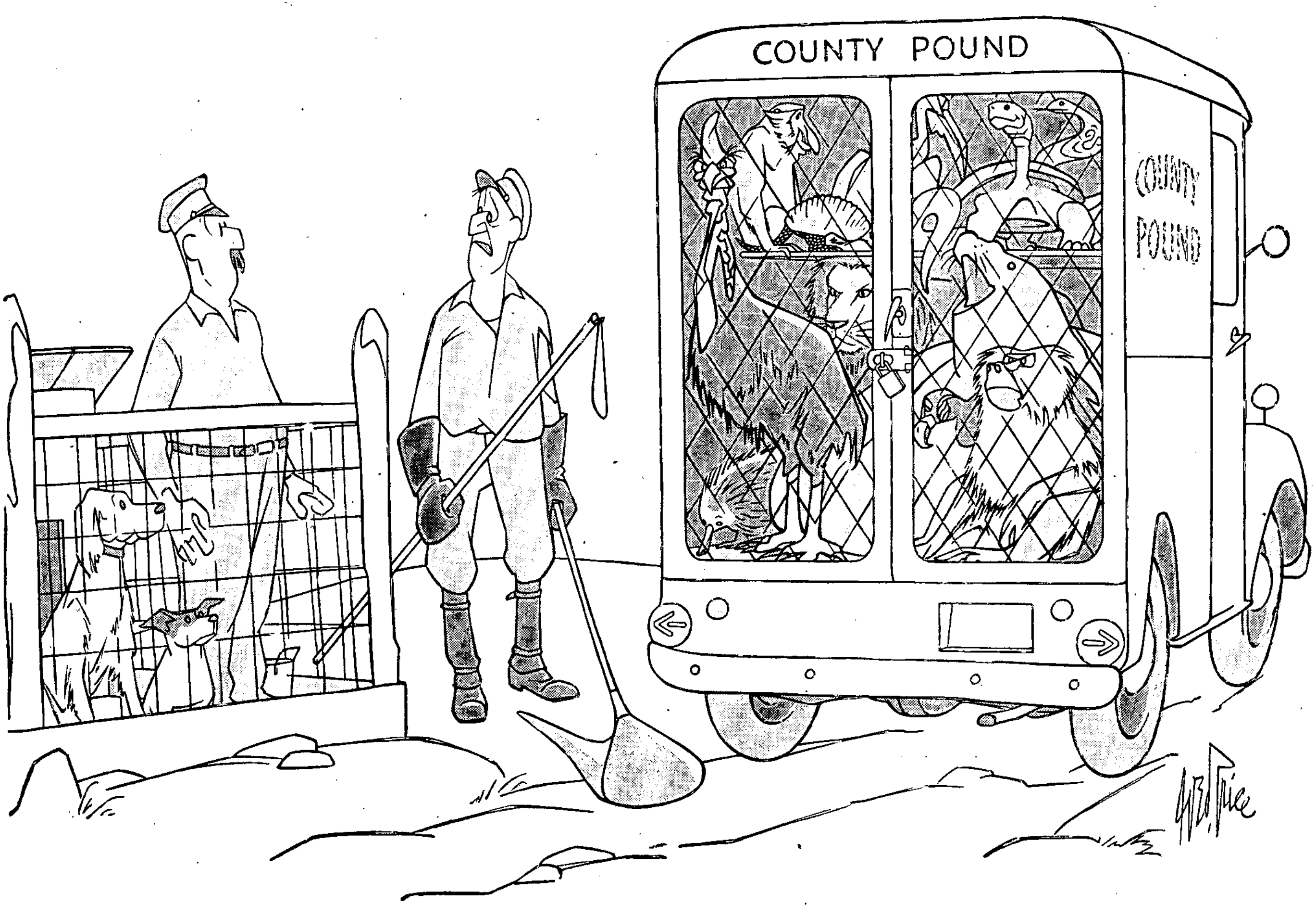
She got off at the stop she had been told to and went slowly up the street, watching the numbers. It was difficult to find out how far she would have to walk, or even, for the first few minutes, whether she was walking in the right direction, because the numbers on the doorways were half obliterated, or ill-painted, or sometimes missing entirely. As in most poor quarters, houses and stores were mixed, and, in fact, some houses were being used as business premises, and some stores had rooms above, in which, obviously, the storekeepers and their families lived. The street had a flower name, but there were no trees and no gardens. Most of the shops had Indian firm names amateurishly written on homemade wooden signboards or curlicued and flourished in signwriter's yellow and red across the lintel: Moonsammy Dadoo, Hardware, Ladies Smart Outfitting & General; K. P. Patel & Sons, Fruit Merchants; Vallabhir's Bargain Store. A shoemaker had enclosed the veranda of his small house as a workshop, and had hung outside a huge black tin shoe, of a style worn in the twenties.

The gutters smelled of rotting fruit. Thin *café-au-lait* children trailed smaller brothers and sisters; on the veranda of one of the little semidetached houses a lean light-colored man in shirtsleeves was shouting, in Afrikaans, at a fat woman who sat on the steps. An Indian woman in a sari and high-heeled European shoes was knocking at the door of the other half of the house. Farther on, a very small house, almost eclipsed by the tentacles of voracious-looking creepers, bore a polished brass plate with the name and consulting hours of a well-known Indian doctor.

The street was quiet enough; it had the dead, listless air of all places where people are making some sort of living in a small way. And so Joyce jumped when a sudden shriek of drunken laughter came from behind a rusty corrugated-iron wall that seemed to enclose a yard. Outside the wall, someone was sitting on a patch of the tough, gritty grass that sometimes scrabbles a hold for itself on worn city pavements; as the girl passed, she saw that the person was one of the white women tramps whom she sometimes saw in the city crossing a street with the peculiar glassy purposefulness of the outcast.



"Lord, what a day!"

• •

She felt neither pity nor distaste at the sight. It was as if, dating from this day, her involvement in action against social injustice had purged her of sentimentality; she did not have to avert her gaze. She looked quite calmly at the woman's bare legs, which were tanned, with dirt and exposure, to the color of leather. She felt only, in a detached way, a prim, angry sympathy for the young pale-brown girl who stood nursing a baby at the gate of the house just beyond, because she had to live next door to what was almost certainly a shebeen.

Then, ahead of her in the next block, she saw three cars parked outside a house and knew that that must be the place. She walked a little faster, but quite evenly, and when she reached it—No. 260, as she had been told—she found that it was a small house of purplish brick, with four steps leading from the pavement to the narrow veranda. A sword fern in a paraffin tin, painted green, stood on each side of the front door, which had been left ajar, as the front door sometimes is in a house where there is a party. She went up the steps firmly, over the dusty imprints of other feet, and, leaning into the doorway a little, knocked on the fancy glass panel of the upper part of the door. She found herself looking straight down a passage that had a worn flowered linoleum on the floor. The head of a small Indian girl—low forehead and great eyes—appeared in a curtained archway halfway down the passage and disappeared again instantly.

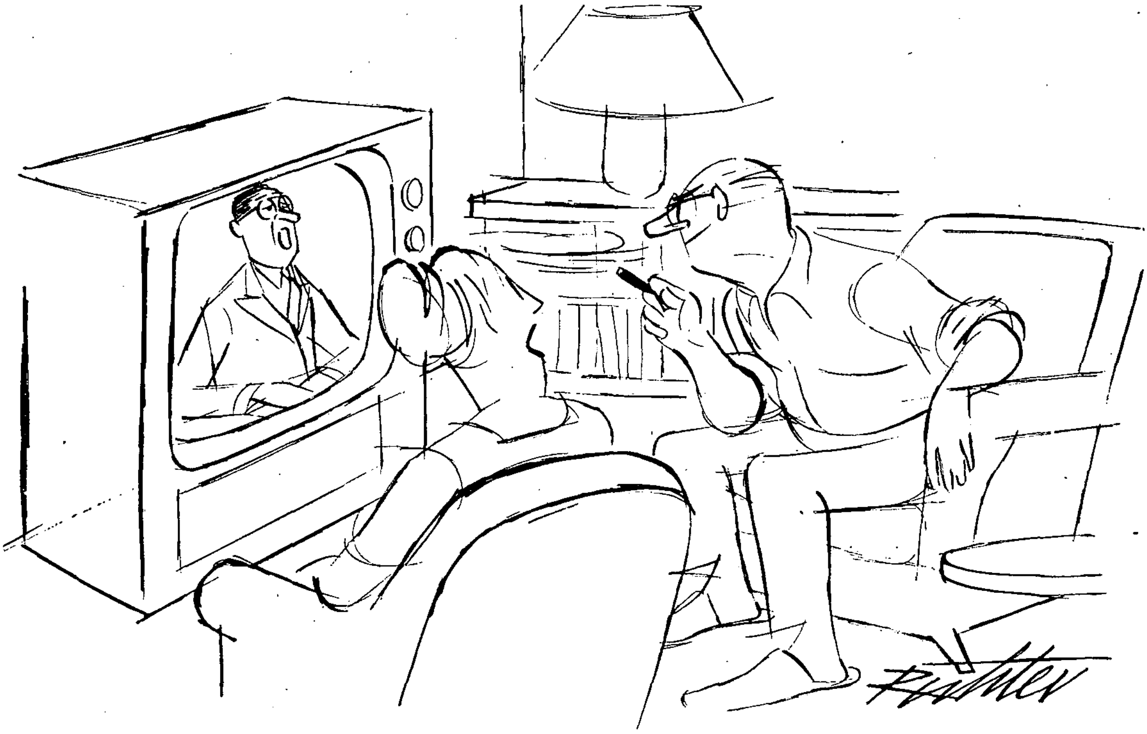
JOYCE McCOY knocked again. She could hear voices, and, above all the others, the tone of protest in a woman's voice.

A bald white man with thick glasses crossed the passage with quick, nervous steps and did not, she thought, see her. But he might have, because, prompted perhaps by his entry into the room from which the voices came, the pretty brunette woman with the efficient manner, whom the girl remembered from the party, appeared suddenly with her hand outstretched, and said enthusiastically, "Come *in*, my dear. Come inside. Such a racket in there! You could have been knocking all day."

The girl saw that the woman wore flimsy sandals and no stockings, and that her toenails were painted like the toes of the languid girls in *Vogue*. The girl did not know why details such as these intrigued her so much, or seemed so remarkable. She smiled in greeting and followed the woman into the house.

Now she was really there; she heard her own footsteps taking her down the passage of a house in Fordsburg. There was a faintly spicy smell about the passage; on the wall she caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a photograph of an Indian girl in European bridal dress, the picture framed with fretted gold paper, like a cake frill. And then they were in a room. Everyone smiled at her quickly but took no notice of her. Jessica Malherbe was there, in a blue linen suit, smoking a cigarette and saying something to the tall, tousle-headed Roy Wilson, who was writing down what she said. The bald man was talking low and earnestly to a slim woman who wore a man's wristwatch and had the hands of a man. The tiny African, Shabalala, wearing a pair of spectacles with thin tortoise-shell rims, was ticking a pencilled list. Three or four others, black and white, sat talking. The room was as brisk with chatter as a bird's cage.

Joyce lowered herself gingerly onto a dining-room chair whose legs were loose and swayed a little. And as she tried to conceal herself and sink into the composition of the room, she noticed a group sitting a little apart, near the



"Must you always analyze the news while he's analyzing it?"

windows, in the shadow of the heavy curtains, and, from the arresting sight of them, saw the whole room as it was beneath the overlay of people. The group was made up of an old Indian woman, and a slim Indian boy and another Indian child, who were obviously her grandchildren. The woman sat with her feet apart, so that her lap, under the voluminous swathings of her sari, was broad, and in one nostril a ruby twinkled. Her hands were little and beringed—a fat woman's hands. Her forehead was low beneath the coarse black hair and the line of tinsel along the sari, and she looked out through the company of white men and women, Indian men in business suits, Africans in clerkly neatness, as if she were deaf or could not see. Yet when Joyce saw her eyes move, as cold and as lacking in interest as the eyes of a tortoise, and her foot stir, asserting an inert force of life, like the twitch in a muscle of some supine creature on a mudbank, the girl knew it was not deafness or blindness that kept the woman oblivious of the company but simply the knowledge that this house, this room, was her place. She was here before the visitors came; she would not move for them; she would be here when they had gone. And the children clung with their grandmother, knowing that she was the kind who could never be banished to the kitchen or some other backwater.

From the assertion of this silent group the girl became aware of the whole room (*their* room), of its furnishings: the hideous "suite" upholstered in imitation velvet with a stamped design of triangles and sickles; the yellow varnished table with the pink silk mat and the brass vase of paper roses; the easy chairs with circular apertures in the arms where colored glass ashtrays were balanced; the crudely colored photographs; the barbola vase; the green ruched-silk cushions; the standard lamp with more platforms for more colored glass ashtrays; the gilded plaster dog that stood at the door. An Indian went over and said something to the old woman with the proprietary, apologetic, irritated air of a son who wishes his mother would keep out of the way; as he turned his head, the girl saw something familiar in the angle and recognized him as the man the back of whose neck she had seen when she was trying to identify Jessica Malherbe's husband at the party. Now he came over to her, a squat, pleasant man, with a great deal of that shiny black Indian hair encroaching too far on his forehead and making his head look too big for his body. He said, "My congratulations. My wife, Jessica, tells me you have insisted on identifying yourself with today's defiance. Well, how do you feel about it?"

She smiled at him with great difficulty; she really did not know why it was so difficult. She said, "I'm sorry. We didn't meet that night. Just your cousin—I believe it is?—Mr. Singh."

He was such a remarkably commonplace-looking Indian, Jessica Malherbe's husband, but Jessica Malherbe's husband after all—the man with the roll of fat at the back of his neck.

She said, "You don't resemble Mr. Singh in the least," feeling that it was herself she offended by the obvious thought behind the comparison, and not this fat, amiable middle-aged man, who only needed to be in his shirtsleeves to look like any well-to-do Indian merchant, or in a grubby white coat, and unshaven, to look like a fruit-and-vegetable hawker. He sat down beside her (she could see the head of the old woman just beyond his ear), and as he began to talk to her in his Cambridge-modulated voice, she began to notice something that she had not noticed before. It was curious, because surely it must have been there all the time; then again it might not have been—it might have been released by some movement of the group of the grandmother, the slender boy, and the child, perhaps from their clothes—but quite suddenly she began to be aware of the odor of incense. Sweet and dry and smoky, like the odor of burning leaves—she began to smell it. Then she thought, It must be in the furniture, the curtains; the old woman burns it and it permeates the house and all the gewgaws from Birmingham, and Denver, Colorado, and American-occupied Japan. Then it did not remind her of burning leaves any longer. It was incense, strong and sweet. The smell of death and flowers. She remembered it with such immediacy that it came back literally, absolutely, the way a memory of words or vision never can.

"Are you all right, Miss McCoy?" said the kindly Indian, interrupting himself because he saw that she was not listening and that her pretty, pale, impassive face was so white and withdrawn that she looked as if she might faint.

She stood up with a start that was like an inarticulate apology and went quickly from the room. She ran down the passage and opened a door and closed it behind her, but the odor was there, too, stronger than ever, in somebody's bedroom, where a big double bed had an orange silk cover. She leaned with her back against the door, breathing it in and trembling with fear and with the terrible desire to be safe: to be safe from one of the kindly women who would come, any moment now, to see what was wrong; to be safe from the gathering up of her own nerve to face the journey in the car to the location, and the faces of her companions, who were not afraid, and the walk up the location street.

THE very conventions of the life which, she felt, had insulated her in softness against the sharp, joyful brush of real life in action came up to save her now. If she was afraid, she was also polite. She had been polite so long that the colorless formula of good manners, which had stifled so much spontaneity in her, could also serve to stifle fear.

It would be so *terribly rude* simply to run away out of the house, and go home, now.

That was the thought that saved her—the code of a well-brought-up child at a party—and it came to her again and again, slowing down her thudding heart, uncurling her clenched hands. *It would be terribly rude to run away now.* She knew with distress, somewhere at the back of her mind, that this was the wrong reason for staying, but it worked. Her manners had been with her longer and were stronger than her fear. Slowly the room ceased to sing so loudly about her, the bedspread stopped dancing up and down before her eyes, and she went slowly over to the mirror in the door of the wardrobe and straightened the belt of her dress, not meeting her own eyes. Then she opened the door and went down the passage and back again into the room where the others were gathered, and sat down in the chair she had left. It was only then that she noticed that the others were standing—had risen, ready to go.

"What about your jacket, my dear. Would you like to leave it?" the pretty brunette said, noticing her.

Jessica Malherbe was on her way to the door. She smiled at Joyce and said, "I'd leave it, if I were you."

"Yes, I think so, thank you." She heard her own voice as if it were someone else's.

Outside, there was the mild confusion of deciding who should go with whom and in which car. The girl found herself in the back of the car in which Jessica Malherbe sat beside the driver. The slim, mannish woman got in; little Shabalala got in but was summoned to another car by an urgently waving hand. He got out again, and then came back and jumped in just as they were off. He was the only one who seemed excited. He sat forward, with his hands on his knees. Smiling widely at the girl, he said, "Now we really are taking you for a ride, Miss McCoy."

The cars drove through Fordsburg and skirted the city. Then they went out one of the main roads that connect the gold-mining towns of the Witwatersrand with each other and with Johannesburg. They passed mine dumps, pale gray and yellow; clusters of neat, ugly houses, provided for white mineworkers; patches of veld, where the rain of the night before glittered thinly in low places; a brickfield; a foundry; a little poultry farm. And then they turned in to a muddy road, along which they followed a native bus that swayed under its load of passengers, exhaust pipe sputtering black smoke, canvas flaps over the windows wildly agitated. The bus thundered ahead through the location gates, but the three cars stopped outside. Jessica Malherbe got out first, and stood, pushing back the cuticles of the nails of her left hand as she talked in a businesslike fashion to Roy Wilson. "Of course, don't give the statement to the papers unless they ask for it. It would be more interesting to see *their* version first, and come along with our own afterward. But they *may* ask—"

"There's a press car," Shabalala said, hurrying up. "There."

"Looks like Brand, from the *Post.*"

"Can't be Dick Brand, he's transferred to Bloemfontein," said the tall, mannish woman.

"Come here, Miss McCoy, you're the baby," said Shabalala, straightening his tie and twitching his shoulders, in case there was going to be a photograph. Obediently, the girl moved to the front.

But the press photographer waved his flash bulb in protest. "No, I want you walking."

"Well, you better get us before we enter the gates or you'll find yourself arrested, too," said Jessica Malherbe, unconcerned. "Look at that," she added to the mannish woman, lifting her foot to show the heel of her white shoe, muddy already.

LAGERSDORP LOCATION, which they were entering and which Joyce McCoy had never seen before, was much like all such places. A high barbed-wire fence—more a symbol than a means of confinement, since, except for the part near the gates, it had comfortable gaps in many places—enclosed almost a square mile of dreary little dwellings, to which the African population of the nearby town came home to sleep at

night. There were mean houses and squalid tin shelters and, near the gates where the administrative offices were, one or two decent cottages, which had been built by the white housing authorities "experimentally" and never duplicated; they were occupied by the favorite African clerks of the white location superintendent. There were very few shops, since every license granted to a native shop in a location takes business away from the white stores in the town, and there were a great many churches, some built of mud and tin, some neo-Gothic and built of brick, representing a great many sects.

They began to walk, the seven men and women, toward the location gates. Jessica Malherbe and Roy Wilson were a little ahead, and the girl found herself between Shabalala and the bald white man with thick glasses. The flash bulb made its brief sensation, and the two or three picannins who were playing with tin hoops on the roadside looked up, astonished. A fat native woman selling oranges and roast mealies shouted speculatively to a passerby in ragged trousers.

At the gateway, a fat black policeman sat on a soapbox and gossiped. He raised his hand to his cap as they passed. In Joyce McCoy, the numbness that had followed her nervous crisis began to be replaced by a calm embarrassment; as a child she had often wondered, seeing a circle of Salvation Army people playing a hymn out of tune on a street corner, how it would feel to stand there with them. Now she felt she knew. Little Shabalala ran a finger round the inside of his collar, and the girl thought, with a start of warmth, that he was feeling as she was; she did not know that he was thinking what he had promised himself he would not think about during this walk—that very likely the walk would cost him his job. People did not want to employ Africans who "made trouble." His wife, who was immensely proud of his education and his cleverness, had said nothing when she learned that he was going—had only gone, with studied consciousness, about her cooking. But, after all, Shabalala, like the girl—though neither he nor she could know it—was also saved by convention. In his case, it was a bold convention—that he was an amusing little man. He said to her as they began to walk up the road, inside the gateway, "Feel the bump?"

"I beg your pardon?" she said, polite and conspiratorial.

A group of ragged children, their eyes alight with the tenacious beggarliness associated with the East rather than with Africa, were jumping and running round the white members of the party, which they thought was some committee come to judge a competition for the cleanest house, or a baby show. "Penny, missus, penny, penny, *baas!*" they whined. Shabalala growled something at them playfully in their own language before he answered, with his delightful grin, wide as a slice of melon, "The bump over the color bar."

Apart from the children, who dropped away desultorily, like flying fish behind a boat, no one took much notice of the defiers. The African women, carrying on their heads food they had bought in town, or bundles of white people's washing, scarcely looked at them. African men on bicycles rode past, preoccupied. But when the party came up parallel with the administration offices—built of red brick, and, along with the experimental cottages at the gate and the clinic next door, the only buildings of European standard in the location—a middle-aged white man in a suit worn shiny on the seat and the elbows (his slightly stooping body seemed to carry the shape of his office chair and desk) came out and stopped Jessica Malherbe. Obediently, the whole group stopped; there was an air of quiet obstinacy about them. The man, who was the location superintendent himself, evidently knew Jessica Malherbe, and was awkward with the necessity of making this an official and not a personal encounter. "You know that I must tell you it is prohibited for Europeans to enter Lagersdorp Location," he said. The girl noticed that he carried his glasses in his left hand, dangling by one earpiece, as if he had been waiting for the arrival of the party and had jumped up from his desk nervously at last.

Jessica Malherbe smiled, and there was in her smile something of the easy, informal amusement with which Afrikaners discount pomposity. "Mr. Dougal, good afternoon. Yes, of course, we know you have to give us official warning. How far do you think we'll get?"

The man's face relaxed. He shrugged and said, "They're waiting for you."

And suddenly the girl, Joyce McCoy, felt this—the sense of something lying in wait for them. The neat, stereotyped faces of African clerks appeared at the windows of the administrative offices. As the party approached the clinic, the European doctor, in his white coat, looked out; two white nurses and an African nurse came out onto the veranda. And all the patient African women who were sitting about in the sun outside, suckling their babies and gossiping, sat silent while the party walked by—sat silent, and had in their eyes something of the look of the Indian grandmother, waiting at home in Fordsburg.

The party walked on up the street, and on either side, in the little houses, which had homemade verandas flanking the strip of worn, unpaved earth that was the sidewalk, or whose front doors opened straight out onto a foot or two of fenced garden, where hens ran and pumpkins had been put to ripen, doors were open, and men and women stood, their children gathered in round them, as if they sensed the approach of a storm. Yet the sun was hot on the heads of the party, walking slowly up the street. And they were silent, and the watchers were silent, or spoke to one another only in whispers, each bending his head to another's ear but keeping his eyes on the group passing up the street. Someone laughed, but it was only a drunk—a wizened little old man—returning from some shebeen. And ahead, at the corner of a crossroad, stood the police car, a black car, with the aerial from its radio-communication equipment a shining lash against all the shabbiness of the street. The rear doors opened, and two heavy, smartly dressed policemen got out and slammed the doors behind them. They approached the party slowly, not hurrying themselves. When they drew abreast, one said, as if in reflex, "Ah—good afternoon." But the other cut in, in an emotionless official voice, "You are all under arrest for illegal entry into Lagersdorp Location. If you'll just give us your names . . ."

Joyce stood waiting her turn, and her heart beat slowly and evenly. She thought again, as she had once before—how long ago was that party?—I feel nothing. It's all right. I feel nothing.

But as the policeman came to her, and she spelled out her name for him, she looked up and saw the faces of the African onlookers who stood nearest her. Two men, a small boy, and a woman, dressed in ill-matched castoffs of European clothing, which hung upon them without meaning, like coats spread on bushes, were looking at her. When she looked back, they met her gaze. And she felt, suddenly, not nothing but what they were feeling, at the sight of her, a white girl, taken—incomprehensibly, as they themselves were used to being taken—under the force of white men's wills, which dispensed and withdrew life, which imprisoned and set free, fed or starved, like God himself.

—Nadine Gordimer

IS THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART ON THE RIGHT TRACK?

I DIDN'T get to the private, black-tie preview of the Vuillard exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art the other night, because I had been to a private, black-tie preview of Sargent, Whistler, and Cassatt at the Metropolitan Museum of Art just a few days before and I wanted to give my dinner coat a rest, but I do like to keep up with modern art, and so I've been reading "Edouard Vuillard," by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, which the Museum published to go with the show. I read it in my dressing gown, which I hope is all right with the Museum; the book doesn't say anything about what you're supposed to wear while reading it, so I guess dress is optional. Andrew Carnduff Ritchie is director of the Museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture, and a trustee, along with John Hay Whitney, Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, Henry Allen Moe, and James Thrall Soby. These are the middle-names-spelled-out trustees, and of these middle names I think I like Carnduff the best, though Thrall is pretty good, too. Well, there are three other middle-names-spelled-out trustees—A. Conger Goodyear, Mrs. W. Murray Crane, and Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller—but what I mean is the above five are the only trustees who spell out both their first *and* their middle names, which I think is nice and euphonious.. The Museum has two four-name trustees, William A. M. Burden, its president, and Edward M. M. Warburg, and they could make a slam-bang nomenclatural showing if they wanted to—William Armistead Moale Burden and Edward Mortimer Morris Warburg—but they don't seem to care, at least not on the masthead that appears in the Vuillard book. Perhaps they ought to reconsider, however; the middle initial "M" carries with it certain hazards for prominent people, since the newspapers are apt to turn it upside down. Burden appeared upside down, or partly upside down, in the *Herald Tribune* the other day, as William A. W. Burden, and so did Warburg, earlier this year, in the *Times*, as Edward W. W. Warburg. This sort of thing couldn't happen to Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, who sounds *planté* if anyone ever was. I know his name is Andrew Carnduff Ritchie because, counting the jacket, it appears six times in his book. Another thing I learned from the book: a lot of people connected with Vuillard have hyphenated names. First or last. Mme. Jacqueline Bouchot-Saupique and J. Rodrigues-Henriques helped the author locate some of Vuillard's pictures; Claude Roger-Marx once wrote a book about him; his "immediate school friends were Ker-Xavier Roussel [later his brother-in-law] . . . and Lugné-Poë [an actor-manager];" his "sobriety of composition remind[s] one of Fantin-Latour;" Toulouse-Lautrec admired his *fin-de-siècle* period; and who but Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler is quoted in some connection or other having to do with him?

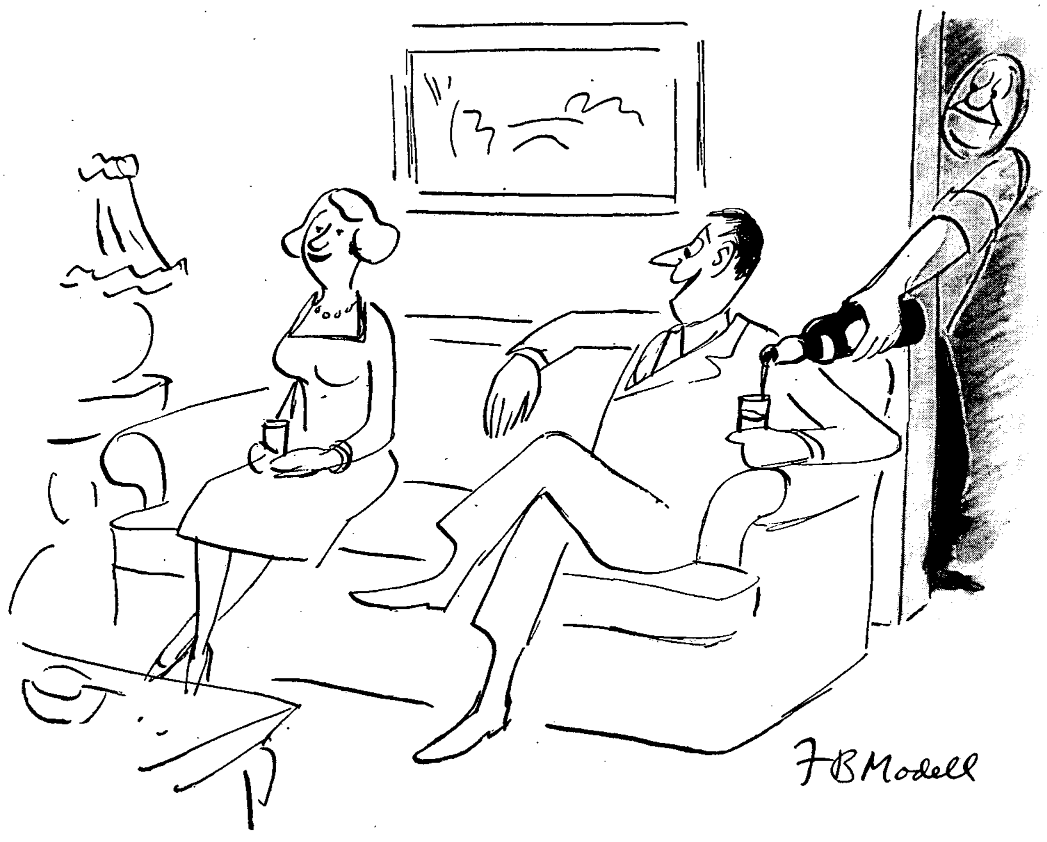
NOW, as to Vuillard himself. Carnduff-Ritchie starts out as follows:

> Edouard Vuillard was a strangely complex personality. Many of the secrets of his life will be revealed in 1980 when, by his will, his private journal can be made public. Until then we must depend on the accounts of his friends and the evidence of his art for whatever estimates we may make of him. His origins were petty bourgeois and, despite his later associations with a somewhat fashionable set in Parisian society, he remained in all essentials a petty bourgeois to his death. . . . He enjoyed good living and, while he remained a bachelor all his life, it is rumored that he had several love affairs. But, as became his upbringing, he seems never to have allowed passion of any kind to get out of hand. Nothing, apparently, was permitted to disturb the even course of the ménage he kept with his mother until her death in 1928.

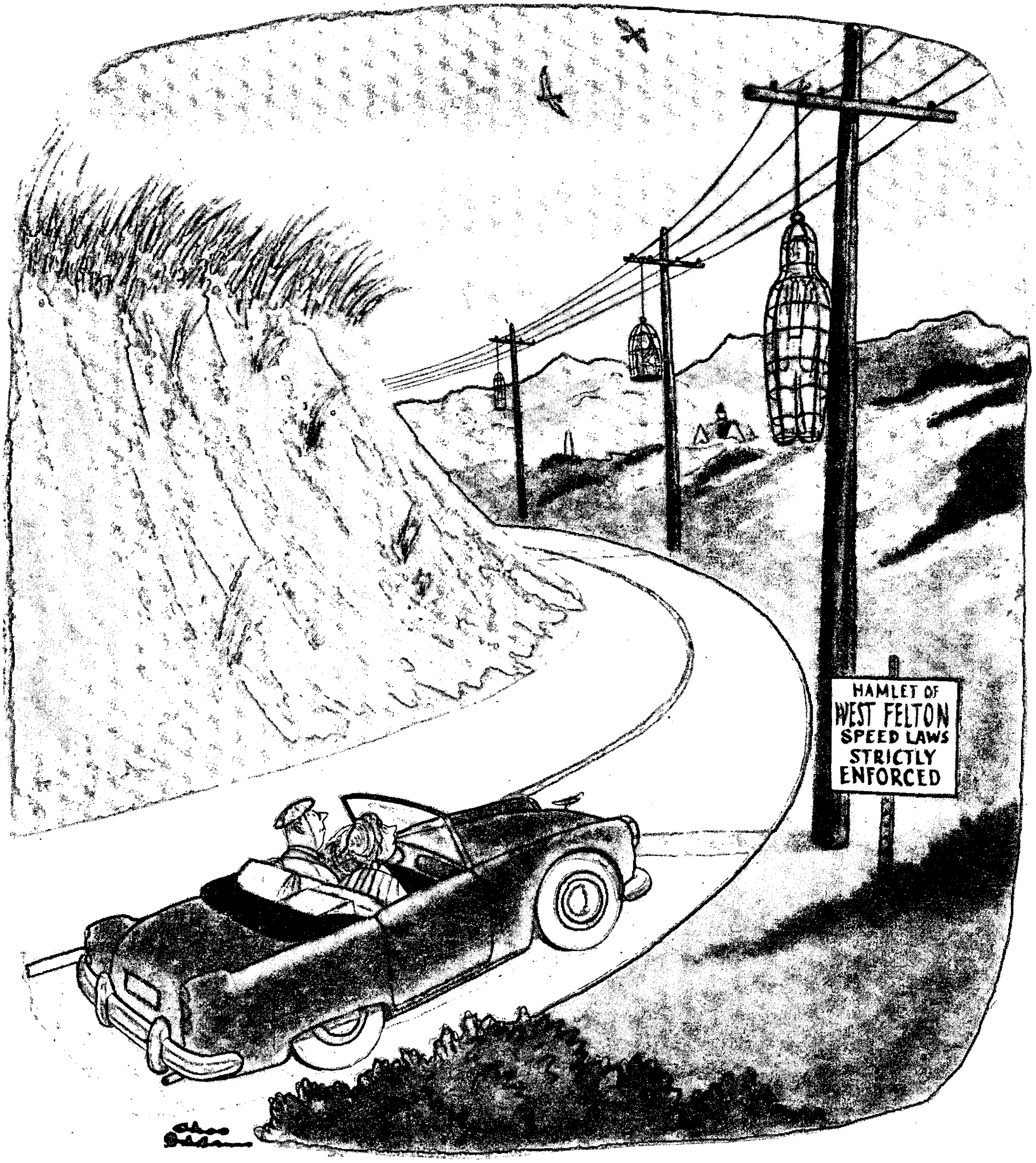
It seems to me that it is difficult for a set, especially a Parisian set, to be "somewhat fashionable" (either you follow the current style or you don't—eh, what?), and that a man who can slip in the word "ménage" as easily as that might have gone in for a *petit bourgeois* or two rather than a petty bourgeois, but I have a couple more serious bones to pick with Mr. Ritchie. How does he know that Vuillard's private journal will reveal any secrets? Has he peeked? Lewis Carroll's private diaries have recently been published, in two volumes, with a good deal of Oxford University Press fanfare, and there isn't a secret in a carload. Just whom he saw and what he read. Vuillard, Ritchie writes, "was a retiring, silent, even timid little man," and we may fancy a typical entry:

> Lunched with Ker-Xavier Roussel, and Lugné-Poë dropped in for *petits fours*. He made a little *moue* and scared me to death. I couldn't think of a damned thing to say. Roger-Marx is writing a book about me. I wonder what *Maman* will think about it.

Well, I'll be seventy-three in 1980, and I suppose I'll have to wait, but I



"You know something, Grace? You grow on a person."



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don't think the Vuillard revelations are going to make my year. I'd rather take a chance on Halley's comet.

My second bone has to do with that while-a-bachelor-he-had-several-love-affairs sentence. Mr. Ritchie's intimation of a paradox here seems to me unworthy of a museum that is honeycombed with bachelor curators, most of whom get around quite a bit. Who but bachelors are in a preferred position to have several love affairs? Look at Casanova. Look at Toulouse-Lautrec, for that matter. Mind you, I'm not saying that Vuillard *did* have several love affairs—that's Ritchie's rumor, or relayed rumor. All I'm saying is that it's easy for a bachelor to have love affairs, even if he lives with his mother until he's sixty, as Vuillard did, provided he's an artist. A fifty-eight-year-old vice-president of the National City Bank maintaining an undisturbed ménage with his petty-bourgeois mother might be hard put to it, but a painter has a studio he can go to, models coming in and out, as proper as you please, and a perfect cover story. He doesn't need to join a club, invent a convention, or fabricate a poker game. If he comes in late and his mother raises an eyebrow, he can simply say, "Hard day at the studio. I'm wrestling with a difficult nocturne," and who will there be to say him nay, or *non*? The rouge on his shirt is paint, and the loaf of bread and jug of wine he takes downtown the next morning are for a still life.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

PROFILES

THE BIG STONE—II

EARLY one afternoon in May of last year, Harry Winston, the owner of the prosperous jewelry firm of Harry Winston, Inc., at 7 East Fifty-first Street, was sitting in his second-floor office discussing with the firm's general manager, Daniel Frey, the prospects of his latest important acquisition—a 154½-carat rough diamond from South Africa, which had been bought for him in England three months earlier, for $230,807. The diamond was now being faceted, girdled, and polished by Bernard De Haan, the firm's head cutter and polisher, and Winston, who had been checking on its progress two or three times a week, was gradually reaching the conclusion that he had come into possession of a truly remarkable stone; in his more buoyant moments he was beginning to feel that in its color and purity it was equal, if not superior, to the celebrated Jonker diamond that nearly twenty years before he had split up into twelve smaller diamonds, the largest of which he sold for a million dollars. Winston's enthusiasm for his new diamond had been only lukewarm at first—for one thing, he had been disappointed to find that a piece was missing, having apparently cracked off in the remote geological past—but as time went on and his chief cutter removed the stone's skin, or outer coating, creating "windows" that revealed a flawless interior and a striking blue-white color, he had come to have a deep attachment for it. Now, talking with Frey about the diamond, Winston impulsively picked up the telephone on his desk to ask De Haan to bring it down from his workshop on the sixth, or top, floor of the building. He was told that De Haan was at lunch but should be back any minute.

"How the Dutch do love to eat!" Winston said peevishly. A rotund man, five feet four, with a round, boyish face under thick, wiry hair, Winston is endowed with boundless self-confidence, as well as a vast repertory of dramatic reactions to practically everything, and since he is able to sustain his considerable energy on no more than a cup of coffee with milk and a saccharin tablet between breakfast and dinner, he feels that this is enough lunch for anyone.

Frey smiled placatingly. "He'll be back soon," he said. "Most people like to eat."

Winston appeared mollified. "Every time I look at that diamond now, I get excited," he said.

"The thrill you'll get when somebody buys that stone!" Frey said.

Winston looked gloomy. "I hate to think of parting with it," he said.

Frey did not seem to have heard him. "The thrill I get every time I sell an engagement ring!" he said. "Just from looking at a kid who's getting married and is seeing his diamond for the first time!"

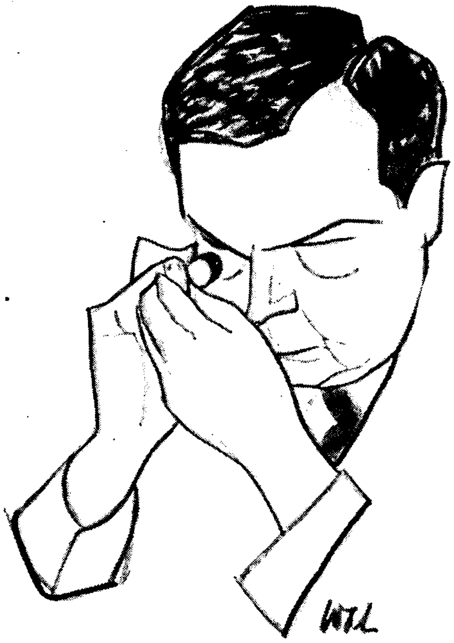
"I hate to think of that stone going to some of the women I know," Winston said. In front of him, on a black velvet pad, lay a number of round diamonds that had been set in wax on a square of cardboard to indicate the way they were going to be mounted for a necklace, which he planned to price at fifty thousand dollars. "These round stones are good for women over forty or fifty," he said idly to Frey. "When women get that hard look from all the smoking and the drinking, they need the softness and roundness of these stones." Suddenly angry, he gave the cardboard square a shove. "Adornment!" he said. "They'd wear diamonds on their ankles if it was stylish! They'd wear them in their noses! They have no real feeling for diamonds."

"Some of these women don't appreciate half the stuff they're given," Frey said. "But I must say most of the people I sell diamonds to really get the thrill of a lifetime."

Winston's anger subsided. "What can you do?" he said philosophically. "You can't control them." A faraway look came into his eyes. "I have no worries about our big stone," he said. "The child is healthy. It has ten toes." He smiled faintly.

"You've got more than toes in *that* stone," Frey said. "You've got a great stone."

"It is great—that is beyond question," said Winston. "*How* great is the only question. The color is breathtaking. That stone *talks* to you." He became irritable again. "Where's De Haan?" he demanded. "He can't still be at lunch." He picked up the telephone, and this time De Haan answered. After a brief conversation, Winston hung up. "He's got Ludel with him," he told Frey, referring to Bernard Ludel, the firm's chief buyer of rough diamonds. Ludel had bought the 154½-carat diamond in London and, after it had been shipped to New York, had stayed on in Europe, scouting for more precious stones.



Harry Winston

"Ludel just got back this morning," Frey said. "I guess he can't tear himself away from the diamond."

A moment later, De Haan and Ludel came in. They are cousins—both of them Dutch and solidly built, with large, square faces. De Haan held out the diamond to Winston, who took it with his left hand while rising and holding out his right to Ludel, who shook it heartily.

"Well, Ludel, how do you like our baby?" Winston said, holding the diamond up.

"I never dreamed of a stone like that," Ludel said, grinning broadly.

De Haan stood by with a proud smile. "I was bringing it along so nicely," he said. "Now maybe it'll be days before I get it back. Mr. Winston likes to hold on to it."

"Yes, yes," Ludel said, still grinning.

Winston sat down and looked at the stone through a jeweller's loupe. "The child is healthy," he said. "Healthy and pure."

"Pure," said Ludel. "I was saying as we came down in the elevator that in forty years I never dreamed of a stone like it. The moment I saw it, I knew I was going to buy it for you."

"The stone was not misrepresented," Winston said, turning the diamond around and around on his fingertips. "But I might as well tell you, Ludel, that for a while I was worried. That piece that cracked off. You should have mentioned it to me."

"I felt as confident as anyone can feel with a rough diamond that in itself it was a perfect stone," Ludel said. "I didn't want to raise doubts in your mind. Doubts can be very upsetting when there is an ocean between us. And I wanted you to have that stone. When you finally decided to buy it, I was the happiest man in the world. It's the biggest stone I've ever bought. And the highest in price. When I went to Antwerp from London, and walked into the Diamond Club on Pelikaanstraat, every diamond man in town came up and wanted to know what the stone looked like. Everybody asked me, 'Is it really so magnificent, Ludel?' And I said to everybody, 'Don't ask so many questions.' " Ludel slapped his thigh and laughed long and loud.

"It's coming along," Winston said, studying the diamond. By this time De Haan, after removing most of the stone's skin, had started to rough out sixteen basic facets that would give the stone a pear-shaped contour; later on, the basic facets would be broken up into smaller facets, to provide greater brilliance—a process known as brillianteering. "We're centering it up," Winston went on. "Getting the girdle a little thinner. There's a slight surface defect—just like a little scab—on the side here. But it's going to come off and everything will be beautiful. Just now our diamond looks a trifle clumsy. It looks too short and round and fat and thick and heavy in the belly—it looks a little bit like me." He gave a quick, hoarse laugh, and went on, "And the girdle's too heavy on the bottom. There's too much of a behind. So we'll just take the fat off the hips. And we'll make the table larger, Bernard. There's still a lot to be done, but there aren't any major problems left. I want to see this stone have grace and form and beauty. I'd rather lose ten carats and have a perfectly proportioned stone. This isn't the kind of diamond that should be sold by the carat. It's too great for that." Winston put the diamond on a sheet of white paper and pushed it roughly back and forth.

Whitney Darrow Jr

"My first husband and I tried separate vacations. Matter of fact, that's when I met my present husband."

Ludel asked Winston if he had shown the diamond to any prospective buyers. Winston curtly said that he hadn't, and picked up the stone again. "I may keep it to play with for a few months," he added. "I don't want to show it for a while yet."

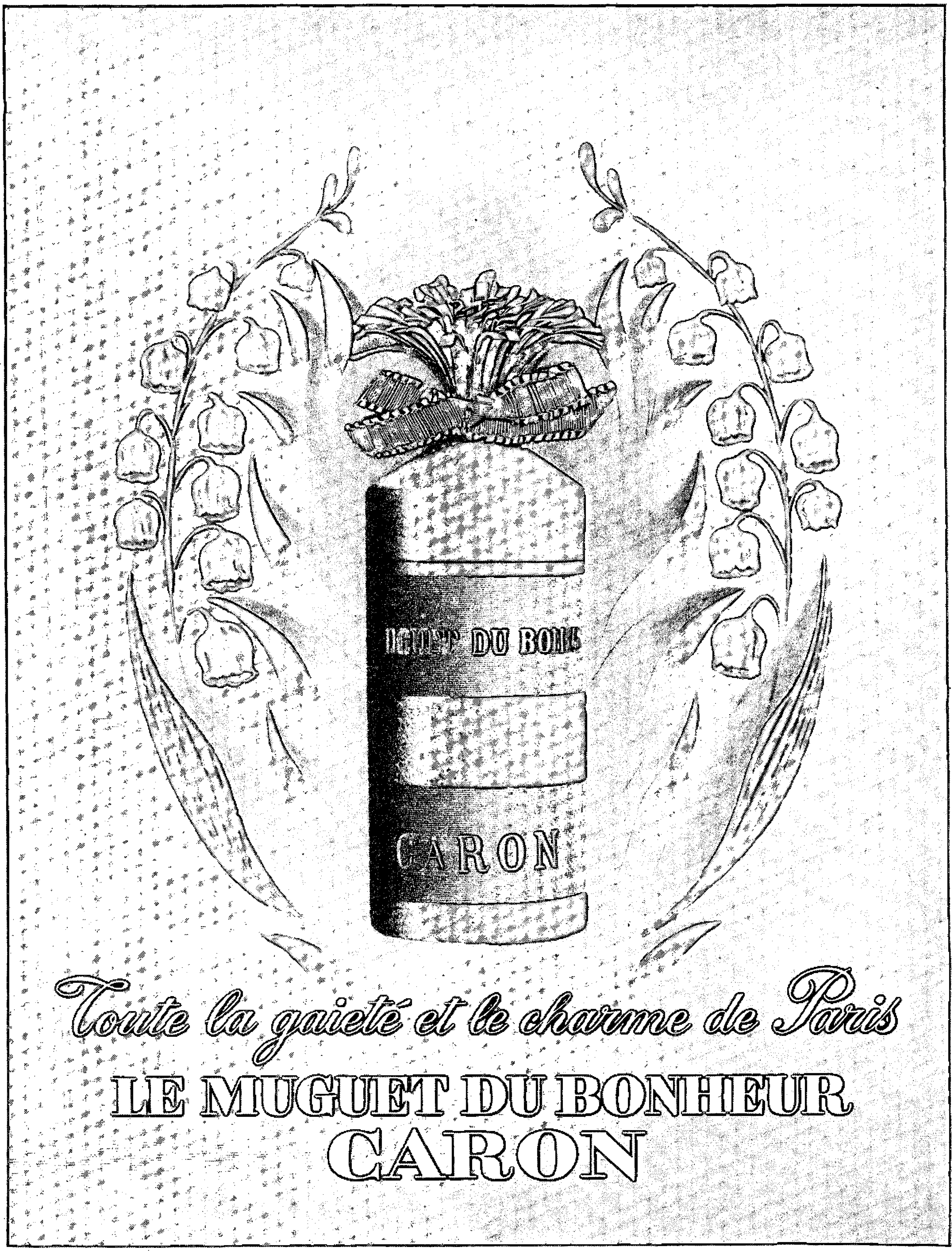
"In the meantime, I'd like to take it back upstairs and go to work on it," De Haan said, holding out his hand.

Winston made no move to give it to him.

Ludel turned to his cousin and asked who was working on the stone with him. Frey laughed. "If his job was at stake, he wouldn't let anyone else touch that stone," he said.

"As long as I have two hands, I'll do it all myself," De Haan said. Again he asked for the stone, but Winston shook his head. "I want to keep it close to me," he said.

THE following week, Winston surprised De Haan by not calling for the big diamond for his usual Monday-morning inspection. The entire week passed, and Winston spent each day in his office and did not ask to see the stone. Most of the time, he had been busy with Ludel buying up some large diamonds that had just become avail-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able, in an effort to protect what he calls "the big-stone market." He had been made apprehensive by talk in the diamond business that the prices of large diamonds might drop.

"We've been offering fair prices for them," Winston said to Ludel on Friday afternoon. "I want to treat everybody fairly. I don't want to cut any throats."

"You never cut throats," Ludel assured him.

"I don't want to see great things cheapened," Winston said. "That new big stone of ours! My God, a thing like that! We've got to protect it!"

Ludel nodded.

"Of course, buying this way is extremely speculative," Winston said. "I've already spent a million dollars today on rough diamonds. If things work out right, we'll do fine. But you can get hurt very badly doing what I'm doing if you don't know the market. The risks I've taken! Look at King Farouk. Last July, when Farouk already owed me more than a million dollars for the Star of the East and some other jewels, he heard I had a certain emerald that he wanted. Worth a quarter of a million dollars. I sent him the stone and then I told my son Ronnie about it. My little fella is only thirteen, but I talk everything over with him. Ronnie is like a sponge. He soaks up everything about the business. The conversations I have with him! He talks like a jewel merchant. Anyway, I said to Ronnie, 'I sent His Majesty the emerald even though he owes me more than a million.' My little fella listened, and finally he said, 'Daddy, if he still owed you the money, I wouldn't have sent him the emerald.' The stone arrived in Alexandria two days before His Majesty abdicated. Just before he went aboard ship to flee from Egypt, he handed the emerald to an American Embassy man, and it came back to me. With all his problems, he took the time when he arrived in Naples to send me a cable saying, 'Article you are interested in given to your embassy.' I told Ronnie about it, and I said, 'When dealing with royalty, you must remember you're dealing with people who are brought up with honor. And a king, of course, is above the law anyway.' "

Ludel asked Winston if he had heard anything from Farouk about the million dollars still due on the Star of the East, and Winston replied that he hadn't. "Most of the time I don't try to fathom the people in that part of the world," he said. "Once, I made a deal to sell an Indian prince five hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, to be paid for over a period of a year. A few days later, he called me and said *he* wanted to sell *me* some other jewels, for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—cash. He said he wanted the money to bet on the horses. Well, I bought the jewels, and he bet on three horses. The first two came in. The third ran out of the money, and he lost the entire quarter of a million. I had to comfort him through his ordeal. *His* ordeal! But I must say he paid the five hundred thousand on schedule."

Winston's secretary, Miss Polly Rowe, came in with some papers, and he asked her whether she had heard from a woman who had called earlier to say she'd be in to see him. Miss Rowe said she hadn't, and left.

"She's a good customer, if she ever gets here," Winston said to Ludel. "She went to the hairdresser's four hours ago. Said she'd be over as soon as she was finished there. I'm selling her a pair of earrings for a hundred and fifty thousand." After a moment, he added, "She has unusually small ear lobes. I've been trying for months to get her a pair of earrings that will do something for her lobes."

The telephone rang. Winston answered it and talked to someone for a few minutes about an oil well, remarking that forty barrels a day seemed rather low. After he had hung up, he grimaced and said, "Dull business, Ludel. So you drill a hole and you strike oil. I don't know why I let myself be talked into buying an oil well. I'm not even interested." He sighed, and picked up his telephone and asked to speak to De Haan. "Bernard!" he said. "Before you go home, bring down the big stone. You can go home, but I want the baby."

ALL the next week, up in the polishing room, on the sixth floor, De Haan happily kept the big diamond running on the polishing wheel that was taking the fat off, making the table wider and the girdle leaner. On Friday afternoon, an industrial-diamond man named Daniel S. de Rimini dropped in for a visit, and De Haan took the diamond out of the dop, or cup, at the end of the metal arm holding the diamond

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on the wheel, and showed it to him. De Rimini whistled. "That's really something!" he said. At the time, he was the general manager of a tool corporation in Tuckahoe, which uses diamonds in precision-tool work. "If I had a wife, I wouldn't let her wear that stone," de Rimini said. "Somebody might steal it—and her, too."

De Haan looked flattered.

"I once held the Cullinan in my hands," de Rimini went on. (The Cullinan, which weighed 3,106 carats before it was cut up into smaller stones, was the largest diamond ever mined.) "I was a little boy at the time. My father worked for Asscher's Diamond Works, in Amsterdam, and they were cutting the Cullinan. My father let me hold it. I'll never forget how I felt. If you'd let me hold this stone, I'd feel the same way—I know it."

A slow grin spread over De Haan's face. "You'll remember to give it back?" he said. Then he laughed loudly and handed the diamond to de Rimini.

De Rimini hefted the stone in the palm of his hand. "I'm telling you the truth, Bernard," he said. "I feel more impressed than I did when I held the Cullinan."

De Haan took the diamond back and put it in the dop. "The Cullinan was all cut up," he said. "Our stone will never be cut up."

A FEW days later, Winston had the big diamond in his office again. It was lunchtime, and his customary cup of coffee, with its milk and saccharin tablet, was in front of him on the desk. Beside it lay three pairs of platinum earrings; each earring was set with ten diamonds, weighing from five to twenty carats. Winston had been rolling the big diamond between his fingers, and now he laid it down on the other side of his coffee cup. Its girdle had been slimmed and its table had been made larger. The sun was shining that day, and its rays, coming through the window, were reflected with more intensity and emphasis by the big stone than by the diamonds in the earrings. In a few moments, Miss Rowe came in and asked what jewels Winston wanted to lend Mrs. William K. Carpenter, who was about to be photographed with some Winston jewels for an advertisement of the annual flower show in Wilmington. Winston put his hands to his head for a moment. Then he got up and took a large black leather box from his safe and from among the jewels in it he selected a long diamond necklace, which he handed to his secretary. "We want

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Mrs. Carpenter to look beautiful, don't we?" he said.

"What about a bracelet, Mr. Winston?" Miss Rowe asked.

Winston gave her a diamond bracelet, and then a pair of diamond ear clips. He told her he thought that would be enough. "What ads are we in this week?" he asked.

"Cadillac, Parliament, Tabu, Maximilian Furs, Lucky Strike, and Revlon Nail Enamel," the secretary told him.

"Good," Winston said. "Don't keep Mrs. Carpenter waiting for her jewels," he said. As Miss Rowe was putting the box back in the safe, he picked up the big diamond and smiled at it, and then, with his other hand, picked up the cup and took a sip of coffee. "There, now, Harry," he said to himself. "There we are."

Miss Rowe went out, closing the door. It opened again almost immediately, and Richard Winston, a handsome, soft-spoken man of twenty-seven who is Harry Winston's nephew and works for his uncle as a salesman, came in, carrying a large black suède-covered jewel box.

"Did you get the necklace, Dick?" Harry Winston asked, closing his hand over the big diamond.

Dick opened the jewel box and showed his uncle a diamond necklace. Winston gave it a quick glance, still holding on to the big stone. "Who's going to take it over to her?" he asked. A prospective customer—a woman—had asked to have the necklace brought to her hotel, so she could make her final decision.

Dick said he would take it over himself, and that he hoped to return with a check for seventy-five thousand dollars. "She was in this morning with her husband," he said.

"What happened?" Winston asked.

"I'm not sure how we stand," Dick told him earnestly. "Her husband said to her, 'What occasion would you have to wear a necklace like that? We don't go anywhere.' So she said, 'Don't worry. First buy the necklace, and then we'll *make* the occasion.' "

Winston smiled. "Those two need to be educated," he said. "We'll educate them."

"Suppose she changes her mind again?" Dick asked.

"Leave the necklace with her overnight," Winston said casually.

"*Leave* it?"

Winston laughed. "Sure," he said. "She ought to get used to having important jewels around. She ought to

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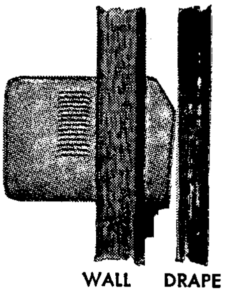

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get used to living with them. It's all part of her education."

Just then, Winston's wife, Edna, came in. A slim, attractive woman, she was wearing a smart black suit that had large round buttons, each set with twenty tiny round diamonds. The Winstons were married in 1933. They had met on a train to Atlantic City four years earlier, when Winston was taking some diamonds there to sell; his bride-to-be had just had her tonsils out, and was on her way to the resort to recuperate, accompanied by her father, a physician and sociologist who was head of a settlement house on the lower East Side called the Educational Alliance.

Mrs. Winston greeted Winston and Dick warmly and sat down across the desk from her husband. Winston asked Dick to tell her what the woman customer had said in the salesroom that morning. Dick told the story again, and Mrs. Winston laughed. "Oh, Dick, that's a funny story," she said.

"I hope she buys the necklace," Dick said.

"She'll buy it," Winston said. "I've told Dick to leave it with her overnight. She'll buy it."

"The way you handle jewels!" Mrs. Winston said. "It seems so careless."

"I never lose one," Winston said.

"Only because you're lucky," his wife said. "You weren't so sure about that the time you lost the hundred-thousand-dollar diamond when the Windsors were here."

"I never heard about that," said Dick.

"That was before you were with me," Winston said, still keeping his hand closed over the big diamond. "I never even mentioned it to the Duke and Duchess. About seven years ago, they were in here one day and I was showing them some things. This whole desk was covered with jewels—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, everything. After they left, my secretary came in and cleared the stuff away. Well, I went home to dinner, and about nine o'clock that night I got a call from Frey. He was in a terrible state. Said the nightly inventory had showed a fifty-five-carat diamond was missing. We called the Holmes company to arrange for reopening the safe in my office. Not a sign of it. What we went through! The next day, the insurance people wanted to go ask the Duke and Duchess if they remembered seeing the diamond, but I said no—they could talk to anybody else they wanted to but not to the Duke and Duchess. I told them I'd take the responsi-

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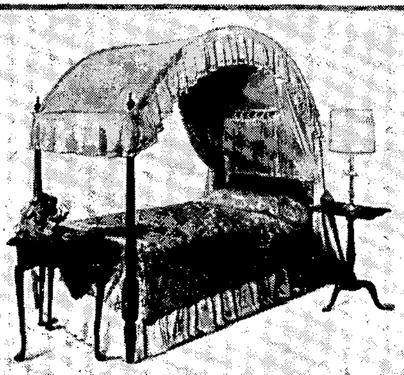

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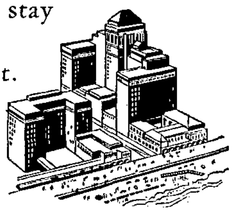

PERSPECTIVE

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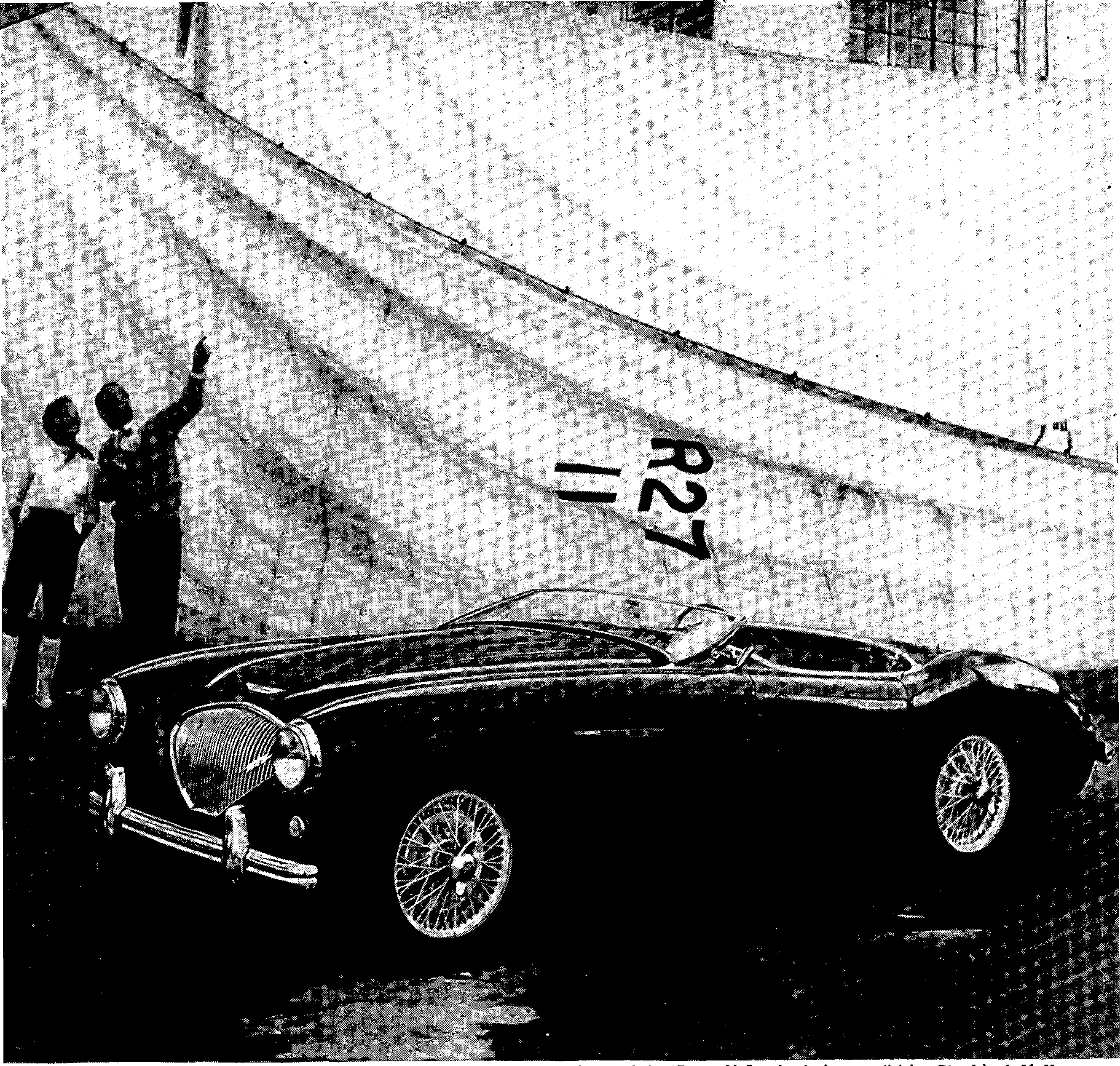

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AUSTIN OF ENGLAND

Who you is?

We recently read that someone had discovered how to put a fresh bread odor into the waxed wrapper for fresh bread. Then, there was a chocolate-flavored paper for chocolate cake. And before that, we heard about a printer who actually put dehydrated coffee into the ink for a little coupon that went in the coffee can so it would smell like coffee and not like printers' ink.

The moral seems to be that things ought to be like what they really are, and not like something else. We certainly say "Amen" to that here at Nation's Business. At one time or another, well-meaning people have suggested that perhaps we should be "newsier" like Business Week, or "prettier" like Fortune, or more "sensational" like U.S. News. But the way we see it, they have their particular jobs to do, and we have ours—and they aren't necessarily the same.

So, too, do they have their following—and we, ours. The fact that Nation's Business has the largest audience of businessmen of any business or news magazine, doesn't mean that we are that many times better than our competent competition. It simply means that because we serve business on a broader front editorially, more businessmen, large and small, buy our magazine.

We are happy to tell you that more and more advertisers are buying it, too. May we say quite boastfully that we're 11% ahead in space for the first 5 months of this year—leading our field. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

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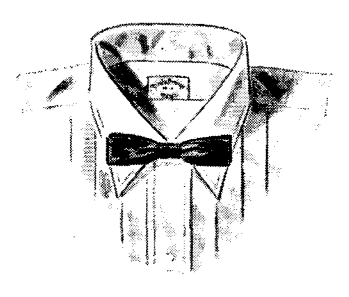
bility for the loss—if it *was* lost—and the insurance company wouldn't have to make good. Anything, so long as they didn't bother the Windsors. We searched the entire building. We went through all our wastepaper. Fifty-five carats! It couldn't be missing! It was big enough to trip over! We all went through agony for weeks. It was a reflection on everyone in the building. My secretary, of course, was a nervous wreck. Three months later, a customer came in here and bought a pearl necklace, and I asked my secretary to bring in an empty jewel case to put it in. She brought the case in, and when I opened it, there was the diamond. It had fallen in there by mistake while I was showing all those things to the Duke and Duchess. So you see I was right. It would have been a dreadful thing if we'd let the insurance investigators go around and bother the Duke and Duchess of Windsor."

With his free hand, Winston held up the three pairs of diamond earrings. "Which do you like, Edna?" he asked. "For a woman with very small ear lobes?"

Mrs. Winston tried the various earrings on, and her husband watched her with admiration. "I hate to see the woman get any of them," he said.

Mrs. Winston laughed. "Oh, Harry!" she said. "Always complaining about selling your babies. Dick, did I ever tell you about the time Harry sold two million dollars' worth of diamonds all at once? When he came home that night, I said to him, 'Harry, you must be awfully happy.' You know what he said? 'I'm *miserable*,' he said, and, what's more, he looked it. He's always been that way. He never could stand to see anything get away from him, even before we were married. There never really was anyone else for me, but Harry was in love with his diamonds, so I got engaged to another man. Two days before I was supposed to marry this other man, I got a call from Palm Beach. It was Harry. He'd been selling jewels down there. We hadn't seen each other for a year, but after we'd talked for a minute or two he said, 'Why don't you marry me instead?' I told him I would, if he'd come back to New York and marry me right away. He came up the next day and we got married. Then he took me to Palm Beach and he went straight back to selling jewels. He spent most of our honeymoon talking about the big diamonds he hoped to buy. We've been chasing diamonds ever since." Mrs. Winston laughed again, and went on,



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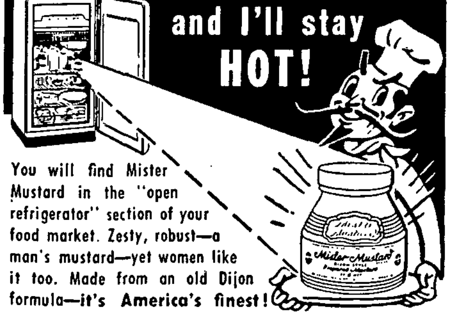

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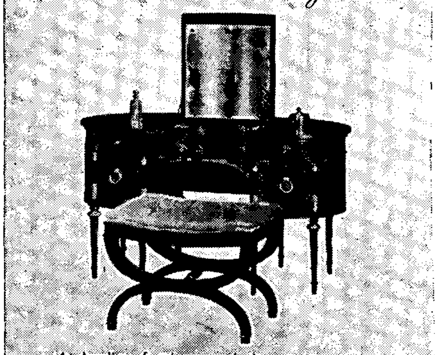

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Your friend, the whiskey expert, would explain that a single whiskey seldom possesses *all* the characteristics that make for a perfect whiskey. Indeed, it would be strange if this were so. Most of the things that we enjoy because of their fine taste are not the result of a *single* element. For example, you know that your favorite coffee is a blend of different types of coffee beans; that your cigarette is a combination of select tobaccos.

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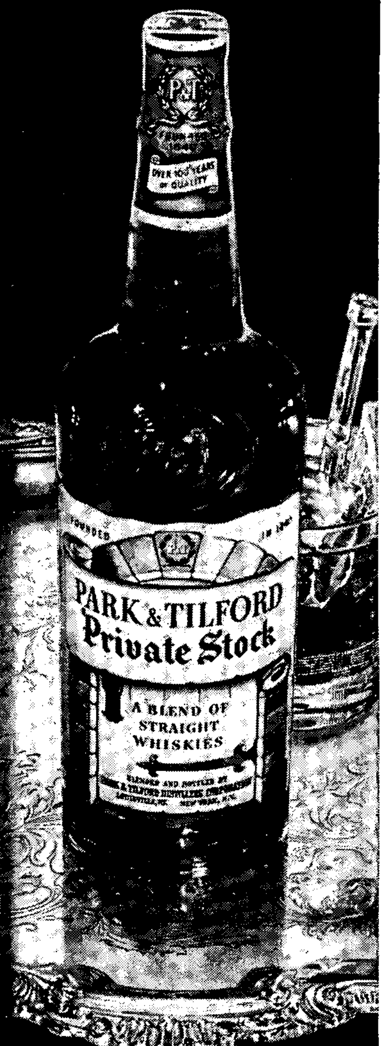

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"Harry just can't forget about a diamond once he's made up his mind he wants it. A few years ago, while we were in Paris, he saw a diamond he liked and decided to buy it. But it was awfully hot, and before he got around to it, I persuaded him to take me to Deauville for the weekend. By the time we got back, the diamond had been sold to someone else. Six months later, in New York, Harry saw the same stone and paid sixty thousand dollars more for it than he could have got it for in Paris. He just had to have that diamond."

"It was an expensive weekend," Winston said. Smiling, he slowly unclenched the hand that held the big diamond.

"Oh, Harry!" Mrs. Winston said as her husband began rubbing the stone against his coat sleeve. "Is that *it*?"

Winston held the stone away from her.

"My mouth is watering," Mrs. Winston said. "Do you know what you're going to do with it?"

Winston did not reply, and his wife asked the question again.

"I may sell it in two weeks," Winston said. "Or I may sell it in ten years."

LATE in May, Ludel had to go to Europe on another buying trip. The day before he left, he met his brother, a diamond broker, in front of the Winston establishment at noon and walked with him to the Diamond Dealers Club, at 36 West Forty-seventh Street, which is one of the local centers for buying, selling, and talking about diamonds. On the way down Fifth Avenue, Ludel's brother asked him if he had seen the big diamond recently.

"Of course," said Ludel.

"I hear it is a perfect stone," his brother said.

Ludel grinned. "Don't ask so many questions," he said.

As the two men turned west on Forty-seventh Street, Ludel nodded to an elderly gentleman who was hurrying in the opposite direction. "I saw that man in Antwerp a few weeks ago," he said. "Did you notice his pockets? They're bulging with diamonds."

The block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues was lined with one jewelry shop or exchange after another. Since it was the lunch hour, the sidewalks were packed with small groups of men who were standing around and showing one another diamonds. Uniformed police were patrolling the street, and in almost every second doorway stood a plainclothes detective. Here and there

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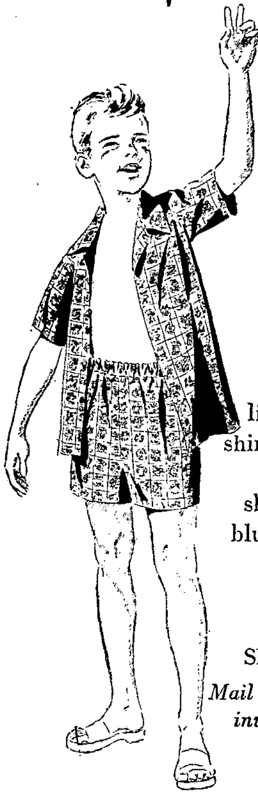

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among the people entering and leaving the shops and exchanges were men with long beards and earlocks, who were wearing the black round-brimmed hat and the long black frock coat often worn by Hasidic Jews. As businessmen, they attracted no particular attention from the others, who had long taken their dress for granted.

Ludel and his brother entered the building where the club had its quarters, and took an elevator to the ninth floor, where, after being waved on by a receptionist, sitting in a small glass cage, who knows every one of the club's fifteen hundred members by sight, they were admitted to a long room whose north wall consisted almost entirely of large windows. At the windows were rows of long tables on which paper packets of diamonds were spread out. Dealers and brokers were sitting at the tables and bargaining in several languages—English, Dutch, French, Flemish, German, and Yiddish. Against the opposite wall was a small lunch counter, and between the tables and the counter stood groups of members who were waiting their turn at the tables.

Ludel strolled past the tables, smiling and nodding at the men seated there. He seemed to be enjoying himself. Looking around the crowded room, he said to his brother, "Diamond clubs all over the world are alike. Some people making peanuts on a sale, others making millions. It is hard to realize that Harry Winston used to work this way, too."

A small man with a Vandyke beard and bright-blue eyes elbowed his way through the crowd to Ludel and, without saying anything, opened a small packet of diamonds and showed them to him. Ludel looked at the stones without interest, but picked one up and examined it politely. "Very nice," he said, and returned it.

Apparently satisfied, the small man rewrapped his packet and beamed at Ludel. "How's the big stone you bought?" he asked.

Ludel looked pleased. "Don't ask so many questions," he said.

A FEW days later, Winston was assembling a collection of his most famous historical jewels with the help of a four-man crew of his employees, who were to take them to Oklahoma City, where they would be displayed at a Junior League charity ball. The collection, an assortment of a dozen or more museum-piece items known to the Winston staff as the Court of Jew-

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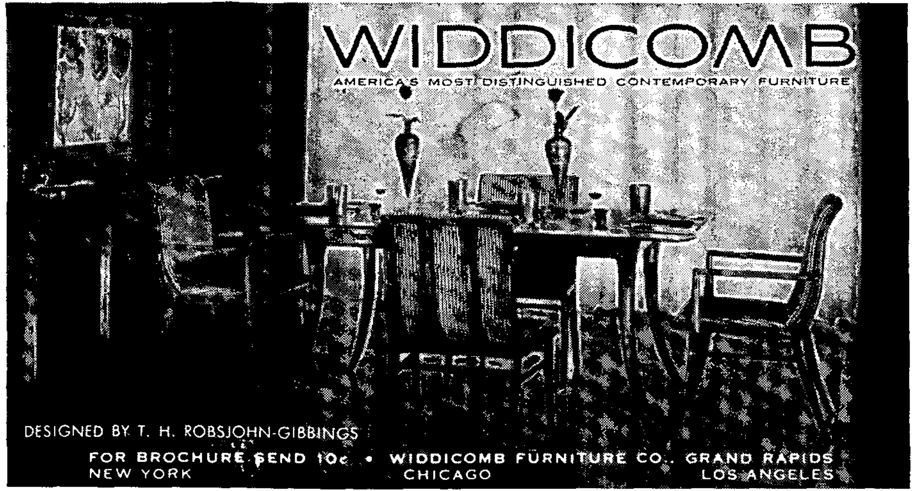

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els, had been shown at benefits in a number of other cities during the past year. People had paid something like a million dollars to see it, and the money had been donated to charity. Winston handed several jewel boxes to a young man named Julius, while Dick and the two other members of the crew looked on.

"In a few minutes, four salesmen will walk out of here with millions of dollars' worth of jewels," Winston said jovially.

"We're not salesmen," Julius said. "We're *promoters*." He removed the jewels from the boxes and began calling off the items to Dick, who checked them against an inventory list required for insurance purposes. "The Catherine the Great sapphire," Julius said, holding up a 337-carat stone. "When I travel with the Court of Jewels, I always wrap this one up in my socks. How much?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Winston said, and Dick checked off the Catherine the Great sapphire.

Julius held up a 44½-carat diamond, of a freakish midnight-blue color, that was suspended from a diamond chain. "The Hope diamond," he said. "Once owned by Louis XV and stolen with the rest of the French crown jewels in 1793—that's the sort of thing people want to hear about. How much?"

"A million dollars," Winston said, and Dick checked off the Hope diamond. "There's always somebody in the crowd who's ready to swear it's a sapphire," he remarked.

Julius said the Hope had just come back from the Munsey Park School, in Manhasset, where he had sent it to be shown to his ten-year-old daughter's class. All her classmates were crazy about the Hope diamond, he said, and the teacher had asked them to write poems to Winston about it. Julius took a sheet of paper from his coat pocket. "Listen to this one," he said. "It's called 'The Hope Diamond.' " Then he read:

"A diamond is beautiful
That is true
And the prettiest ever
Is owned by you."

"Better finish the inventory," Winston said.

Julius dutifully held up a pair of gold-and-silver anklets set with emeralds and diamonds, once the pride of an Indian maharajah. Winston set their value at a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Julius held up a diamond diadem. "From the Austrian crown jewels," he

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said. "Over a hundred years old. How much?"

Winston said two hundred thousand dollars.

"I could make more money selling Bulova watches, but I wouldn't be happy selling Bulova watches," Julius said.

LATE the following month, Winston sat at his desk with the big stone in the palm of his hand. The diamond had three new basic facets. As Winston stared thoughtfully at it, De Haan walked in. "When am I going to get it back?" De Haan asked, nodding toward the diamond. "I haven't been able to get any work done on it for almost two weeks."

"I like to keep it down here with me," Winston said, almost timidly. "You've got other stones to work on, Bernard. You don't really need it."

De Haan looked helplessly at Winston. Then he said, "At this rate, the stone won't be finished before you go to Europe."

"There's no rush," Winston said.

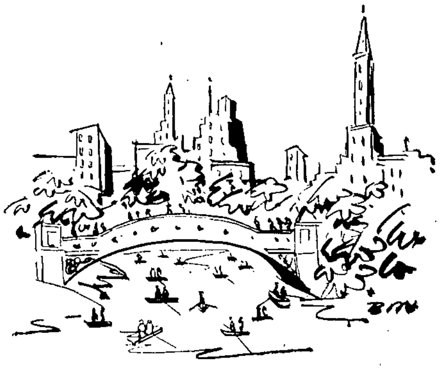
"I thought you wanted to take it with you," De Haan said.

"Well, I'll give it to you tomorrow morning," Winston said. At that moment, Frey entered, and Winston looked relieved.

"I just had a letter from another one of those nuts," Frey said. "This time, it's someone who says he's found a twenty-two-hundred-carat diamond in his back yard in Nashville. The letters we get! Last week, somebody thought he'd found the treasure of the Incas. In Brooklyn!"

Neither De Haan nor Winston seemed to be listening. De Haan looked around reproachfully and left the office. Frey looked at the diamond in Winston's hand. "It's shaping up," he said.

Winston smiled sadly at the diamond. "I started in this business when I was fourteen years old," he said. "My father was always afraid that jewels would someday possess me. He was satisfied with just a small neighborhood jewelry



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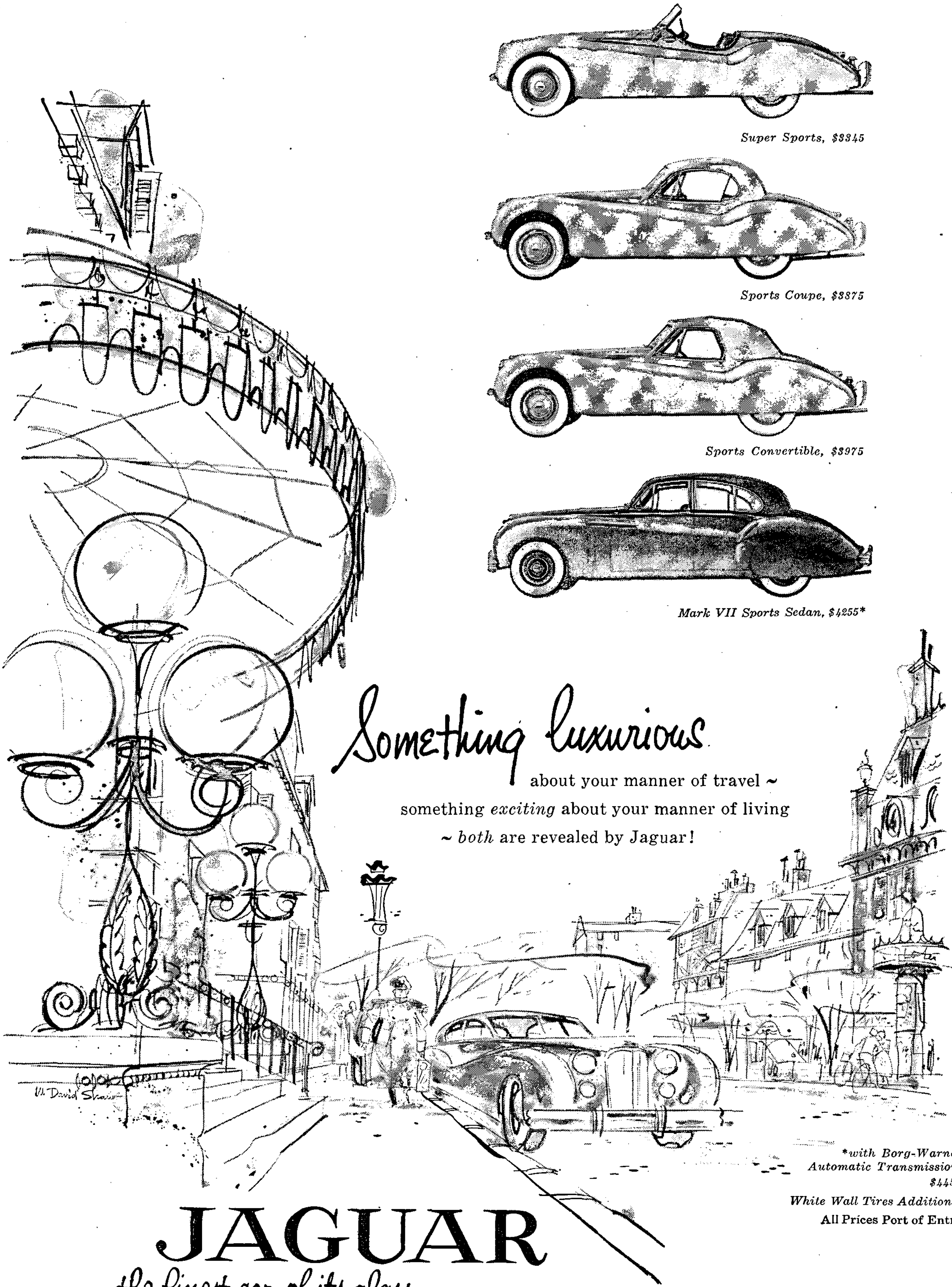

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business uptown, but I was always interested in large stones. He used to say to me, 'Harry, you're the master of your jewels now, but if you keep on buying such big stones, someday your jewels will master you.' Sometimes I think he was right."

IN the main salesroom, on the ground floor of the Winston establishment, where clients who do not see Winston personally are waited on, a salesman was displaying some jewelry to a young lady and her mother. "I'm going to show you the heart that practically beats," the salesman said, and brought out a platinum-mounted diamond clip in the shape of a heart. "Mother, it *does* look as if it might beat at any moment, doesn't it?" the young lady said. The price, said the salesman, was forty thousand dollars.

It was quiet in the room. The two women were the only customers. Two other salesmen stood in a corner talking about Winston.

"I saw him with that big stone of his," one of the salesmen said. "Why is he taking such a long time finishing it, I wonder."

"The way he looks at that stone!" said the second. "I doubt if he's thought about anything else around here since it came in."

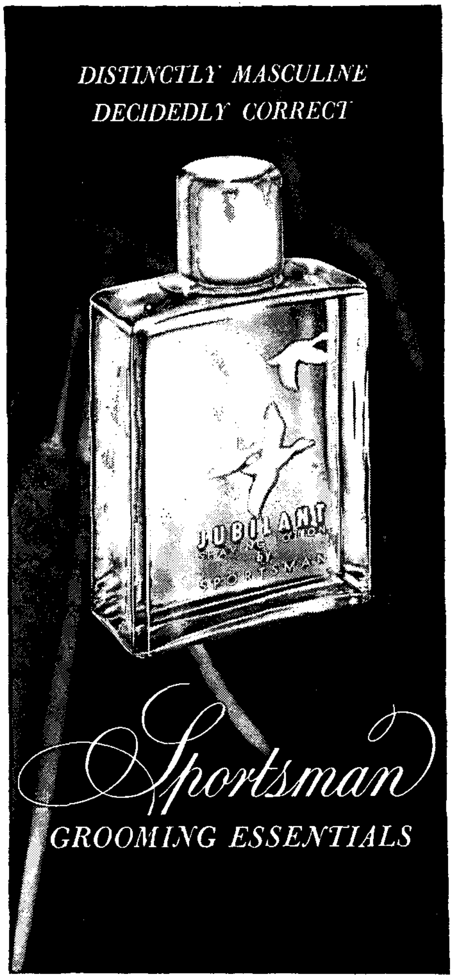
WINSTON planned to go to Europe about the middle of the summer. He was sitting at his desk late one afternoon studying a schedule of transatlantic sailings when Frey came in and asked how soon he was leaving. Winston said he wasn't sure exactly when he would go. He called Miss Rowe in and asked her to have De Haan come down with the big diamond.

"You're not taking it with you, are you?" Frey inquired anxiously. "It's not finished."

"I'm not taking it with me," Winston said.

Frey asked Winston if he was going to Portugal, and Winston said yes. He hoped to sign a contract with the government of that country that would enable him to buy the production of the diamond mines in the Portuguese colony of Angola, in East Africa. "Our government wants an independent source of industrial diamonds, and I've been talking to Portugal about it on the telephone all day," Winston said. "England is against it. I'm fighting the whole British government—not just De Beers."

The door opened and De Haan came in. As he handed the diamond to Win-



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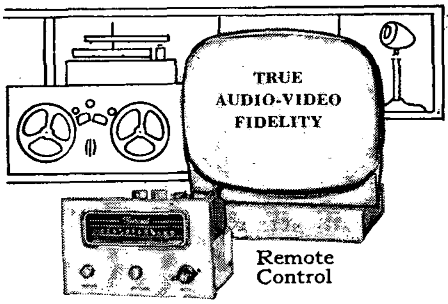

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ston, he remarked that he was just about to start brillianteering it. "And then you'll mount it?" he asked Winston.

Winston examined the diamond, and the two other men watched him gravely. "Beautiful," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "It's beautiful."

"Wait till you see it after we've brillianteered it," said De Haan.

"I hate to see it finished," Winston said.

"You're not taking it to Europe?" De Haan asked. He seemed worried. Winston said no, he wasn't, and De Haan's face brightened. He held out his hand for the stone, but Winston did not give it to him. He looked embarrassed and apologetic. "I can't bear to see it finished," he said.

WINSTON returned from his European trip early in October, and on his first morning back in the office De Haan came down and presented him with the diamond. It was finished and it had been mounted in a simple temporary setting of platinum wire. The diamond weighed 62.05 carats. More than half of the original stone had been lost. What remained was a pear-shaped diamond an inch and a half long and about an inch across at its widest point. Glass replicas of the diamond—in both its rough and its finished form—had been made, and sets of them were going to be sent to the Smithsonian Institution and to the American Museum of Natural History to be added to their collections of replicas of great diamonds. Winston held the stone in the palm of his hand and for more than a minute looked at it tenderly, without speaking. De Haan waited, his arms crossed over his chest.

"It's like a soft, beautiful day in June," Winston said, finally. "It's like a June day when the sky is absolutely clear and the color of the sky is that delicate blue, that brilliant— And pure, absolutely pure." His voice broke, and he cleared his throat. "So soft, so blue," he said.

"It's a greater stone than the Jonker," De Haan said.

"It isn't cold like the Jonker," said Winston. "It lives. It talks to you. In fact, now it *sings* to you."

"A perfect pear shape," De Haan said. "Fifty-eight facets, and every facet perfect."

Winston was not listening. "Isn't it beautiful, Harry?" he said as he stared at the diamond. "Harry, it's a mass of brilliance."

Frey came into the office, and

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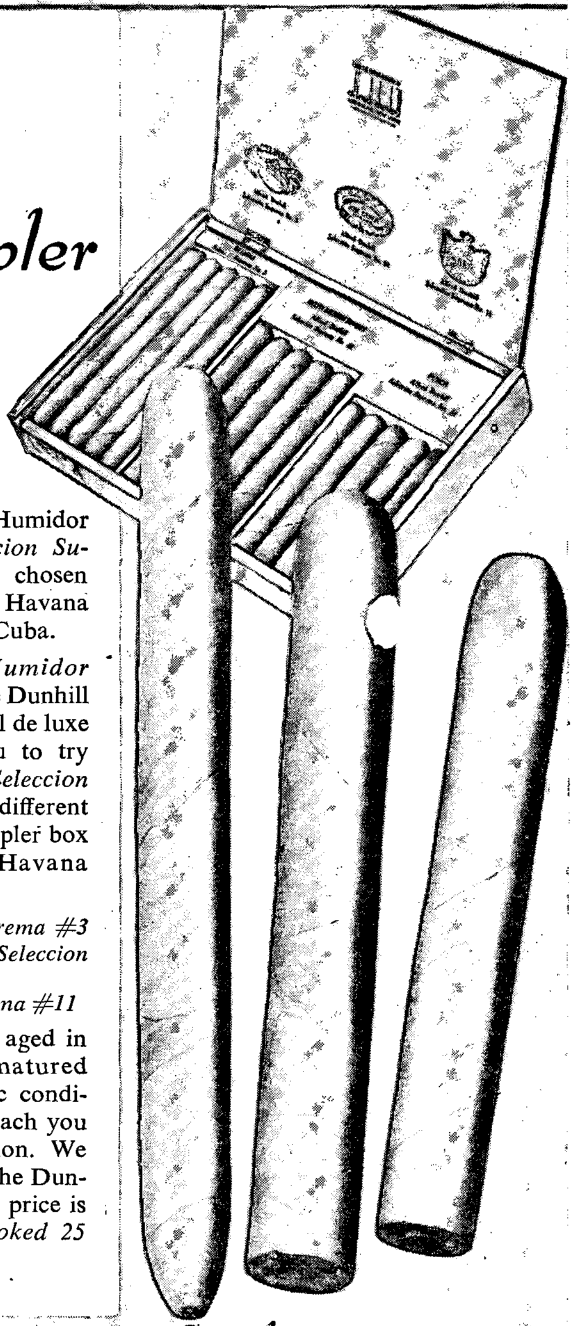

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whistled when he saw the diamond. "What a lovely piece!" he said.

"That's what man has done to perfect nature," Winston said.

"Do you know yet what you're going to call the baby?" Frey asked.

"We don't need a name," Winston said. "We'll probably leave that up to whoever buys it." Then he added with a smile, "But it's great enough to be called the Winston diamond."

ONE morning early in November, Winston called Frey into his office and handed him a small case made of smooth black leather. Frey opened the case. In it, on a white doeskin lining, lay the big diamond, still in its temporary setting. Winston, obviously dispirited, told Frey that a European count wanted to see the stone, and that he had agreed to send it to him in Zurich. Frey asked what price Winston had set on it, and Winston said he was asking six hundred thousand dollars. Frey nodded, lifted the diamond from the case, and took it upstairs to the shipping room. There the stone was wrapped in tissue paper, placed in a cardboard box with four gummed flaps, and sent off to Zurich that same day—by registered air mail, fully insured, in line with Winston's belief that this is the safest way of sending jewels overseas. A few hours later, Winston instructed one of his salesmen, a man named Oberlander, to fly to Zurich to answer any questions the count might have. Eighteen days later, the diamond was returned by registered air mail, beating Oberlander back by twenty-four hours. When Oberlander reported to Winston, he found his employer holding the black leather case that contained the big stone.

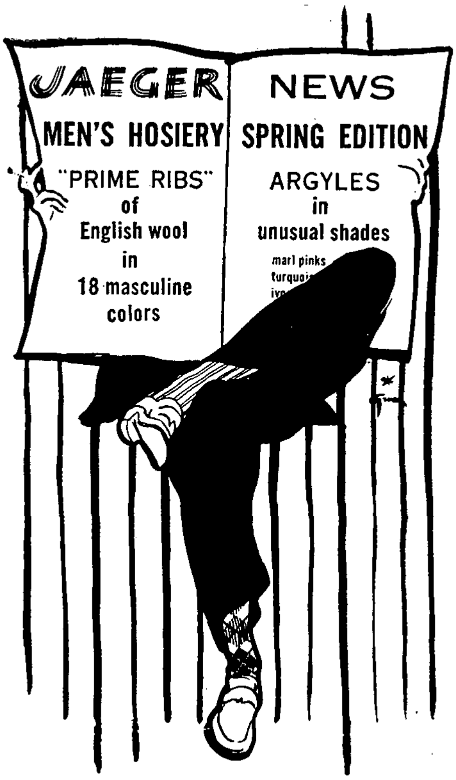
"The little fella has done some travelling," Winston said, looking fondly at the diamond. He shook hands with Oberlander, a neat, gray-haired man of fifty who wears tortoise-shell spectacles and speaks with a Viennese accent.

"If he had had the money, he would have written a check on the spot," Oberlander said. "He wants the stone. He goes around Europe talking about '*my* diamond.' "

Winston grunted.

"Now he's getting divorced," Oberlander said. "His divorce is costing him a great deal—I believe he just gave his wife a couple of million dollars—so he's a bit short of cash right now. But he's got a new girl and he wants to give the diamond to her."

"I know the girl," Winston said angrily. "One of those Continental glamour girls." He snapped the lid shut



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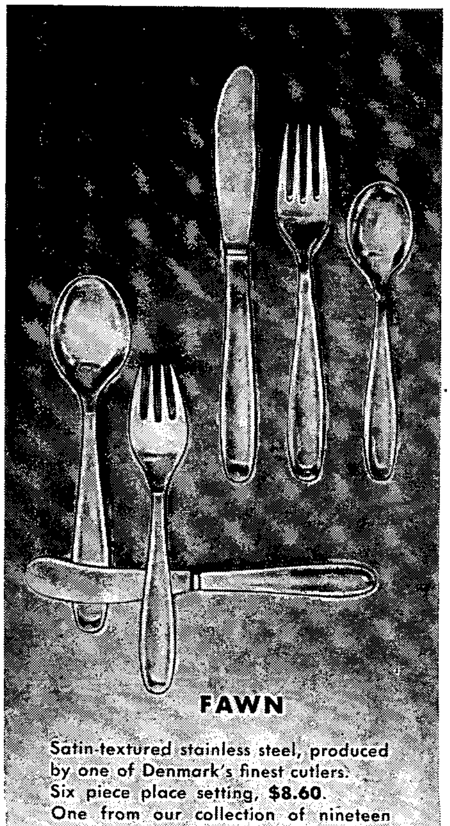

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over the diamond. "We can wait until he raises the money," he said. "We'll keep the little fella right here."

ONE afternoon about two weeks later, Winston showed the diamond to another prospective buyer—a middle-aged businessman from Texas, who had recently made quite a bit of money in oil and whose wife, a client of Winston's, had asked him to stop in and take a look at the diamond. The businessman sat in Winston's office for an hour and a half, staring at the big stone. Neither he nor Winston spoke very much. The businessman asked an occasional question about such matters as the quality of the stone, how long Winston had worked on it, and how it might be worn. Winston answered the questions briefly, making no attempt to influence his client's decision. The businessman held the open case in his hand most of the time, looking at the diamond without touching it. Finally, he snapped the case shut, handed it back to Winston, and stood up. "I'll let you know," he said.

Winston nodded and went to the door with the man. A few minutes later, Frey came in and found Winston with his fingers pressed against his temples.

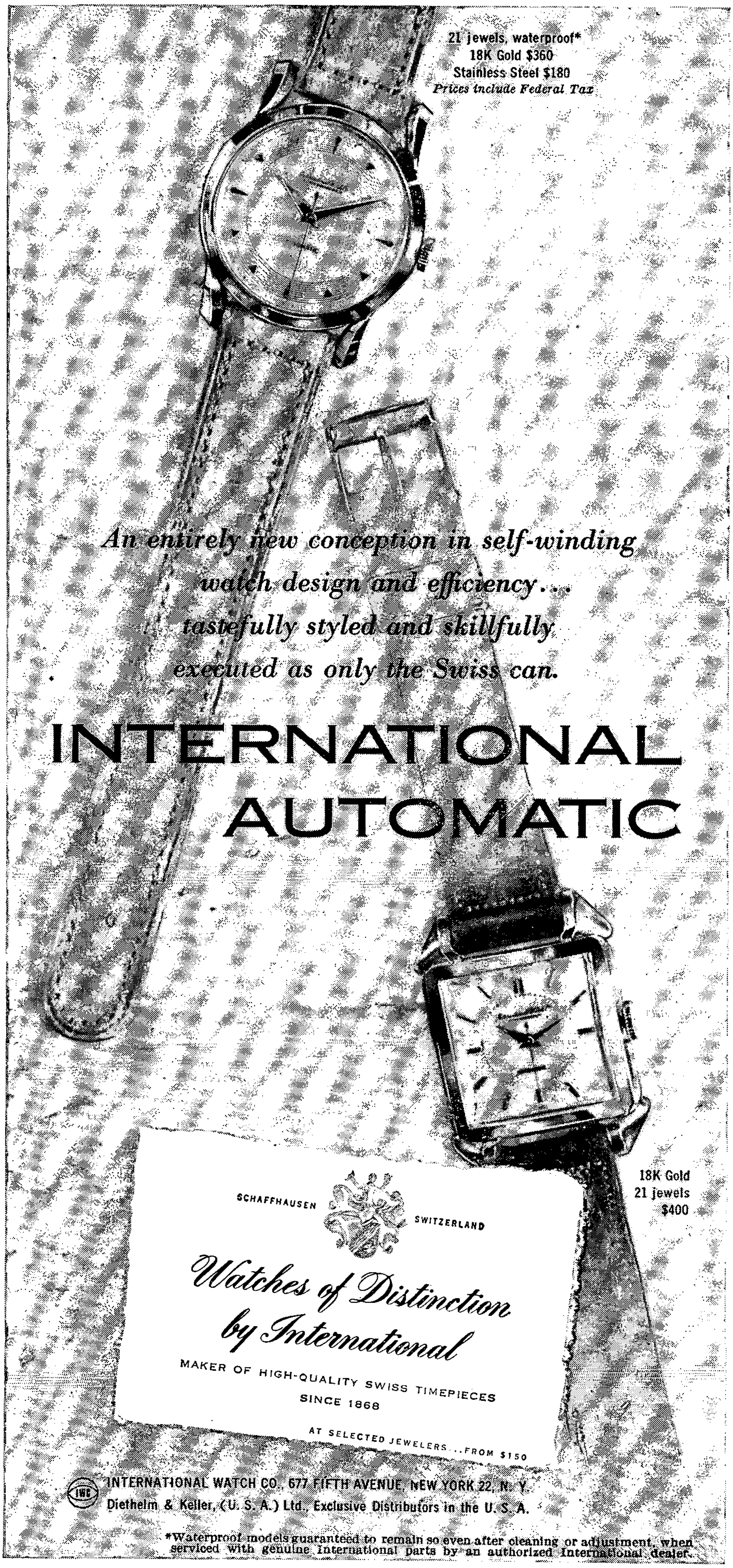
"You look exhausted," Frey said.

Winston told him that he had been showing the big diamond to a possible customer. "I sat here for an hour and a half while he looked at it," he said. "I was afraid he was going to take it."

"*Is* he going to take it?" Frey asked.

Winston opened the jewel case and snapped it shut with a gesture of finality. "He closed the case this way and said, 'I'll let you know,' which means he's interested," he told Frey glumly.

A FEW days before Christmas, at seven-thirty in the evening, Winston, in his apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, was having dinner with his wife and their two sons—Ronald, thirteen, and Bruce, ten—when he was summoned to the telephone. After a few minutes, he returned to the dining room and told his wife that a client had called him and that he was going down to the office. He telephoned his nephew Dick, and then he took a taxi to his office, where he found two Holmes detectives waiting on the sidewalk; they had been sent around after Dick had informed their headquarters that one of the Winston safes was about to be opened. Winston identified himself, went in, and opened the safe in his office, setting off an alarm at the Holmes headquarters. While one of the detectives called in and



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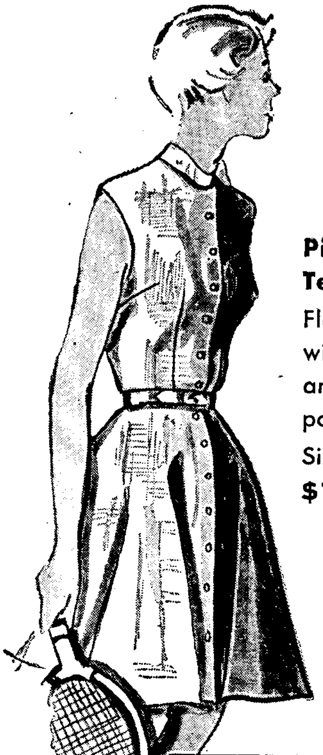
reported that all was well, Winston removed from the safe the leather case containing the big diamond. A few minutes later, Dick arrived, breathless and looking excited. He was, as always, carefully dressed, washed, and brushed, and his face had the perpetual glow that comes from enthusiasm and good circulation. Winston handed him the case and told him to take it up to the Hotel Pierre, where the wife of a Detroit industrialist was waiting to see the diamond.

It was half past eight when Dick hailed a cab and headed for the Pierre. He was wearing a light overcoat, and he carried the jewel case in the right-hand pocket, keeping his hand on it the whole way. Upon reaching the Pierre, he took an elevator to the thirty-ninth floor, where he rang a bell and was admitted by a maid to the foyer of a suite. In the middle of the living room, just beyond, stood his client, a slender woman in her late sixties, with a pale, thin face and soft gray hair. She was wearing a housecoat, and, as Dick stepped out of the foyer, she disappeared into an inner room. The maid left, and a moment later a young woman in a tailored suit, who was evidently the older woman's secretary, came in and offered to take Dick's coat. Dick took off his coat but said he'd just as soon hold it. She asked him if he'd care to sit down, and he said he didn't mind standing. She said the weather was unusually warm for December, and he agreed that it was. Then she, too, left. Half an hour later, the maid came back and ushered Dick into the inner room, where the woman from Detroit was waiting for him. Dick noticed that the window shades had been drawn. The woman had changed from her housecoat into a purple satin evening gown with a high neckline and wrist-length sleeves, and she had put on a diamond necklace, diamond ear clips, and a diamond-and-ruby pin at her shoulder. She was standing in front of a full-length mirror, and as Dick entered, she said, "Good evening, Mr. Winston. Where are your detectives?"

Dick smiled, produced the jewel case, opened it, and held it toward her. There lay the big stone, in its temporary platinum setting. Without speaking, she picked up the diamond with her thumb and forefinger, carefully touching only the sides, so as not to blur the facets with fingerprints. She held the diamond to her neck and asked Dick how he thought she could attach it to her dress to get its full effect. He suggested sewing it on. The maid brought a needle



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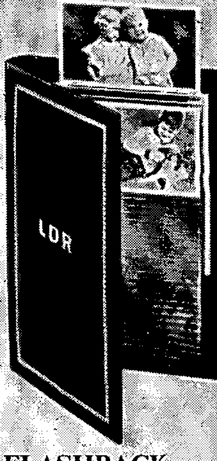

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and some blue silk thread, and Dick, gently refusing her offer of help, threaded the needle with steady hands and sewed the platinum wire holding the diamond to the neckline of his client's dress. The woman then turned back to the mirror and looked at the reflected diamond, in a way that Dick later told his uncle he considered the typical look of people who really know what they are looking at. A bit of color came to her face, but otherwise there was no change in her cool, gracious, confident manner.

The woman stood in front of the mirror for fifteen minutes, turning this way and that. Then she said she was going into the next room to show it to her husband, and asked Dick to wait in the living room. She was gone nearly another quarter of an hour. At nine-forty-five, she came into the living room, and Dick, who had been sitting in an armchair, stood up, and remained standing while she walked about pulling down window shades. Then, for an hour and a half, he stood there while she paced the room and they talked about great jewels.

BACK on East Fifty-first Street, Harry Winston sat at his desk waiting for his nephew to return. Across the room from him sat the two Holmes detectives, with their hats on. No one said anything. Winston lighted a cigarette, smoked it a quarter of the way down, and crushed it out. He picked up some sketches he had been working on earlier in the day—designs for jewelry to go with strapless evening gowns—and puttered over them for an hour or so. Then he put them aside.

"Nice quiet building, Harry," he said. "I love it this way."

The detectives said nothing.

AT eleven-fifteen, at the Pierre, the woman from Detroit looked at her watch and said to Dick, "Oh, my goodness, you must want to get back!"

Dick said it was perfectly all right; as far as he was concerned, he wouldn't mind staying and talking about diamonds all night, but his uncle *was* waiting for him at the office. The woman agreed that he should go, so he telephoned Winston and said he'd be back in about ten minutes. Then he offered to help the woman take off the big diamond. She gave him a pair of scissors, and he cut the blue silk thread. But after the diamond was off, she held it lovingly in her hand and talked on and on about the histories of great stones. It was nearly an hour before she said,

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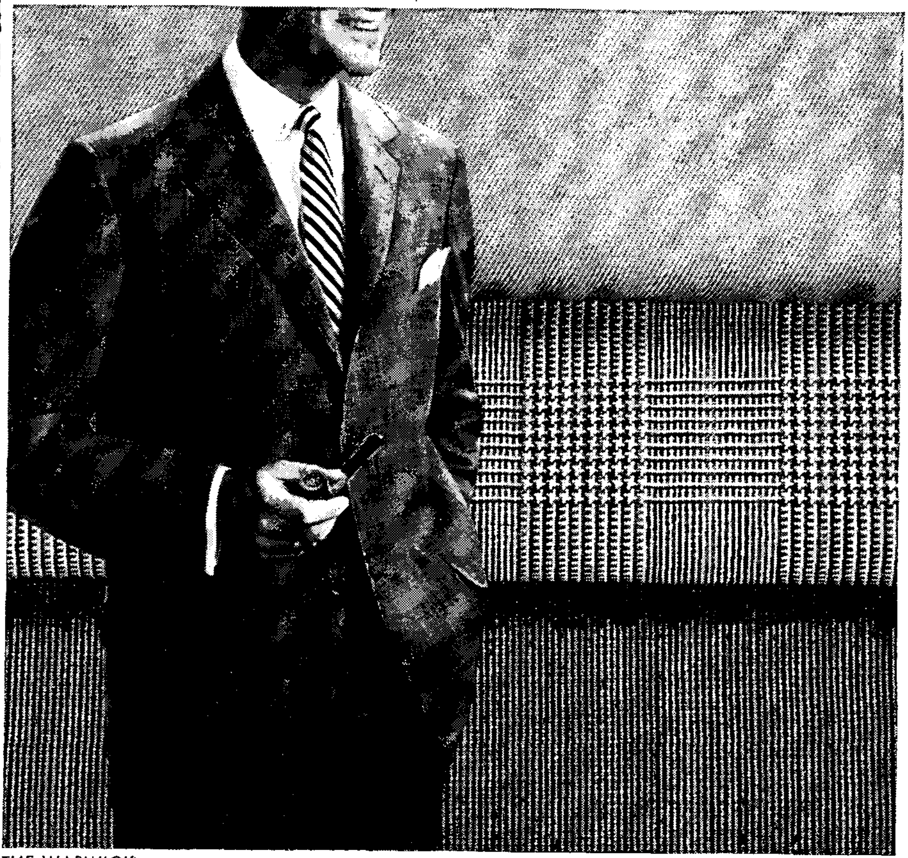

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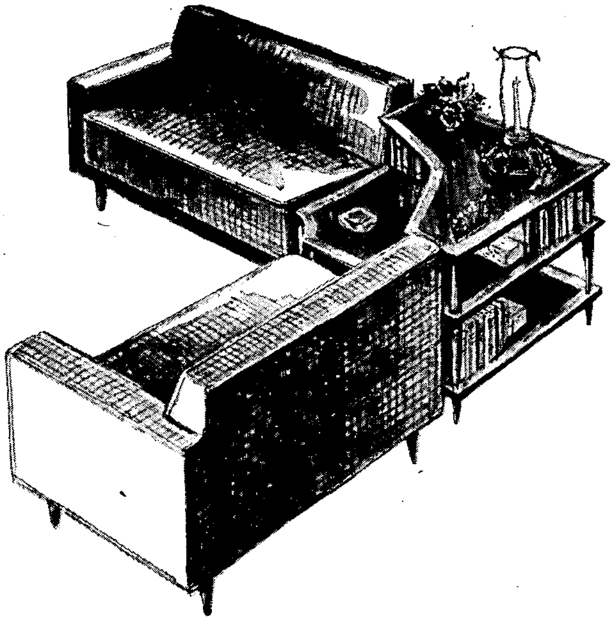

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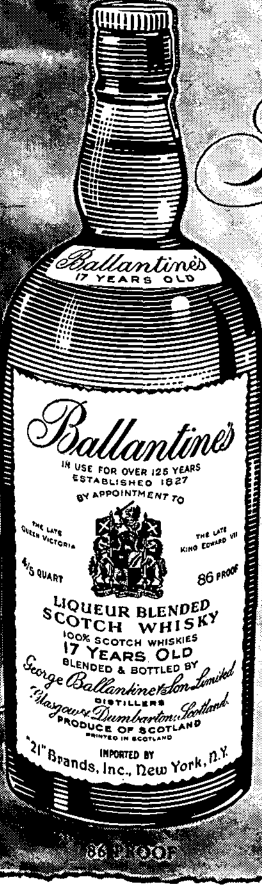

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"Thank your uncle for being kind enough to send the diamond over."

"It was a privilege," said Dick.

SHORTLY after midnight, Dick had not returned to the office, and Winston was beginning to worry. He telephoned the woman at the Pierre and was told that his nephew had just left. Then Winston and the detectives went downstairs and out onto the sidewalk, and looked up and down the street. Just as they were starting back inside, a cab drew up and Dick stepped out. Winston and the detectives accompanied his nephew up to the office, and they put the diamond back in the safe. Then the detectives saw them into a cab and left.

"She appreciated what a great jewel it is," Dick said as they rode toward his uncle's apartment. "She understands great jewels."

THE next morning, the Detroit industrialist called on Winston at his office and looked at the diamond again. The man said his wife liked the stone very much, and Winston smiled faintly. The stone had looked very beautiful on his wife, the man said. Again Winston smiled faintly. The man thanked Winston for sending the diamond over, so that his wife could try wearing it with an evening dress and her other jewels. Winston replied that he had been happy to send it over. The man said he would let Winston know his decision. As he was leaving, he paused and, after a moment's hesitation, said, "Isn't it a shame she couldn't have had that diamond when she was younger?"

LATER that day, Winston's son Ronald paid a Christmas-holiday visit to his father at the office. He marched in announcing in a matter-of-fact tone that his dog had eaten a Christmas-tree bulb right after breakfast and hadn't been hurt at all. Winston said he was glad to hear that. He seemed happy to see Ronald, and pulled up a chair facing his desk. Ronald was wearing a dark-blue suit with long pants, and a blue-and-gray striped tie. He sat on the edge of the chair, his toes just touching the floor, and waited politely and seriously for his father to begin the conversation. Winston smiled at his son and plunged into an account of how he had spent part of the morning showing the big diamond to a very wealthy gentleman from Detroit.

"Get the stone, Ronnie," said Winston. "You know where to find it."

Ronald went to the safe, pulled open the door, and took out the jewel case,

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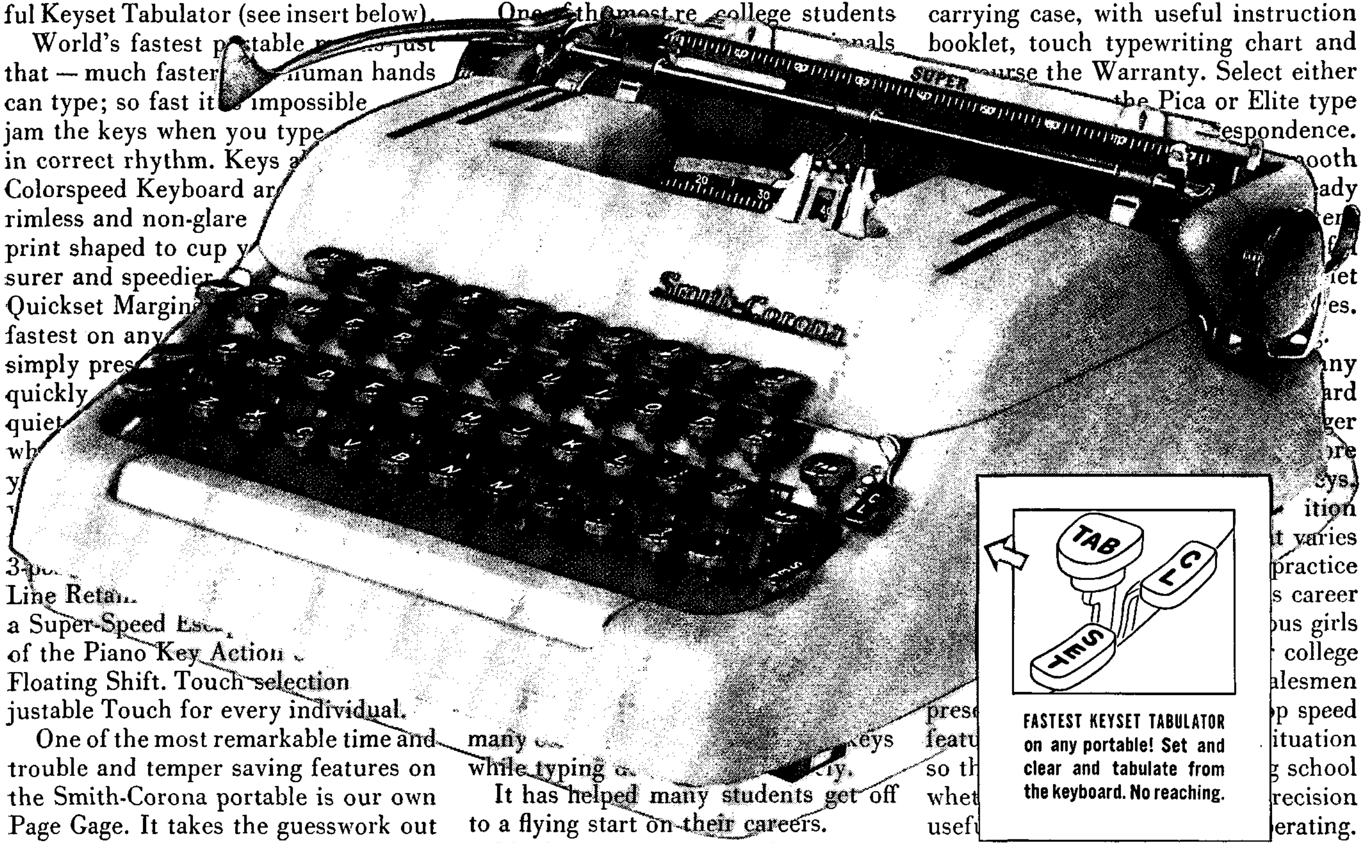
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which he handed to Winston. "You consider it your best diamond?" he asked earnestly.

Winston said he did. He took the diamond from the case and held it up before the boy. "The little fella has travelled," he said. "Our baby has been to Switzerland and back."

"Is it better than the Jonker diamond?" Ronald asked.

"The Jonker was much harder in color, Ronnie," said Winston. "This diamond is softer. The brilliance didn't come through in the Jonker. I couldn't want a finer stone than this."

"Is it better than the Idol's Eye?" Ronald asked.

"That Golconda stone?" said Winston. "Ronnie, you have the natural reaction of a diamond merchant—the natural reaction of comparing one stone with all other stones. I showed you the Idol's Eye six years ago, and it was an old stone even then. This stone has been cut with a lot more knowledge of the art and science of diamond cutting."

"It took millions of years to make that diamond," Ronald said, solemnly contemplating the stone. "And you cut it and polished it in a few months. Did you get another diamond out of the rough stone?"

"No, Ronnie," Winston said. "The stone weighed a hundred and fifty-four and a half carats originally, and we've got a sixty-two-carat stone now."

Ronald was silent while he did some mental arithmetic. "Then you lost ninety-two and a half carats, just blown into the air," he said presently. "What are you going to call this diamond, Daddy?"

"We may call it the Winston diamond," said Winston.

"Good idea," said Ronald.

"Of course, we may sell the diamond to someone who will want to choose his own name for it," Winston said.

"I think you ought to name it the Winston diamond before you sell it," Ronald said.

Winston looked hard at the diamond. "You may be right, Ronnie," he said.

Ronald asked his father whether he knew of anybody besides the man from Detroit who wanted to buy the diamond and how much it would cost. Winston said that he had shown it to three people, and that the price was six hundred thousand dollars. "All three *want* the diamond, Ronnie," he went on. "One is a Texas oilman. Another is a European count, and he would have bought the diamond last month, but he was a

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little short of cash at the time. And the third is the man I saw this morning. His wife's getting quite old, and it may be the last diamond he'll be buying for her."

Ronald asked whether Winston cared which of the three bought the diamond.

"That's very difficult to say," Winston replied. "You know, I like the diamond very much myself."

"Yes, Daddy," said Ronald. "I know. And I like it very much, too."

"Whoever buys the diamond now will buy it over the telephone," Winston said, suddenly assuming a palpably false air of heartiness. "They've all seen it. The preliminaries are over. I'll get a telephone call, and I'll hear that one of the three will take it—and that will be that, Ronnie." Winston's voice trailed off on a note of misery.

"Yes, Daddy," Ronald said, his own voice loyally miserable.

ONE morning, shortly after the New Year, Ludel, who had just returned from another European trip, was on his way down to Winston's office with De Haan to see the diamond for the first time since it had been finished. In the elevator, he told his cousin about a plane crash he had been in while taking off from Amsterdam for Paris, where Winston had asked him to look at some diamonds. Ludel had suffered six broken ribs and a broken chest bone.

"I called Mr. Winston and told him I was sorry but I was going to be late getting to Paris," Ludel said. "You know what he said? 'The *hell* with Paris,' he said. 'How are *you*?' You don't find that sort of consideration among rich men in Europe."

The two cousins entered Winston's office, and he greeted them with a smile. On the black velvet pad on his desk lay the big stone. Ludel stared at it for a long time while Winston waited expectantly for his reaction.

"Such a wonderful color!" Ludel said, at last.

"You were right on the weight, Ludel," said Winston. "I was influenced by De Haan, here. He thought it would be bigger."

"I happen to be an optimist," De Haan said.

Apparently, Ludel's response was not all Winston had hoped it would be, for he said a bit sharply, "Ludel, you'd always rather see a stone in the rough, wouldn't you?"

Ludel blushed slightly. "Absolutely right," he said.

Winston's annoyance was soon gone. "Within a period of about a month, I

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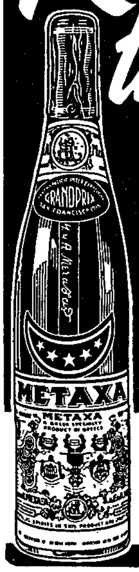

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paid over a million dollars for four stones, and I haven't sold any of them yet," he said cheerfully. "This is just one of them. I'm a patient man."

The door opened, and Richard Winston came in, carrying a box that contained necklaces and bracelets that were being set with diamonds. He put the box down on his uncle's desk and told him that the diamond setters were asking for smaller stones that would match the others in color. Winston sighed in mock despair. He had thousands and thousands of diamonds, he said, but he always seemed to be short of the diamonds the setters wanted.

"Still, you can *get* thousands and thousands of the diamonds they want," Dick said comfortingly. Then he pointed to the big diamond. "But *this* you get only once in a thousand years."

"What nature and man have combined to make!" Winston said in an awed voice.

"We certainly have the finest diamond nature ever produced," Ludel said.

"And yet you can never be sure," Winston said. "You're always wondering. It's like seeing a beautiful girl and asking yourself, 'Is she as beautiful as *that* girl?' You're always comparing. You always feel you may be missing something. You're never sure."

Miss Rowe came into the office and said that the count was calling from Zurich. Winston looked flustered as he picked up the telephone. While he waited for the call to be put through to him, he said, in a weak, dazed voice, "Well, Harry, it's all over now."

—LILLIAN ROSS

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Winston.*)

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The World of George Jean Nathan"*]

The worst of all bores encountered by a dramatic critic is the one who approaches him after the first act and asks him what he thinks of the play. My own usual retort to any such jackass is to inquire of him in turn what he thinks of a dinner after the oysters.—*Page 356.*

In the theatre, any experienced critic can pretty well tell the character and quality of a play after the curtain has been up ten minutes.—*Page 364.*

•

The way to make this one [bridge hand] is somewhat spectacular. The ace of diamonds from dummy wins the first trick, North's queen falling under it. Then the queen of diamonds is led.—*Albert H. Morehead in the Times.*

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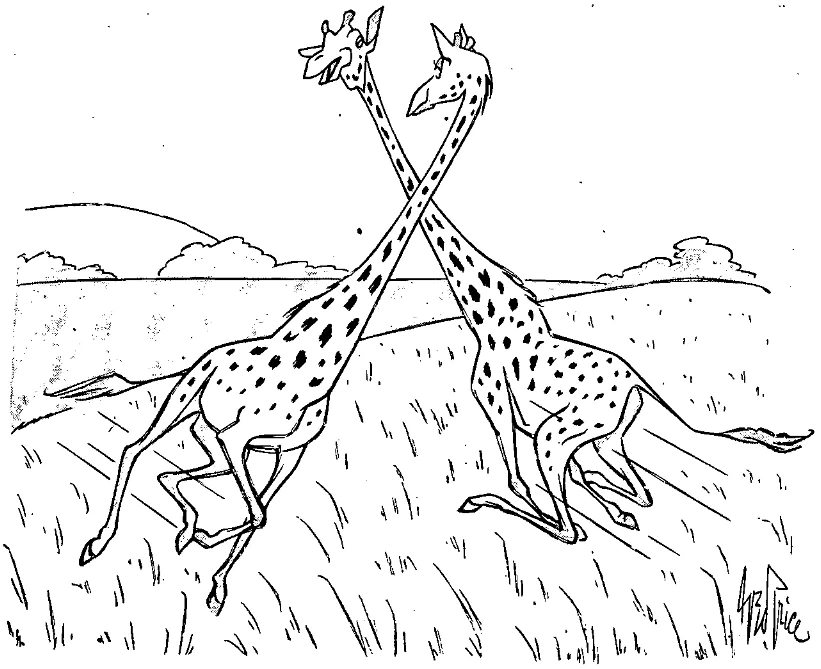

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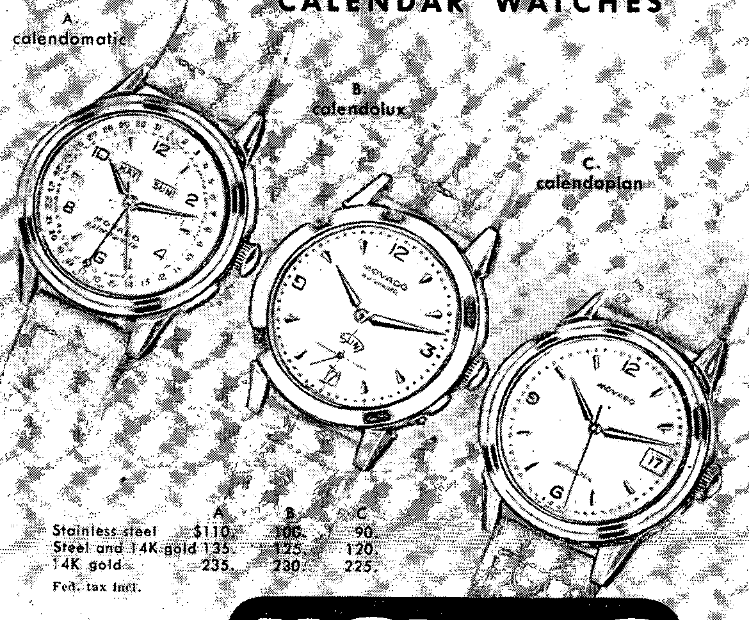

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Arms and the Merchants

IN the most dramatic episode of "Men of the Fighting Lady," an account of the adventures of the carrier pilots who saw action over Korea, an ingenious lieutenant uses his own plane's radio to guide an aircraft flown by a blinded colleague out of enemy territory to a safe landing on a friendly deck. This incident is based on an actual occurrence, and it is a tense one indeed. There are a number of other exciting moments, too, for throughout the picture, actual photographs of the aerial doings in the Korean war are woven into the fictional sections, and they are uniformly compelling. Whenever the movie departs from documentary matter, though, it is no great shakes. Its tale of a tough squadron leader who contributes to the loss of a pilot when he takes his outfit in too low on a target, and thus gets in bad with his commander, is fairly standard stuff, and the remarks made by various members of the cast about the implications of war don't contribute much. But since most of the film is devoted to the grim hows and not the difficult whys of battle, "Men of the Fighting Lady" frequently has the same abrupt impact as the combat photography turned out by the Army, Navy, and Air Force during the Second World War. The cast of the picture is entirely male, and Van Johnson is seen as the protective airman who leads a wounded fellow-pilot home. Mr. Johnson does a first-rate job, and so does Dewey Martin, as his maimed associate. Others in the squadron are Frank Lovejoy, Keenan Wynn, and Walter Pidgeon, and they are competent, too.

"EXECUTIVE SUITE," based on a novel by Cameron Hawley, tries to interest us in the battle for succession that takes place when the masterful head man of a furniture company suddenly drops dead. The machinations of the firm's vice-presidents to assume control are related in some detail, but if by about the second reel you haven't put your money on the handsome, modest young executive who is outstandingly selfless in his devotion to shinier and sturdier veneer, then it's obvious that you couldn't spot Native Dancer in a

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paddock full of Clydesdales. The vice-presidents are, without exception, an unlikely lot, who, if Samuel Johnson can be allowed a word here, "have lost the civility of tradesmen without acquiring the manners of gentlemen." In the crowd of contestants we have a desiccated senior v.p. who is palsied at the thought of reaching a quick decision, a production man who wants to quit and go fishing, a double-entry wizard with no more scruples than a mink, and our veneer boy, who is a kind of corporate Frank Merriwell. There are some others around, too, among them a hearty sales type who divides his interest between a new line of merchandise and his amiable secretary, and a Manhattan money man who is itching to manipulate the stock of good old Tredway, Inc. After a lot of solemn backing and filling, the problem of who will be president is solved by the former mistress of the dead leader, who throws her block of stock to Merriwell—or, as he's called here, Don Walling.

Of the actors engaged in this enterprise, which was produced by John Houseman and directed by Robert Wise, only Fredric March, in the role of the bookkeeping genius, gives a performance of any substance. The others, including William Holden, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, Louis Calhern, and Dean Jagger, are just shadows on the screen. Incidentally, the cast numbers among its ladies Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson, Nina Foch, and Shelley Winters. They seem to be out to prove that women connected with business don't have much fun.

—John McCarten

•

A widow inquires: I am a widow and one of my sons is John Doe Jr. He has recently married and I would like to know if he and his wife continue using "junior" or do they drop the junior and I adopt senior?

Mrs Post: Correctly, you are Mrs John Doe Jr, and your son and his wife are Mr and Mrs John Doe Sr., and your naming will lead to unending confusion. —*Houston Post.*

Which has patently begun already.

•

TEMPTATIONS WE DOUBT PROVED IRRESISTIBLE

[*From "The Notation of Polyphonic Music 900—1600," by Willi Apel*]

Considering the history of this problem from its beginning to the late sixteenth century, the amount of time, labour and ingenuity spent to bring about what seems to us but a few paltry results is incredible. *Parturiunt montes et nascitur ridiculus mus*, one is tempted to exclaim.

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A few of the stores where Lebow Clothes are sold. For other dealers write Lebow Bros., Inc., Baltimore 2, Md. • New York, LORD & TAYLOR • Akron, THE J. KOCH CO. • Albany, McMANUS & RILEY • Atlanta, RICH'S STORE FOR MEN • Baltimore, K. KATZ & SONS • Birmingham, Michigan, YOUNG'S OF BIRMINGHAM • Dayton, BARRAR-McCRAY & TRICK • Detroit, HARPURS • Erie, P. A. MEYER & SONS • Los Angeles, PHELPS-TERKEL • Memphis, HENRY HALLE & BRO. • Minneapolis, THE DAYTON CO. • New Orleans, PORTER'S • Philadelphia, MORVILLE • Pittsburgh, KAUFMANN'S • Wash., D. C., LEWIS & THOS. SALTZ, INC.

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RAINWEAR

An indispensable asset to week-end or holiday travelers is this fly-front Baracuta raincoat . . . impeccably tailored in England of the lightest, two-ply Egyptian cotton poplin in the world. You'll find it as versatile as it is handsome—a superior raincoat to protect you from sudden showers, and a smart looking fair-weather coat you will wear with pride through the year. (Incidentally, there's no finer gift for Father's Day than the "Best in British Rainwear"!)

Single, double breasted and military models in Egyptian poplins, gabardines and superb wools from $25 (slightly higher in the West), golf jackets also available, at finer shops and department stores everywhere or write for name of dealer nearest you.

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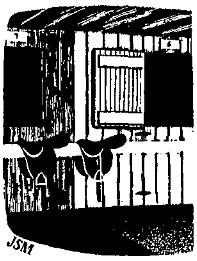
THE RACE TRACK

That Horse Again



SO much has been happening at Belmont Park the past few days that you wouldn't believe it. To hit only the high spots, one might say that the race of the week was the Acorn Stakes, in which Happy Mood and Riverina ran a dead heat, or perhaps it was the International Steeplechase, won by Extra Points, or possibly even the seventy-ninth running of the Withers Mile, won by Jet Action. In my amiable and frankly prejudiced opinion, though, the event of the week was the return of Native Dancer on Friday, in the Commando Purse. It was the first appearance of Alfred Vanderbilt's gray colt since he suffered that foot trouble in Chicago last August, and he came through beautifully. As I mentioned not long ago, Native Dancer has grown and muscled up impressively over the winter, and, of course, he's still growing. Maybe it was an optical illusion, for horses look different when they're stripped for racing from the way they do around the stable, but he seemed noticeably bigger the other afternoon than he had when I saw him a few weeks before. Also, except for his color, he's more and more the spit and image of Discovery, his maternal grandpa. He was on his toes in the paddock and fidgety on his way to the post, as most horses are on their return to the races after a long absence, but he settled down once he left the starting gate. The race was at six furlongs—he hadn't raced at so short a distance since he was a two-year-old—and it was hardly more than a good gallop for him in his preparation for the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont this weekend. As he came to the stretch turn, he overwhelmed his opposition by running at top speed for about a dozen strides. After that, he just breezed along. Laffango, who gave Native Dancer's backers a scare in the East View Stakes year before last, was second, and Impasse was third. Of course, Native Dancer will be a short-priced favorite—and, I fancy, a good one—for the Metropolitan, and his next engagement will be in the Suburban Handicap, on the thirty-first. Not until that's over will Mr. Vanderbilt make up his mind

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Black, royal, tangerine or saffron with assorted colorful strips skirt alone, 16.75

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Summer's a breeze

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Hurry on south and cool off in the happy lands of the trade winds. Enjoy a gay vacation where summer temperatures average only 76°. Fine new hotels await you—with summer rates at a minimum. And there's no better time to capture the Caribbean's unique charm. *See your travel agent now.*

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CARIBBEAN TOURIST ASSN.
P. O. Box R-117, Madison Sq. Sta., New York 10, N.Y.

about sending his colt to England for the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot on July 17th. The race is at a mile and a half, and he'd carry a hundred and thirty pounds.

I SUPPOSE it would be a mistake to try to draw any sweeping conclusions from last Saturday's International Steeplechase, or even to guess whether any foreign jumpers will come over for it next year. For nearly a mile and a half, it was a good show, and then the Irish and English horses tired badly in the soggy turf—something hardly anybody had dreamed they'd do, for the weather was the sort they get a lot of during the steeplechasing season at home. The reason for their poor performance was that the horses who came over had been picked specially for their ability to gallop well on hard ground, their owners having heard about the long dry spell in these parts. Just for that, the weatherman crossed them up. Another thing, the horses from abroad were unaccustomed to the fences. Those at Belmont are as easy to brush through as hurdles, and the ones they are used to are so stiff on top that a horse has to stand back and jump them or he doesn't get over. What disconcerted the visitors most, however, was the fast pace set by Extra Points. As a matter of fact, it upset all the American jumpers, too—including The Mast, who was the favorite—although, as everybody now remembers, Extra Points did exactly the same thing when he won on the opening day of the meeting. Altogether, the International was a triumph for Dooley Adams, who rode Extra Points; for his mother, Mrs. C. E. Adams, who trains the animal; and for L. H. Nelles, a Canadian sportsman, who owns him. While I'm on the subject, I'd like to give top marks to the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and to the members who have worked so hard to revive interest in the sport. The International was one of their projects. Another was the recent importation and sale of a dozen French jumpers; we'll know more about them in the next few months.

JET ACTION'S runaway race last Saturday in the Withers certainly left a lot of horse watchers impressed. No doubt about it, this Maine Chance Farm colt is a five-star mud runner, but no matter what the track conditions may be when he runs for the Preakness at Baltimore next weekend, he's going to have a good many friends. The biggest disappointment of the Withers—for

A—Brown Calf,
Tweed Mesh $17.95

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Man-Made Mesh . . . cooler, lighter, tougher . . . an admirable way to beat the heat . . . with durable, cleanable, miracle-mesh and feather-lite Calf.

10 Stores in Greater New York City wallachs

C—Black Calf,
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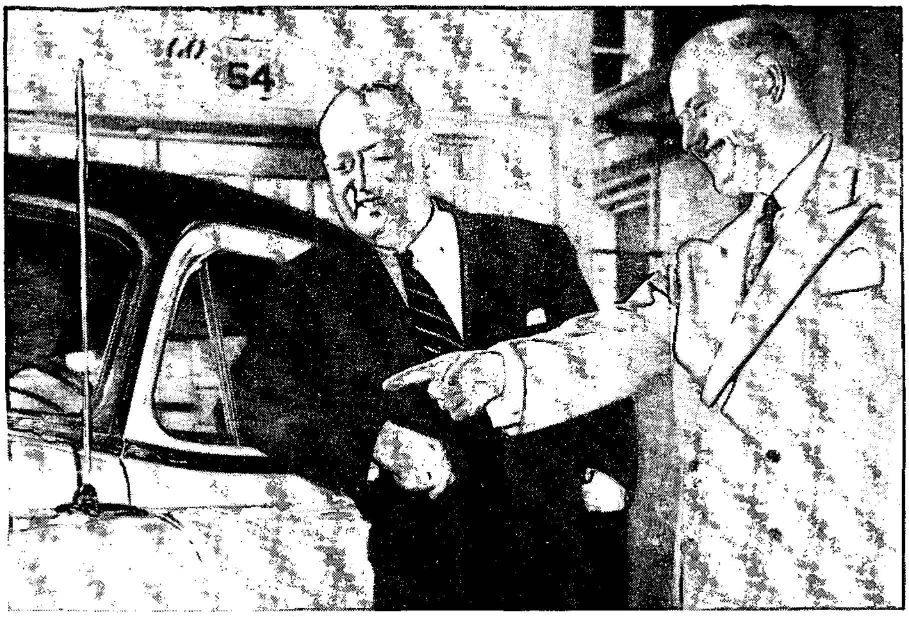
D—(#326) Brown Calf,
Basket Weave $17.95

E—Tan Calf,
Tweed Mesh $21.95

The man from Cunningham & Walsh



. . . selling cars in Norwalk, Conn.

Here you see Robert R. Newell, a senior vice president and director of our advertising agency, getting some selling tips from Ed Cary, President of Ed Cary Pontiac, Inc.

Why is he interested in learning how a dealer moves new and used automobiles? Because he knows that the time spent on the show room floor, the used car lot and in the service department will give him first hand knowledge of a dealer's problems . . . a better understanding of why men and women buy cars.

We believe we create better advertising because all our creative people work at the retail level for *at least* one week a year.

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Inspired welding of design, style and function marks Erwin-Lambeth's brilliant adaptation of classic traditional beauty to the demands of smart modern living.

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me, at any rate—was Palm Tree, who won so easily on a sloppy track at Belmont earlier in the week. Maybe the ground broke from under him at the start, or something equally calamitous happened. On the other hand, I wasn't at all downhearted over the showing of Artismo, who had never run over that kind of track before. He'll do better the next time out. Speaking of the Preakness, as we were a moment ago, Porterhouse won't be a starter. Neither will Determine—he's in California. Colonel Martingale hasn't decided which runner he'll back.

ALL sorts of things have happened in the Acorn Stakes since its first running, in 1931, but it had never produced a dead heat until last Wednesday. The race was a holiday for long shots, too. Mrs. John D. Hertz's Happy Mood was a 21–1 chance; King Ranch's Riverina, who shared first and second money with her, was 10–1; and Mrs. E. P. Taylor's Question Time, who finished third, was 50–1. Fascinator, the favorite, was ninth. I'm told that when Fascinator was flying up from Louisville she was grounded for a long time at Philadelphia. Well, I can sympathize with her. Flying back from the Derby, I was grounded at Washington. Next time, I'll take my roller skates.

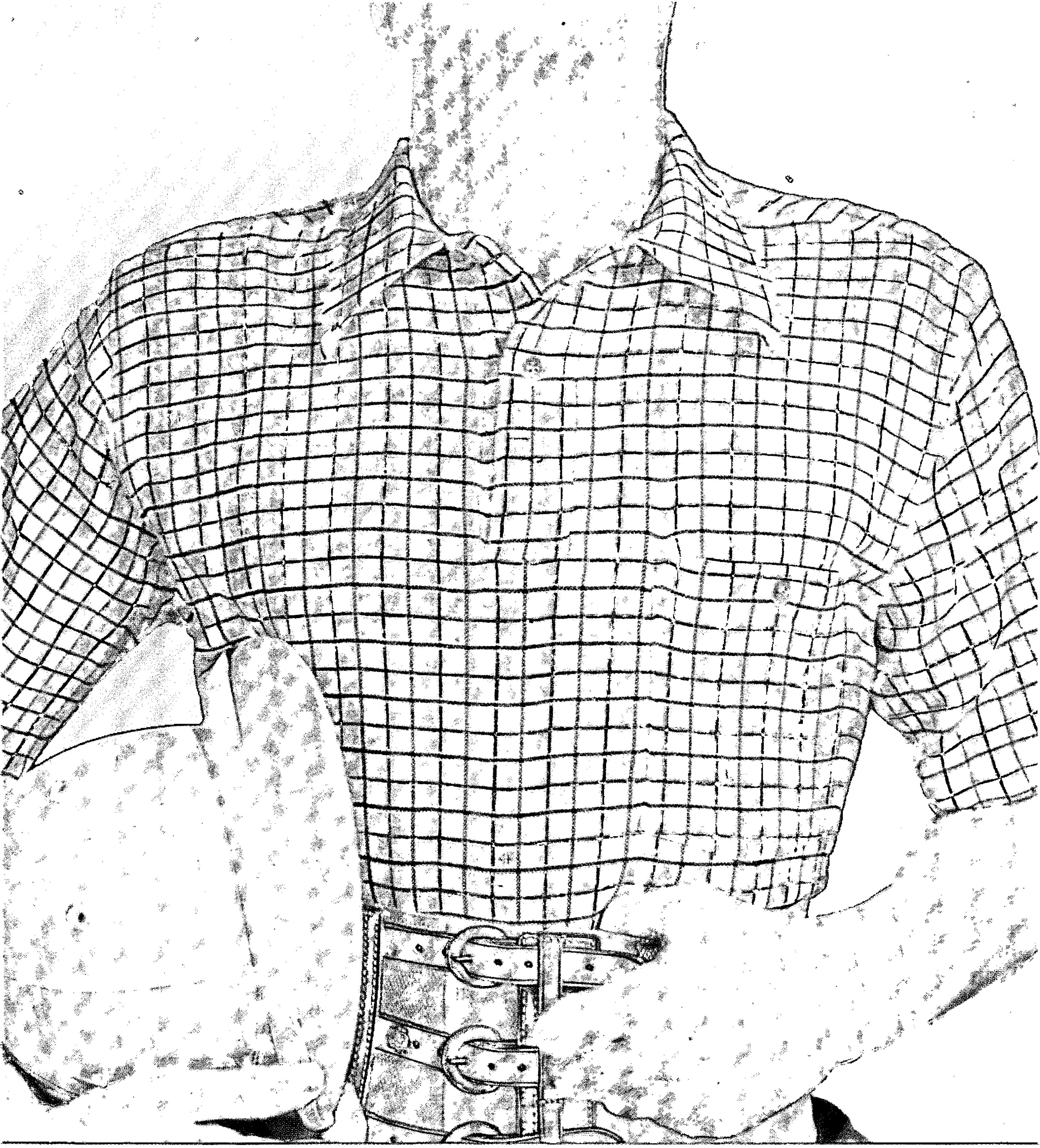
JUST FOR THE RECORD: From all accounts, Straight Face had no trouble at all winning the famous old Dixie Handicap at Pimlico last weekend, beating Golden Gloves, Capeador, and five others. . . . Looking over the results from Churchill Downs, Diogenes Checkpoints reports that Royal Note won the Bashford Manor Stakes. In Lexington recently, I was told that this colt, whose sire is Spy Song, is the fastest thing that ever looked through a bridle or ever stood on racing plates—I forget which. I was told, too, that he'd win the Kentucky Derby next year.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

In modern America, the life and death of the people, its present and its future, are governed by eight financial oligarchies—Morgan, Rockefeller, Kuhn Loeb, Dupont, Mellon, Chicago, Boston and Cleveland. They stand at the head of 250 of the biggest corporations which own 42 per cent of the assets of all the corporations in the U. S. A.—*From "Peace Prize Winners: Paul Robeson, The Voice of the People," by I. Yermashov, in Soviet Literature, No. 3, 1953, Moscow.*

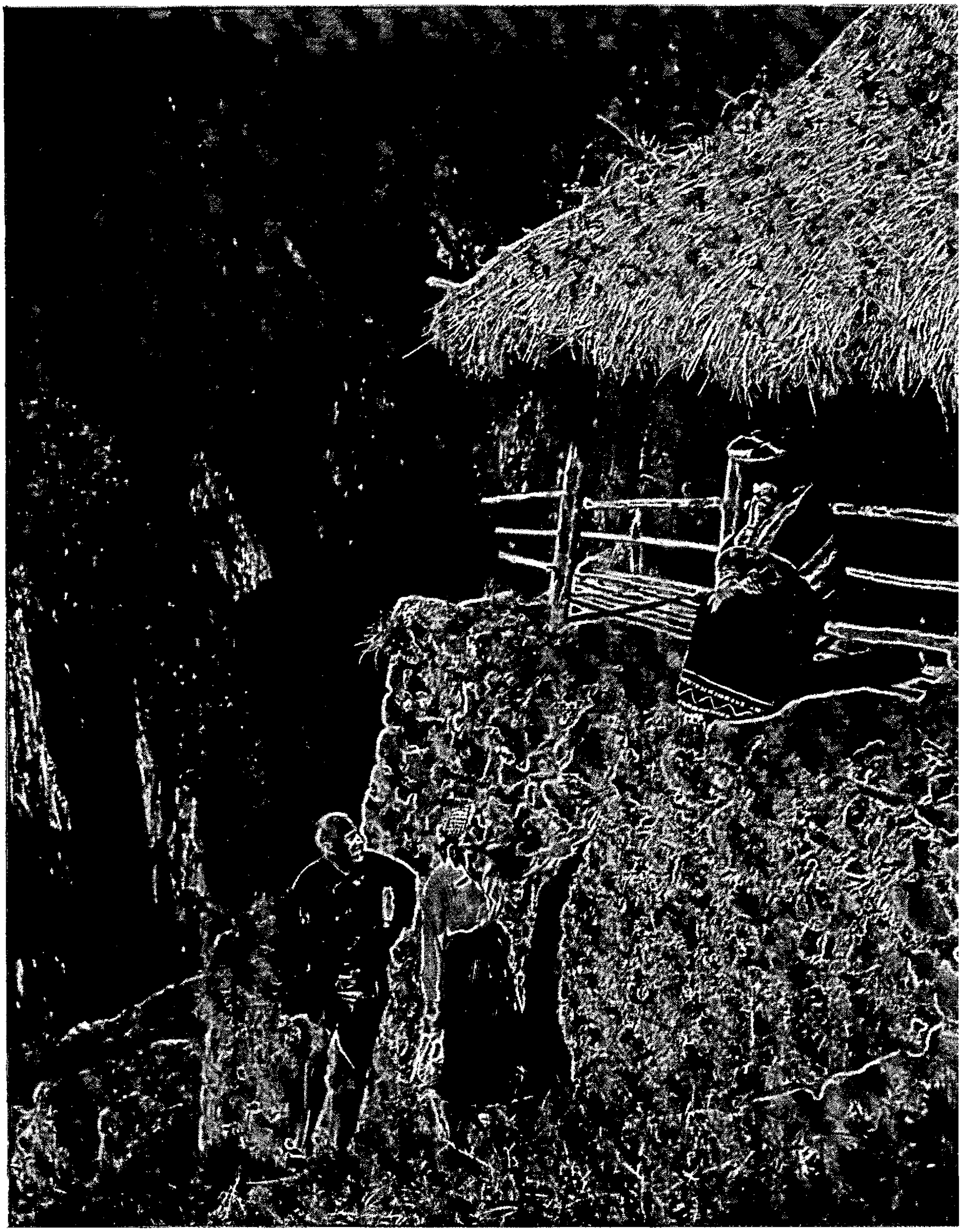
What about the Dodgers, Yermashov?



Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in Aertex® shirts

AERTEX will cool you off — as it has cooled off two generations of Englishmen out in the noonday sun of Bombay and Singapore, Khartoum and Washington. When HATHAWAY started importing Aertex two years ago, they advertised that it was "the *coolest shirting in the world*" — and HATHAWAY are not in the habit of using such superlatives. Thousands of Americans bought the shirt, gratefully. Aertex is woven in microscopic cells — about one million to a shirt. These cells act like ventilators, allowing your skin to breathe. You can now get Aertex in sports shirts, or in sober business shirts; from $7.95. At the most distinguished stores, or write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. **P. S.** You can also get boxer shorts, caps and T-shirts made of Aertex. All new, and all calculated to cool you down in warm weather.

"You haven't lived 'til you've skycruised



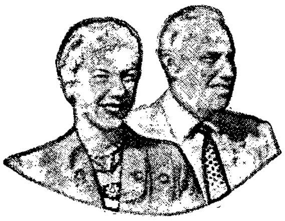
"At the entrance to Machu Picchu in Peru, Jack said, '*What a perfect way to visualize early culture in the New World.*' Hidden on a huge ledge between two peaks . . . surrounded by deep gorges and lofty mountains . . . vast deserted palaces, courts and temples tell their proud story."

*No Spanish Grandee
ever set foot
in this Inca city.
Gene and I stayed
overnight at the Inn,
saw the sunrise
at Machu Picchu.*

Fly **PANAGRA**
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

South America!"

says MRS. JOHN C. BENNETT



The Bennetts of Flourtown, Pa., flew Panagra and Pan American 'round South America

"Recently Jack and I did something we'd been dreaming of for years. We flew 'round South America, down the East Coast and back the West."

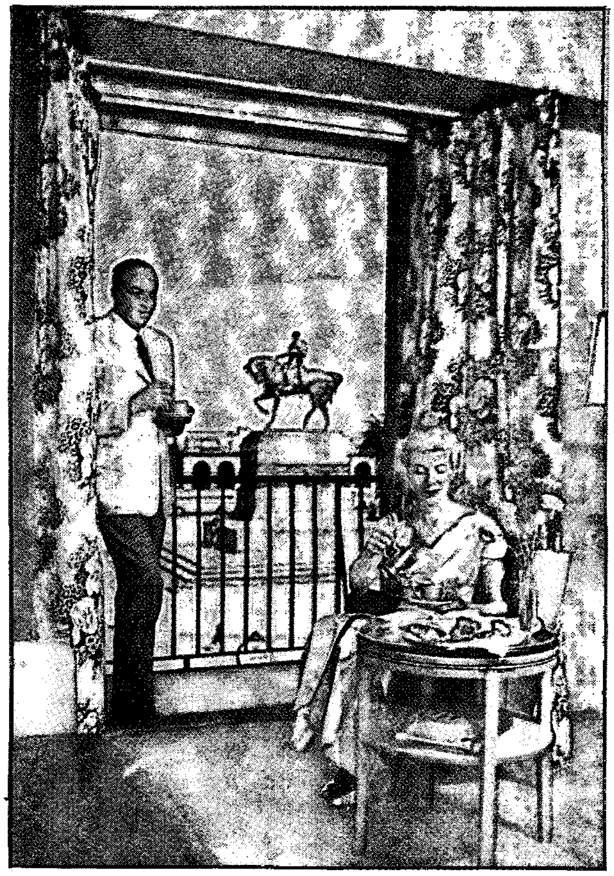
"Each city we came to was marvelous—and so different. Our pictures give you an idea of the amazing sights we saw. I've identified each picture. The comments in handwriting are Jack's. We both agree that you really haven't *lived* 'til you've skycruised South America!"

Go one way, return the other

You can skycruise South America in as little as two weeks, see both coasts! "Super-6" Clippers* of PAA's deluxe *President* service fly the East Coast from New York to "B.A." *El Inter-Americano* DC-6's fly from "B.A." to Panama via Panagra's West Coast route, on to Miami via PAA's route. Berths at modest charge.

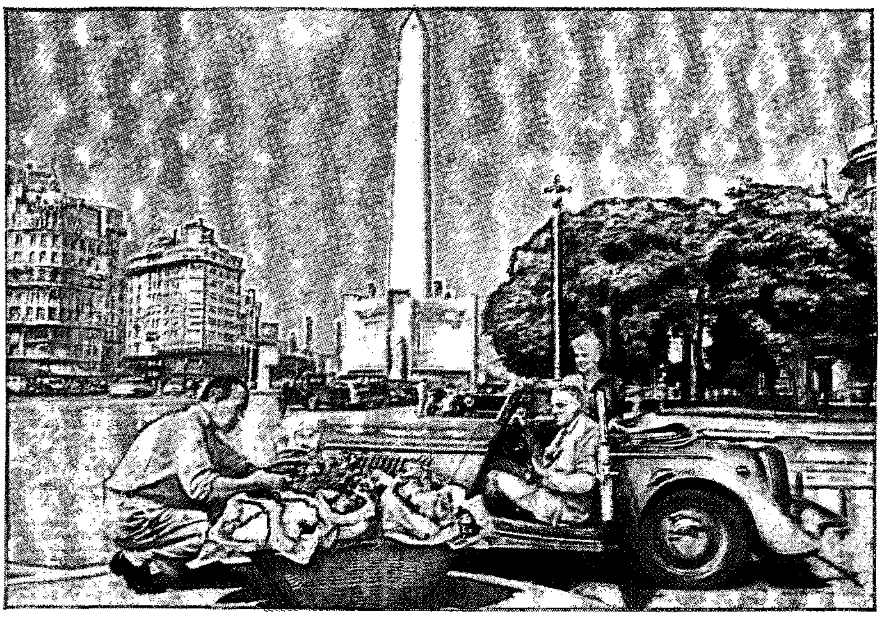
First-class fare from New York is $988.20 round trip in either direction. Similar fares from any major U.S.A. airport via Miami, New Orleans, Houston or Los Angeles. Savings up to 25% on tourist service by pressurized DC-6B's. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

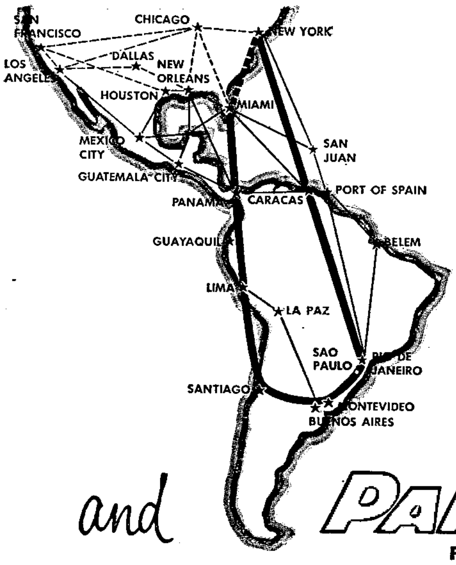


Gene said the wonderful hotel service made her want to stay on and on.

"**Montevideo** delighted Jack and me. Here you see us at tea time in our luxurious room at the air-conditioned Victoria Plaza. That's Artigas, Uruguay's George Washington, on the horse."



"This shot of Jack buying me flowers in Buenos Aires makes me long to go back. The big, gay city reminds you of Paris, with sidewalk cafés, race tracks, night-clubbing. '*For once,*' Jack tells people, '*I had all the steaks I could eat!*' (And no worry about cost. Usually under $1.)"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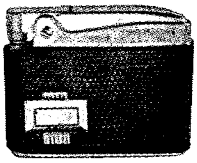
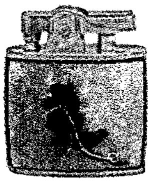
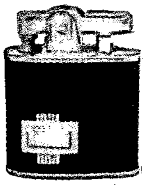
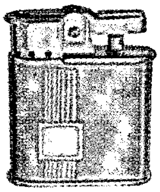
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

For a new flame on his birthday, or to tell a lady she is the light of your life, there's nothing like a new Ronson pocket lighter. Ask Gene Tierney.


Adonis—oriental lizard, **10.50**


Windsor—poodle design, **5.95**


Triumph—gold plate trim, **10.00***


Whirlwind—windproof, **8.50**

starring in "Personal Affair" released thru United Artists.

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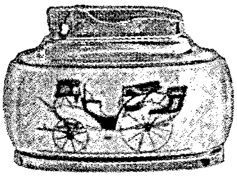
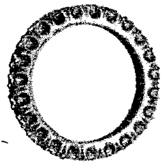
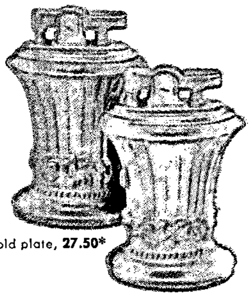
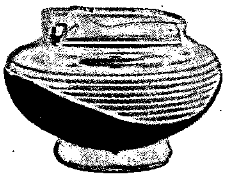

Trophy—Currier and Ives scenes, **12.50**

For wedding or anniversary presents . . . for every gift occasion, always give a RONSON world's greatest lighter!




Newport Pair—24K gold plate, **27.50***

Melrose—heavy silver plate, **10.00***


Lotus—24K gold plate, **15.50***

*PLUS TAX ©1954, RONSON ART METAL WORKS.

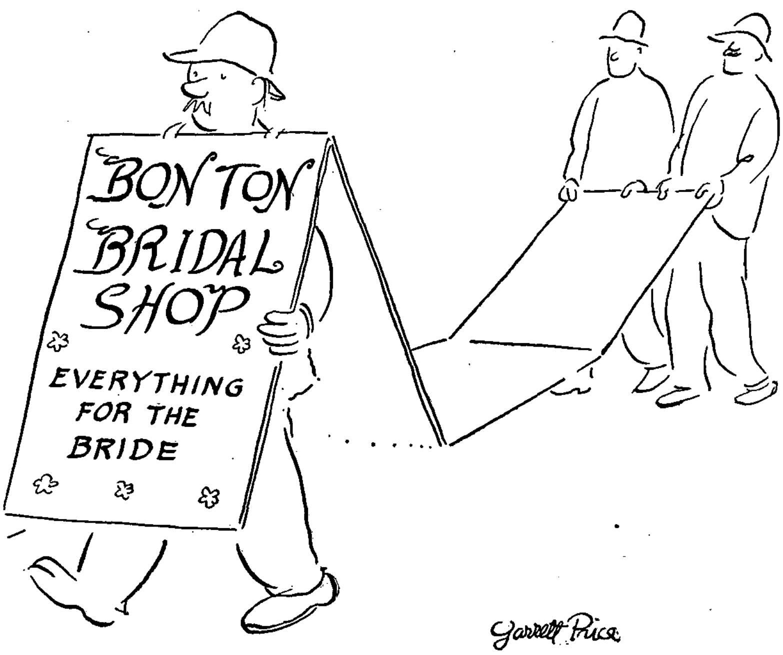
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

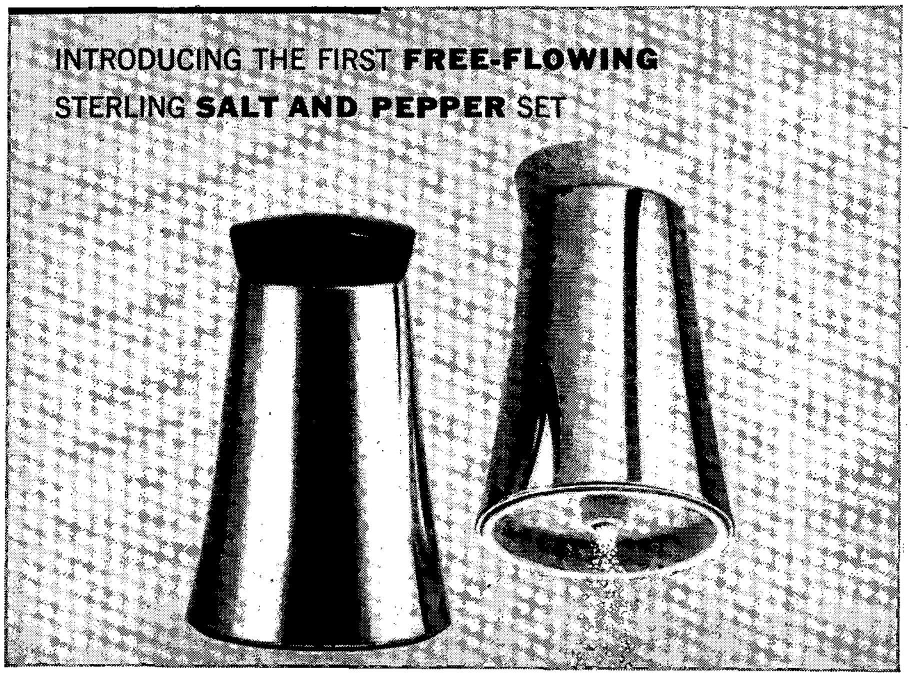
MAY 6

OUR spry, itinerant Secretary of State has returned from Geneva, leaving American interests there in the care of the Under-Secretary, and at least one meaning of this, as most people here see it, is that Mr. Dulles felt it would be prudent to put an ocean between himself and the scene of a substantial defeat for American diplomacy. That the defeat the Secretary anticipates is in the making, no one seriously doubts, though many think it is unlikely to come to pass in Geneva during Mr. Dulles's present sojourn in Washington. At the Palais des Nations, discussions on Indo-China are about to get under way, and it is well known that Premier Laniel's government is eager to arrive at what President Eisenhower last week described, with a tolerance that took almost everyone by surprise, as a "modus vivendi." It remains to be demonstrated, however, that the desire of the Communists to settle things in a hurry matches that of the French. On the basis of the first statement at the conference by Chou En-lai, Peking's Foreign Secretary, in which he demanded that the West get the ball rolling by repatriating forty-eight thousand Korean war prisoners who did not want to be returned to Communist governments, it would appear that the Communists are in no hurry about anything. From their point of view, continuing the war a while longer has many distinct advantages. The cost of the Indo-Chinese conflict can be reckoned chiefly in terms of lost manpower, and this makes it as cheap for the Communists as it is dear for the French. Indeed, for Asian Communists a war of this sort has some of the economic and social utility of a public-works program: It provides employment for the idle, and creates among the masses a sense of community enterprise and responsibility. Beyond that, it produces gratifying discord among the Western powers and gives millions of people who fancy themselves exploited by the Western powers a chance to identify Communism with militant anti-colonialism. Because of the possibility of that identification, the Communist representatives no more want to be caught appeasing the West than the representatives of the Western powers want to be caught appeasing the Communists. It would be most accommodating of the Vietminh and their Chinese and Russian supporters to arrange a swift and reasonably equitable settlement with the French, but the feeling in the State Department and in most of the embassies here is that while the war in Vietnam at last appears to be drawing to a close in one way or another, the Communist powers will drag out the negotiations as long as they deem it expedient to do so, hoping not only to get more favorable terms for their side but also to unhorse the Laniel government in the process, so that it can be replaced with one less sympathetic to the European Defense Community and other projects that world Communism disapproves of. It may be that the Secretary of State will one day be able to score a political point by citing the fact that he was somewhere else when the fateful negotiations started in Geneva, but the general opinion here is that Mr. Dulles—assuming that he will be continued in his present office—is likely to find himself crossing and recrossing the Atlantic several times before they are at an end.

Mr. Dulles, as far as is currently known, returned to Washington not on the orders of the President or anyone else but of his own volition. Now that he is here, though, he is being called upon to undertake the "agonizing reappraisal" that he said several months ago would be necessary in the event of further deterioration of the Western alliance. As he does this, he will himself be the subject of an agonizing reappraisal by Congress and by the leaders of his own party. If there is any one proposition to which there is almost universal assent in Washington today it is that, regardless of whether the deal on Indo-China is made tomorrow or sometime next year, the United States has in the past five or six weeks suffered the greatest diplomatic losses of the entire postwar period. Much more has been lost than the jungle campaign in Indo-China. What may be the last friendly government of France has now added a sense of betrayal to its long list of grievances, and in consequence the prospects of E.D.C. are immeasurably darker than before. The British, it is evident, feel that we tried to get them out on a limb we dared not venture onto ourselves; the Conservative government will survive, but it will have to be a good deal more heedful of the sentiments of its anti-American critics. Those Asians who resent us as interferers can now form a united front with those Asians who resent us as non-interferers. John Maragon, an amiable, well-preserved relic of the sinful days of influence peddling and the like, was certainly overstating the case when, discovered as a transfixed observer of the Army-McCarthy hearings, he gave it as his opinion that "right now, we haven't got a friend outside the three-mile limit," but there is no doubt that taking a census of our admirers and well-wishers would be far less of a chore today than it would have been when the cherry blossoms were first appearing.

By no means all our present troubles can be charged against Mr. Dulles's account. In large measure, it is felt by many people, we are where we are because Congress has decreed—not in the stature of resolution but in the tone of utterance of most of its





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NEWEST GORHAM "TREND" DESIGN, combining finest sterling silver and modern Styron®. Salt and pepper pour from the base. Moisture and air sealed out to keep salt free-flowing, pepper fragrant and fresh. Easy to clean and fill. Noncorrosive Styron lining and top is ivory-white for salt...ebony-black for pepper. The set $10.00 (incl. Fed. Tax).

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Come to Old Virginia — the land of the honeysuckle vine and the whippoorwill's song . . . where legend and romance still cast their magical spell over pine-scented mountain wonderlands . . . where stately proud mansions, historic towns, cities and shrines turn back the pages of American history . . . where scenic beauty and fantastic natural wonders offer thrilling adventures . . . where miles and miles of sandy beaches and cool ocean breezes offer laughter and fun along the shores of the beautiful blue Atlantic.

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Republican leaders—that the Secretary may neither fight the enemy nor engage in negotiations with him. In large measure, too, the President's vacillations and his contradictory, often imprecise statements have made the Secretary's lot more difficult. The Vice-President, too, has made some striking contributions to the general discord and disorder, and so has the majority leader, Senator Knowland, of California. But the Secretary of State remains the responsible officer in the field of foreign policy, and one hears it widely asserted here that he has blundered so frequently on his own account during the Indo-China crisis that he may be of no further usefulness to the administration—to which, most people feel, he has up to this time been exceedingly useful. It is pointed out that the reluctance of the Republicans in Congress to accept, or countenance the acceptance of, the alternatives in Asia—war or negotiation—was so well known to him that he himself gave it expression when he wrote the foreign-policy provisions of the Republican campaign platform. That reluctance, which is unquestionably shared by millions of private citizens, has not disappeared or lessened since the election; if anything, it has increased. That is why it was so difficult for people here to imagine what was going on in Mr. Dulles's mind in the early weeks of last month, when he was talking about rescuing the Dienbienphu garrison as though he were a commander on the verge of dispatching a few regiments of United States Marines. It seemed clear to most observers that the country would not think well of any scheme like this, but Mr. Dulles and his aides spoke with such conviction and authority that it was wondered if there had not perhaps been some vast, undetected shift in American opinion. It developed that no such shift had taken place and that what Mr. Dulles was probably attempting to do was to bring about the new climate of opinion he desired. This was his right and his responsibility, in view of the gravity he attached to the situation, and he would have encountered only the criticism of fringe elements if he had limited himself, for the moment, to an attempt to stir and shock the country into accepting his own view of the catastrophic consequences of the loss of the Associated States, or any part of them. Instead, he talked not only as if he had correctly appraised the views of the American people but as if he had already made sure that the British and the French would willingly join us in taking the "united

"My beer is Rheingold —the *Dry* beer!"

says **ELEANOR PARKER**

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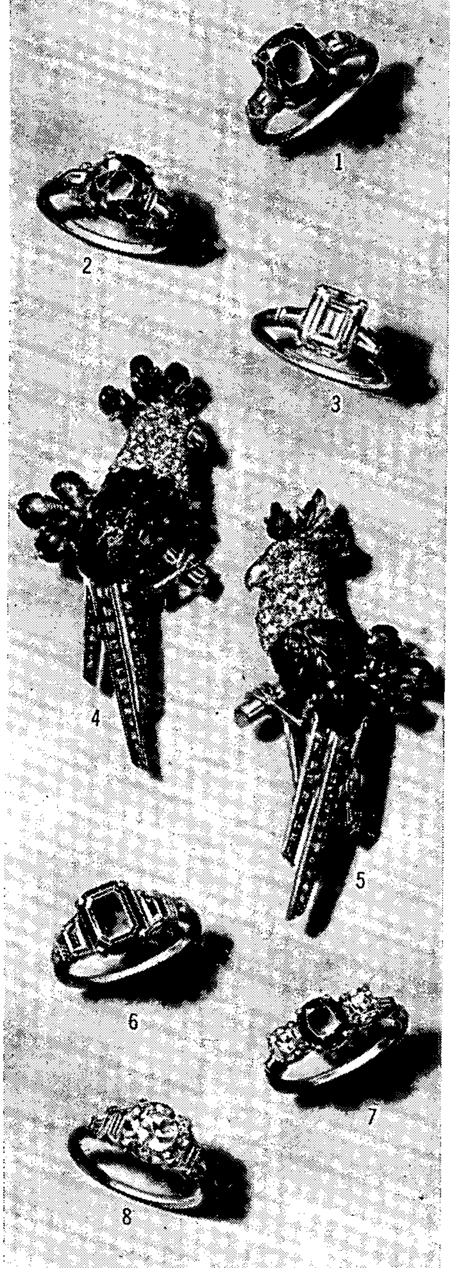

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action" he proposed. When it turned out that they would not do so, at least on the basis of what information about the scheme they had then, the Secretary flew to London and Paris to see if personal representations would help. In London he met with frosty rebuffs, and in Paris even M. Bidault felt that it would be wise to defer the whole thing until the Foreign Ministers had had a chance to see what was going to happen at Geneva. M. Bidault did, however, confront Mr. Dulles with a request for an immediate application—in the form of direct air support for the defenders of Dienbienphu—of what some people here are calling the First Nixon Doctrine (there have been three all told, the first promulgated on April 16th, the second on April 20th, and the third on April 21st), in which the Vice-President held that "the administration must face up to the situation and dispatch forces" if this was the only way to avoid "further retreat in Asia." M. Bidault, who was necessarily aware of the fact that an American carrier with a striking arm exactly suited to the undertaking he had in mind stood alerted for duty in the South China Sea, its planes only a few minutes' flying time from the battered fortress, seemed to think that commitment of the carrier was the only way to avoid further retreat.

While Mr. Dulles apparently did not challenge the propriety of M. Bidault's suggestion, which seemed so clearly consistent with the views he and his aides had been expressing for weeks, he nevertheless turned M. Bidault down cold, explaining that the Constitution of the United States forced him to. The Constitution is a formidable document that has been in effect for a hundred and sixty-five years and that gives to Congress the right to declare war, but the feeling here at the moment is—as it was when news of this startling development first became public—that Mr. Dulles was dissembling somewhat, and that, as he well knew, it was not the Constitution but Congress and national opinion that made it impossible to fulfill what was, considering all the audacious talk by American spokesmen, a not unreasonable request. When the country wishes to do something the Constitution does not appear to sanction, a way is generally found. But the American people, as one congressman after another reported, did not wish to get involved in any more bush warfare in Asia and did not perceive any great need to do so. In any event, the failure to deliver on the French request brought American policy full circle. A few

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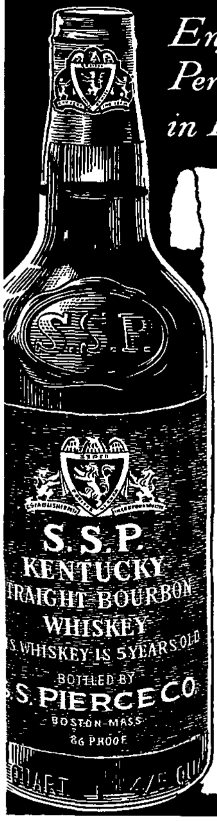

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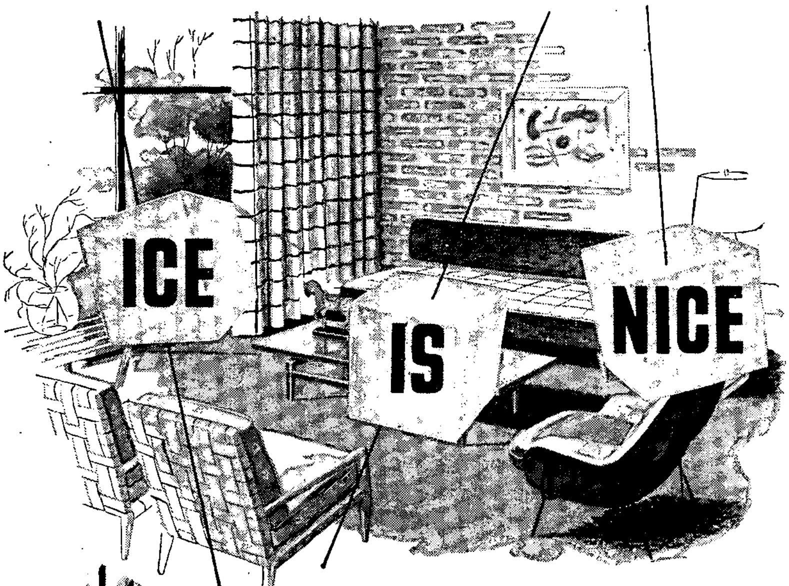
weeks earlier, Mr. Dulles, Vice-President Nixon, and Admiral Radford had led the world to believe that we were getting ready to march into Indo-China and disarm the Vietminh down to the last grenade thrower; just before Geneva, it became clear to our friends and our enemies alike that we would not at this time even go so far as to strafe the attackers of Dienbienphu with Navy planes. We would go no further than to ferry troops from Metropolitan France to the beleaguered depot.

When Mr. Dulles appears before the appropriate committees of Congress, he will not, of course, be criticized for failing to have done more in support of Dienbienphu. Congressmen may sometimes lack grace, but they do not lack it so completely as to hold the Secretary responsible for having yielded, manifestly against his own instincts and convictions, to the will and temper of Congress. He is, however, already being severely criticized for committing the cardinal diplomatic sin of having leaped—and not once but three or four times—before he looked. Outlining the "united-action" policy without first having determined what sort of reactions it would get in other capitals was damaging, many people think, not only to American prestige in general but to the very policy itself. The State Department is now putting out the story that the British reacted favorably at first but later claimed they had forgotten how near at hand the Geneva Conference and the Colombo Conference of Asian powers were; when they remembered these events, they changed their minds. There is no way of testing the validity of this story, and most people feel that the objection to Mr. Dulles's procedure would be accurate in any case, for it was evident that the British were genuinely surprised by the terms of his now celebrated "united-action" speech of March 29th and that even the highest Foreign Office officials had not been sufficiently briefed on what the Secretary was proposing. If the ground had been properly prepared in advance, Mr. Dulles would not have had to endure the double rejection of his program when he made his personal appearances in London and Paris. It will undoubtedly be held in Congress that he should not have even alighted in London or Paris unless he had received assurances that his pleas would be given sympathetic consideration. Most of all, since it was apparent that he could not accede to M. Bidault's petition for air support, he should have sent word to this effect to the Quai d'Orsay and prevented the plea from



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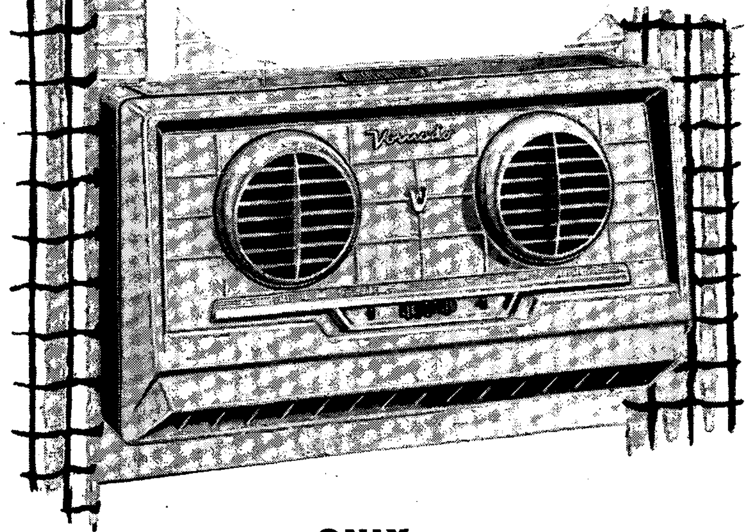

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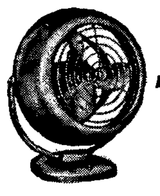

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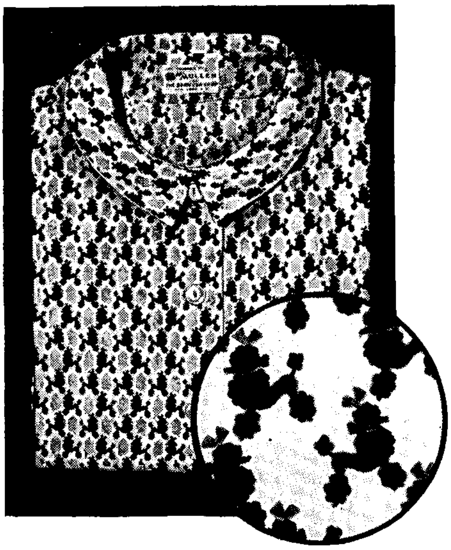
being made at all. The request and the refusal emboldened the Communists, embittered the French, and jeopardized Western unity at Geneva. It would also seem reasonable to assume that the refusal had a sapping effect on the morale of General de Castries' French Union and Vietnam troops under siege at Dienbienphu, but the morale of that gallant band appears to be unsappable.

The inquest on "united action" is likely to be prolonged and embarrassing, and before it is over, Mr. Dulles may be once more a practicing member of the New York bar. But in almost any imaginable event, we will be left, as most people here think we already have been left, without even the semblance of a policy. The "new look" has been abandoned as impractical, and inapplicable to current problems, and "united action" is no more than a remote hope. There is support in both parties for some kind of defensive alliance in Southeast Asia, but recent soundings of opinion abroad make it by no means sure that such an alliance would receive sufficient support in the region it would be designed to protect. Meanwhile, there is Geneva, which Mr. Dulles once thought might provide American diplomacy with one of its greatest opportunities but where General Bedell Smith's team now seems to have nothing to do but avoid being seen in the company of Communists. Last Sunday, in a sober and eloquent assessment of our present difficulties, the Washington *Post* concluded that we are right where we have been for so many years, faced with the alternative of going to war with Communist China or throwing our weight behind the best kind of settlement we are able to get—which, lamentably, cannot possibly be as favorable to us as a settlement made last month or the month before might have been. There are some well-informed and intelligent people here—most notably Admiral Radford—who seem convinced that going to war is the answer. They argue that we will have to do it sooner or later anyway, that in the long run China will be a greater threat to American interests than even the U.S.S.R., and that the difficulties of winning a war against China have been greatly exaggerated—that it would, in fact, be quite within our present capacities. This school of thought has little popular support, however, and it seems unlikely that more support could be rallied to it simply by a candid exposition of its basic assumptions. It is conceivable that we could drift into war with China—we have come fairly close to doing so on one or two occasions—



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but it seems wholly inconceivable that we could coolly talk our way into it. On the other hand, it is not much easier to imagine the administration, in the present state of national opinion, entering into frank negotiations with the Peking government, though it is known that the President and the Secretary of State are not as scandalized by the idea as their Congressional supporters are. Nevertheless, as the *Post* points out, it should be possible even today to arrive at—or at least to put Communism on the spot by supporting—some sort of settlement. It might even be possible, this editorial suggests, to provide for the ultimate independence of the Associated States by offering the Chinese Communists the port city of Haiphong in exchange for the temporary establishment of a commission of neutral Asian powers or United Nations representatives to take charge of Indo-Chinese affairs. "If we cannot obtain settlement on our terms," the *Post* says, "we can at least strive to prevent the defeat and rending of the free-world alliance that otherwise seems destined to occur. But negotiation will not come by itself—especially in view of the strait-jacket that has been fastened on Secretary Dulles." And the editorial goes on:

> Surely there are enough men of serious disposition in Congress whose thoughts have not been addled by the McCarthy-Stevens affair to realize the desperate plight we face. Would not the proper way be to pass a bipartisan joint resolution of Congress expressing support for an honorable negotiated settlement in Indo-China? This would give Secretary Dulles and Under-Secretary Smith the elbow room they need to exert their diplomatic skill. Unless we show ourselves ready to bargain for half a loaf—or considerably more than half—there is now every likelihood we shall lose it all.

THE mind-addling McCarthy-Stevens affair seems good for at least another month, provided Senator Dirksen continues to be thwarted in his efforts to "expedite" the hearings out of existence. Whether the hearings run on or not, the feeling here is that Senator McCarthy has enjoyed so spectacular a success in scrambling up the issues and beclouding the minds and memories of witnesses and committee members alike that no rational adjudication of the matters officially in dispute will ever be made. Every session offers fresh evidence that Mr. Ray Jenkins, the committee counsel, has been turned so giddy by becoming privy to top-secret secrets that he has clean forgotten that he faces no more difficult task than finding out who said what in regard to Private Schine, and every session offers fresh

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evidence that Senator Mundt never did grasp that simple function of the inquiry. But it appears that there are thousands of private adjudications being made every day—in advance of the full evidence, and therefore most injudiciously—and passed along to senators and congressmen. From all reliable indications, Senator McCarthy has suffered a huge loss of favor in every section of the country. This was foreshadowed in the latest Gallup poll, which was taken just before the start of the hearings and showed an increase of seventeen per cent in unfavorable reaction since the previous survey, in January. According to those who handle Congressional mail, seventeen per cent is as nothing compared to what has been happening lately. The pro-McCarthy mail, even from such strongholds as Texas, is said to have dropped seventy or eighty per cent. This, competent analysts point out, does not necessarily mean that the Senator no longer exercises any significant power. American elections are generally swung by minorities of between five and ten per cent of the total vote, and a man who commands a tight following of one in every twenty voters could exercise great power. No one here is betting that McCarthy is through in American politics, but almost everyone is certain that for the first time in his career he is, if only temporarily, on the downgrade. The next test will be of his powers of recuperation. It may not be an insuperable test, but it is certainly a novel one.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Although slightly hazy around the city this afternoon, weather bureau officials claimed that no fog was imminent.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

They're the vaguest bunch in any town.

•

Sweet potatoes, topped with crisp bacon and accompanied by buttered green snap beans, make a delicious main course for lunch. Add a tossed green salad to the menu if you like hot rolls.—*Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette.*

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•

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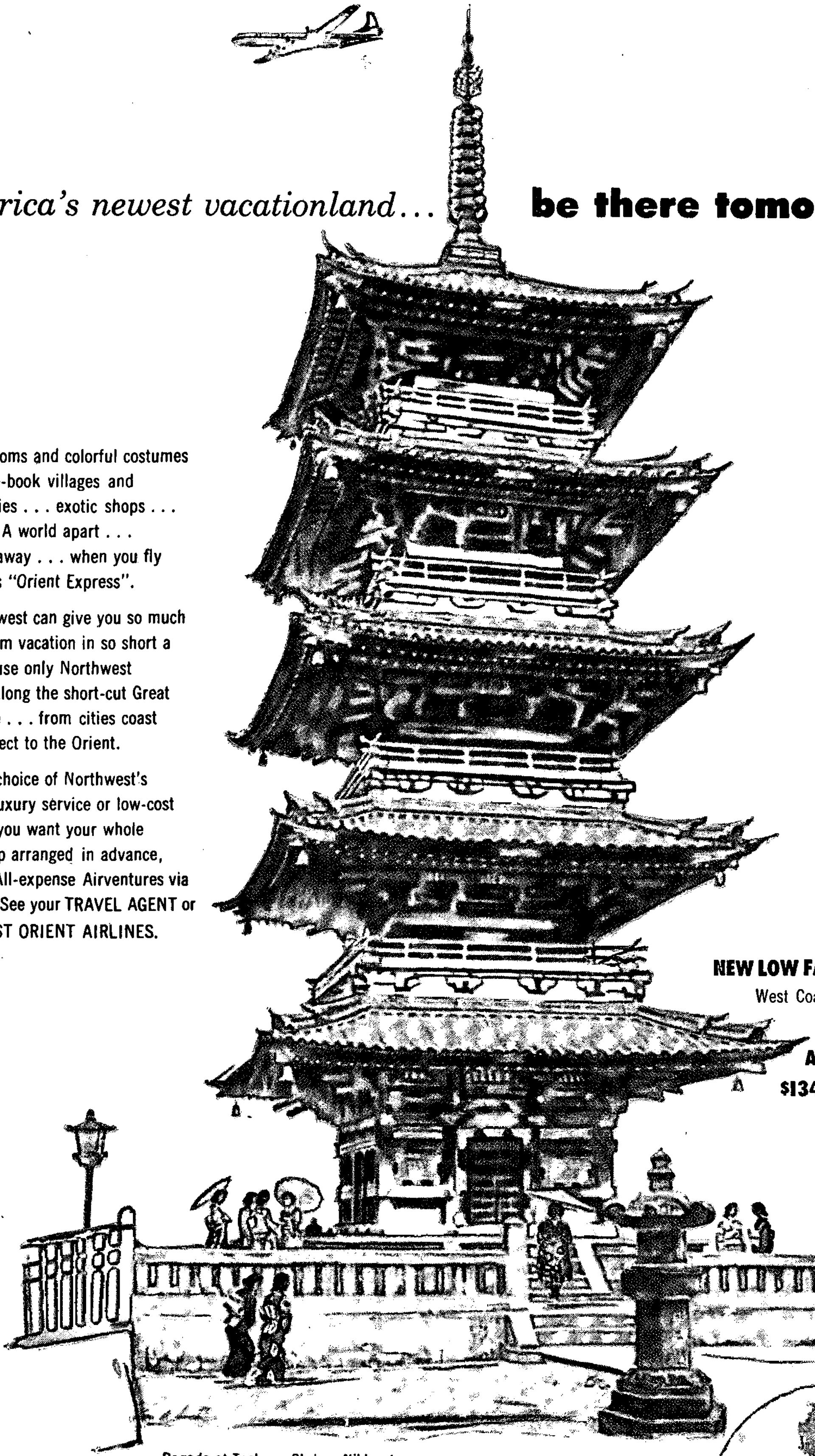
[*From the Brunswick (Maine) Record*]

Both Dr. and Mrs. Monahan are natives of Framingham. They were in the same class in high school and met when their biology teacher told the class to turn around and study the cornea of the eyes of the person behind them.



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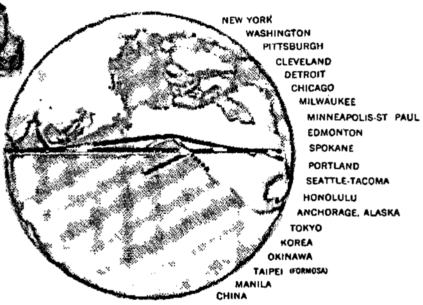
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SWISS AIR LINES

A LION IN THE NIGHT

EVEN before Rosa was divorced and went to live alone in a one-room apartment, she had been afraid of lions in the night, of mice and tigers, and even of dragons behind closet doors. But after she moved things were much worse. There was too much vacancy. She was the only one who touched anything—papers, books, dishes, clothes.

Soon she began worrying for the opposite reason. The cigarette stubs and the ashes in the ashtray when she came home from work—could they all be hers? A rumpled tablecloth—was that the way she had left it in the morning? A loop in the telephone wire that she did not remember, or a handkerchief in a forgotten position on her dressing table in the bathroom, made her stop in dismay. When she entered her apartment, she always waited a moment at the door, giving fair warning of her arrival, so that whatever it was could disappear.

Gradually, however, she became accustomed to living alone, and at times felt almost secure. There were, of course, latches on the windows and a lock on the door, and at bedtime she put Flents in her ears, shutting out the traffic sounds and the moaning of the tugboats on the East River.

Her friends sometimes worried about burglars or men in the street when she insisted on walking home late by herself. She laughingly reassured them. She wasn't afraid of burglars, she said, and she wasn't one of those women who were always imagining they were being followed by a man. She was not that sort at all, she thought; she wasn't frustrated. Her marriage might have been a mistake, but she felt she was still attractive—plump, and not old, and although her black hair was dyed, you couldn't tell it. She would still have suitors.

ONE night, Rosa had gone to bed feeling rather snug. The sound of the tugboats was shut out. The darkness did not spring to life as she put out the light. She slept.

So, later on, when the sound of splintering glass finally penetrated her guarded ears, she refused to believe it. When she heard it again, unmistakably, she opened her eyes and unplugged her ears with impatience. This was a little too much. Whatever it was, it was getting careless, being very slow about disappearing. Really, she said to herself, really . . .

Still drowsy, she let her eyes wander around the dark room, now willing to humor the unknown if its intent was to try her. She gave a long gasp when she saw a shadow looming against the yellow curtains of her narrow casement window. She did not move. There was one more tinkle of glass, and then a hand reached through and turned the handle of the window. So this is it, she thought.

A bulky figure pushed itself with some difficulty through the narrow opening. Why, it's a man, she thought; it's only a man. He stepped nimbly onto a chair in front of the window, and then to the floor, and stood like a djinni in her room. She could see his overcoat, a square box around him, and his bare head bent at an odd, lunging angle, with a dark lock of hair falling, sheer and heavy, over one side of his forehead. She looked at him curiously for a moment, and then thought abruptly: A man in my room. She could not just lie there. She really must do something. But what? She felt deficient in the proper etiquette for such an occasion.

She got out of bed. Should she reach for her robe and slippers? No, he would have to accept her as she was. Her long nightgown was flannel, as concealing as a tent, but her bare feet seemed out of place, and she tried to hide them under the gown. Her hair was in plaits down her back.

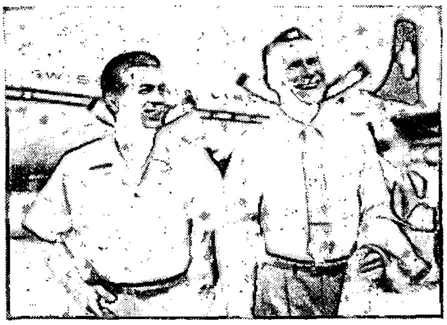
It was a cold, misty night. She could see the mist coming in the window—not the broken casement window, which gave onto the fire escape, but a larger one, which she had left partly open when she went to bed.

The man took a few steps, glanced at her vaguely, and then stood there in the middle of the room, seemingly lost.

They could not just stand there, she thought. One of them must speak first. "Who are you?" she asked. He seemed to be shaking himself. He must have had a tough squeeze getting through that little narrow window, she thought. "What are you doing here?" she continued. "What do you want?"

"Listen," he said. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I know," she said, surprising herself



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with her calmness. Of course he didn't want to hurt her. Why should he? But now that he mentioned it, why not? She trembled a little. "But what—" she began hopefully. Perhaps he could explain it all to her.

"Just let me out of here. I ain't gonna hurt you. I just want to get out," he said.

"But this is *in*," she said. "I mean if you wanted to get *out*, why did you come *in*?"

It had always been a fault of hers to follow up other people's remarks too literally. That had been her downfall in many long arguments with her former husband, and had perhaps driven him to escape. But she wanted to know about this man. Surely she had a right to know.

"Just let me get outa here," he said.

Another thing about her literalness was her feeling she had to treat a request—any request—courteously. So she turned on the table lamp. It was a few steps away, and she had to shuffle carefully to keep her feet hidden.

She and the man studied each other. He had a young, pale face. He must be half my age, she thought. She searched his face for some telltale sign but could find none. He had a prominent nose that was pinched, reddish, and melancholy-looking. A large, colorless wart hung low on one cheek. He swayed slightly, perhaps a little unsettled by the light.

Then he looked at the bed, and she turned and looked, too. The bed seemed so large and white, and on her pillow were the pink wax ear-stoppers. She drew her plaits over her shoulders in embarrassment. Then she looked at him again, almost apologetically, as if to say, Don't mind this, this is the way I make myself comfortable. You see, I wasn't expecting anybody.

She stepped to the door and opened it a few inches. "This is the door," she said.

He took a couple of steps toward her, still swaying. "You're not mad at me?" he said, and put out his hand, almost, but not quite, touching hers.

"No, I'm not mad," she said, and waited for him to go.

He made no move. People were so unreliable, she thought. They never meant what they said. This was almost like dealing with a boring suitor who, his advances dismissed, insists on staying on and trying to make everything right. She simply mustn't let it turn into one of those things. She must be firm. It was too ridiculous to stand there arguing.

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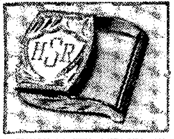

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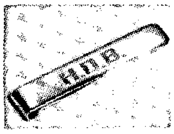

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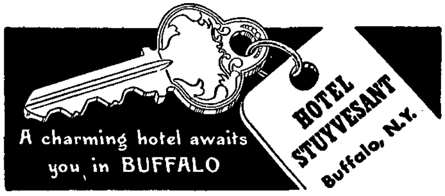
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"But just don't be mad," he said, and swayed a step closer.

No, this really would not do. She had been patient, but now she must assert herself. "Nonsense," she said. "Of course I'm not mad."

He didn't move, but darted looks first toward her, then around the room.

"If you don't go, I'll— I'll call for help," she said rather petulantly.

She opened the door wide, thinking again, suddenly: My nightgown! But now it was certainly too late to go back for her robe. A bit self-consciously, she called out, "Help!"

Instead of echoing through the hall, the cry fell hollowly, swallowed up by the dead air. She tried again, louder. "Help!"

Nothing happened. No doors opened. Still, he would see that she meant what she said. She turned back into the room. "See?" she said, in a cross, quarrelsome tone. "I told you I would."

"All right," he said. His dark lock and melancholy nose pointed downward.

He passed by her, and out, while she held herself commandingly aloof, sweeping to one side her billowing nightdress. She watched as he descended the stairs. A few steps below her, he paused, turned, and looked back at her reproachfully, and then continued on down. She heard the street door close with a dull, grating sound.

She closed her own door, and looked doubtfully about her. Her hand trembled as she lit a cigarette. She was oppressed by a feeling of anticlimax. What a fuss she had made! Her cry for help, now—had that really been necessary? She had a sense of having been too strict, of having applied stern measures over a trifle. He had gone so docilely, she thought. She picked up a book she had been reading before she fell asleep, and turned the pages mechanically. The feeling of deflation persisted. Was this all there was to it? And yet it had been so queer. What *did* he want? What *was* he looking for? And now, under the circumstances, wasn't something else required of her? What, for instance, would she tell her friends? She tried to imagine herself describing what had happened. Of course. The police. Her friends would be sure to ask whether she had called the police.

THE police came—two of them, one in uniform and the other in plain clothes. They questioned her for a long time. Was he a burglar? No, she said, for there was her red drawstring bag in full view on the table near

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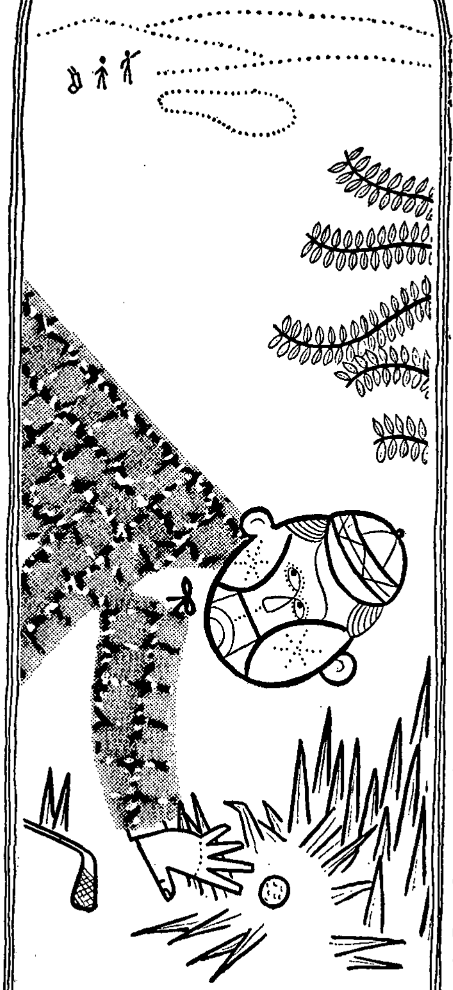

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the casement window. Surely he would have spotted it if he had been a burglar.

"Did he make a pass at you?" the one in plain clothes asked.

She told them what he had said. They appeared unimpressed.

"But he didn't make a pass at you?"

"No." She blushed, thinking of her plaits and her lack of makeup.

"He mighta been a dope fiend, a hophead," the one in uniform said.

She said she didn't know, and felt very ignorant.

"Or he mighta just been lonesome," the one in uniform said, with a laugh. He waited for her to smile, and she did, obediently.

"Why didn't you telephone sooner?" the plainclothesman asked.

"I never thought of it."

"You should have thought of it first thing," he said severely.

"I will next time," she said.

"Well," he said, looking at the shattered window, "you were lucky."

They made her get dressed and go down to headquarters with them. There they showed her pictures of malefactors, neatly arranged in drawers labelled "Second Story Men," "Handkerchief Trick," "Gentleman Johnny," and she looked fearfully and in fascination at the docketed faces: young men with tender, drooping mouths; older men with misshapen features; and scarred and defiant men of all ages. He was not one of these. Illogically, she sighed with relief.

The next day at work, two of her friends, Miss Robinson and Miss Green, asked immediately, "Was he colored?"

"No," Rosa answered.

"You're lucky," they said.

Really, she wished she had told them nothing about it.

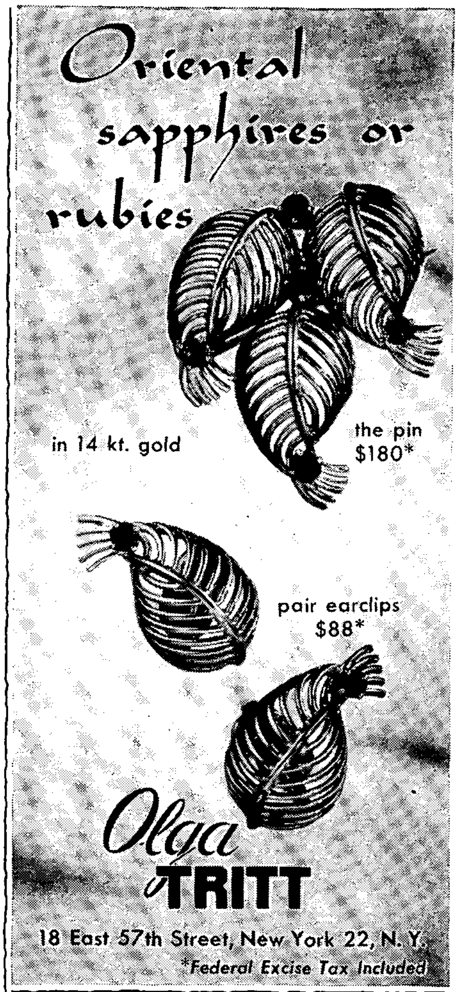
Everybody at the office speculated. If he wasn't a burglar or a rapist or a murderer, what, then? Well, maybe an inexperienced burglar, one of them said. She had to laugh at that.

Rosa visited her friends the Goldsmiths. When dinner was over and their child had been put to bed, she thought it was a good time to tell her story.

"Let's see what they have on 'Suspense,' " said Mrs. Goldsmith idly.

"Listen," Rosa said. "I have a true story to tell you."

Mrs. Goldsmith turned on the television set but kept the volume low. Rosa began to tell her story, and the Goldsmiths prepared to listen politely. But



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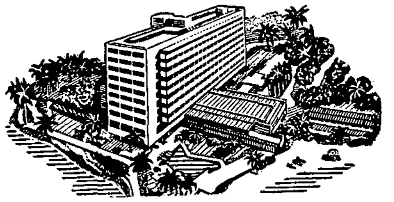

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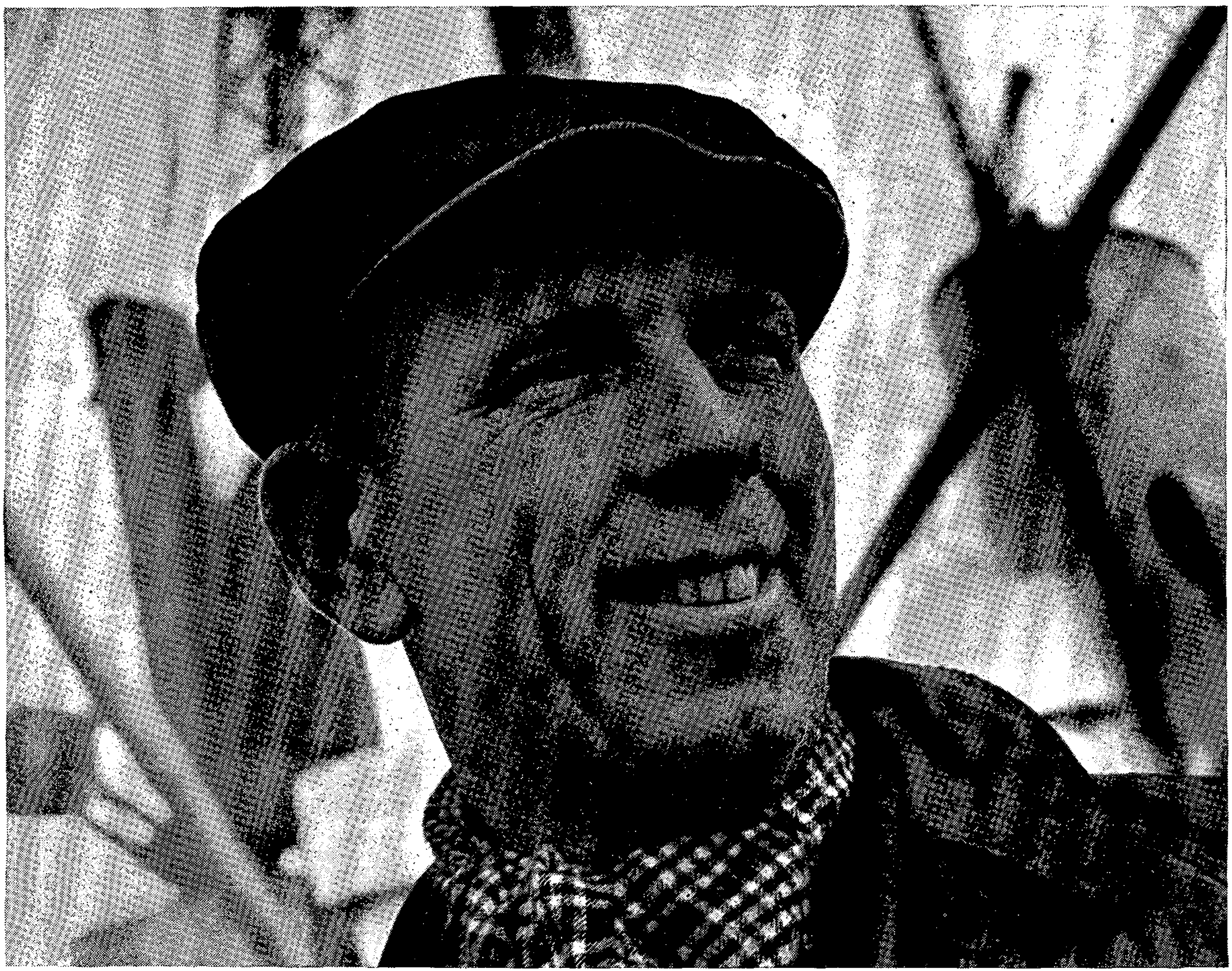
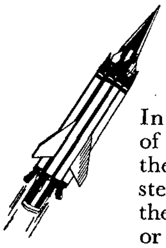


"We must recollect... what it is we have at stake, what it is we have to contend for. It is for our property, it is for our liberty, it is for our independence, nay, for our existence as a nation..."

WILLIAM PITT, 1759-1806.



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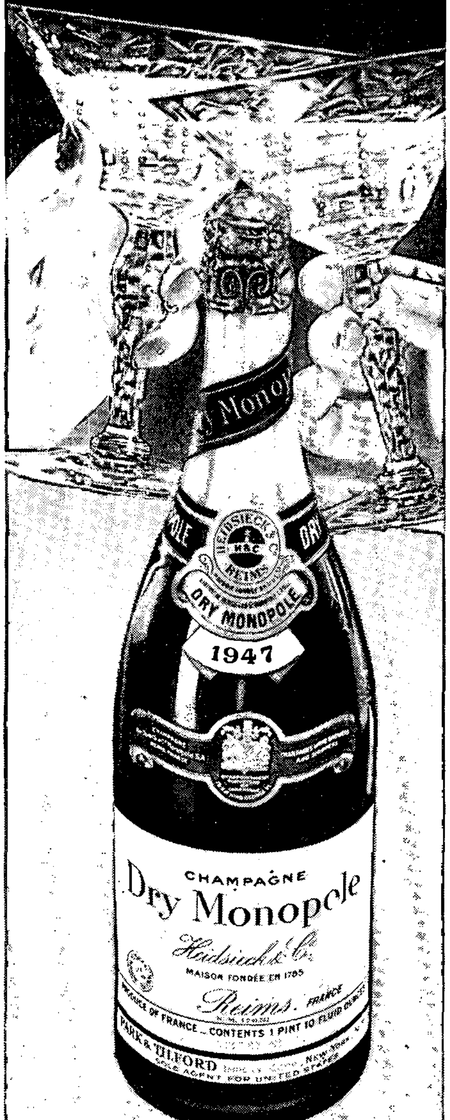

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she could see their eyes straying to the screen, where a young woman was opening her mouth wide, about to scream in terror. What can I offer them, Rosa thought. She hadn't even screamed, much less in terror, unless you counted her cry for help. Nothing had happened, really. Even the policemen had been skeptical; only the broken window had moved them. The Goldsmiths didn't notice when her story petered out, and they saw the program to the end.

"Weren't you telling me something?" Mrs. Goldsmith asked.

"Oh, it wasn't much. Someone broke into my apartment," said Rosa.

Then they did try to make amends, by listening with great care. "You'd better get another lock on your door," said Mr. Goldsmith, finally. "One of those Yale locks, not the rotary kind."

Rosa nodded.

It was several days before the janitor could get the window permanently repaired. Rosa didn't mind, and she didn't change the lock on her door.

Everywhere she went, she searched for him, or for someone to match him. For instance, that young and harried waiter at the restaurant near her office. She substituted the face of her midnight visitor for his, and it fitted without much trouble, but it faded away just as easily. Or the young salesman at Bloomingdale's. Or the man in the elevator of her office building. What did her visitor do when he was not roaming around at night, she wondered. Where did he sleep? After a time, she looked for him less often, or not at all for days together. She even forgot to look for a stirring at the curtains.

But at night, lying in her bed in the darkness, she often thought of a nose pinched with melancholy, a wart white as tallow, and a pale hand slowly extended.

"Don't be mad at me," she could hear a voice say.

"I'm not mad," she would whisper, but then a face would look at her reproachfully from the stairs.

—Anna Guest

•

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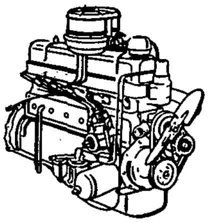

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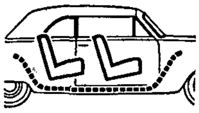

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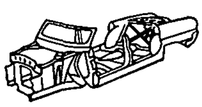

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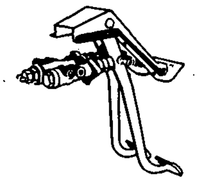

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AN E IN THE SEVENTH BAR

AMONG the world's great composers, Joseph Haydn is the least familiar to us, both as a man and as an artist. No complete edition of his works exists; only a tenth of his manuscripts have been printed; of his hundred and four symphonies, fewer than a dozen—No. 88, the "Oxford," the "Surprise," the "Military," the "Clock," and the "Drum Roll," to name more than half of them—are regularly performed. On the other hand, almost three hundred works that once circulated under Haydn's name have turned out to be unauthentic. One of the best-known facts about him, which has gained currency simply by virtue of its ghoulishness, is that for nearly a century and a half his skull has had one resting place and the remainder of his bones another. "It is strange that the personality and work of the friendliest and most approachable of composers should be so imperfectly known," Rosemary Hughes, a recent Haydn biographer, has written.

Since Haydn's death, fate seems to have tried to compensate for making his life a long and rich one. Unlike Mozart and Schubert, who often didn't know where their next florin was coming from, Haydn, except for a short stretch of poverty in his early youth, had no money worries. He had security and good health; he lived seventy-seven years, composed almost every day, and turned out an amazing amount of work. Nobody knows just how much. In addition to his symphonies, he is thought to have written twenty-four operas and Singspiels, eighty-four string quartets (one came to light as late as 1931), fifty-two piano sonatas, at least twenty concertos for various instruments, fourteen Masses, thirty-one piano trios, about a hundred and seventy-five pieces for the baritone (a species of viol), and well over two hundred *divertimenti* for chamber ensembles. He also arranged hundreds of Scottish, Welsh, and English songs. And this list is by no means complete. For years, there has been considerable confusion about what Haydn did and did not compose. When he became famous, some less prominent members of the composing fraternity began to write symphonies in the style of Haydn and palm them off as genuine Haydn. Writing "Haydn symphonies" became such a profitable business that the incomplete "Joseph Haydn's Works," published in eleven volumes between 1907 and 1933 by Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipzig, lists thirty-six symphonies as "doubtful" and thirty-eight as "wrongly attributed to Haydn."

The search for genuine Haydn compositions, one of the great treasure hunts in musical history, was started during the middle of the last century by C. F. Pohl, librarian of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde (Society of the Friends of Music), in Vienna, and it is still going on. Interest in Haydn's music started picking up some twenty years ago, and since then more of it has been performed than was performed during the whole preceding century. A number of experts have been trying to dispel the mysteries that cloud Haydn's work, and of these one of the most enthusiastic and certainly the youngest is H. C. Robbins Landon, a twenty-seven-year-old musicologist from Boston, who five years ago organized the Haydn Society for the purpose of making records of Haydn's unfamiliar compositions, selling them, and using the profits to publish a complete edition of his works. Landon now lives in Vienna, Haydn's favorite city.

I have been living in Vienna myself off and on during the past year, and have frequently run into Landon at concerts, at chamber-music evenings, and at the State Opera. He always has some fascinating new item of information about the great composer. I am a Haydn fan, too; as an amateur chamber-music violinist, I am fond of, and grateful to, Haydn, because his string quartets are the salvation of all such amateurs. When four people play together for the first time and want to feel out one another's abilities, or when four players who are sufficiently well acquainted to spend an exhausting evening with Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, or Dvořák find themselves tired but still in the mood for "one for the road," the choice is almost always Haydn. Like a bottle of old claret, one of the fine Haydn quartets leaves everybody with a happy, airy feeling. I've often wished I could have been present at one of the quartet evenings in Mozart's apartment in Vienna, at which Haydn played first violin, Mozart played the viola, and Karl Dit-

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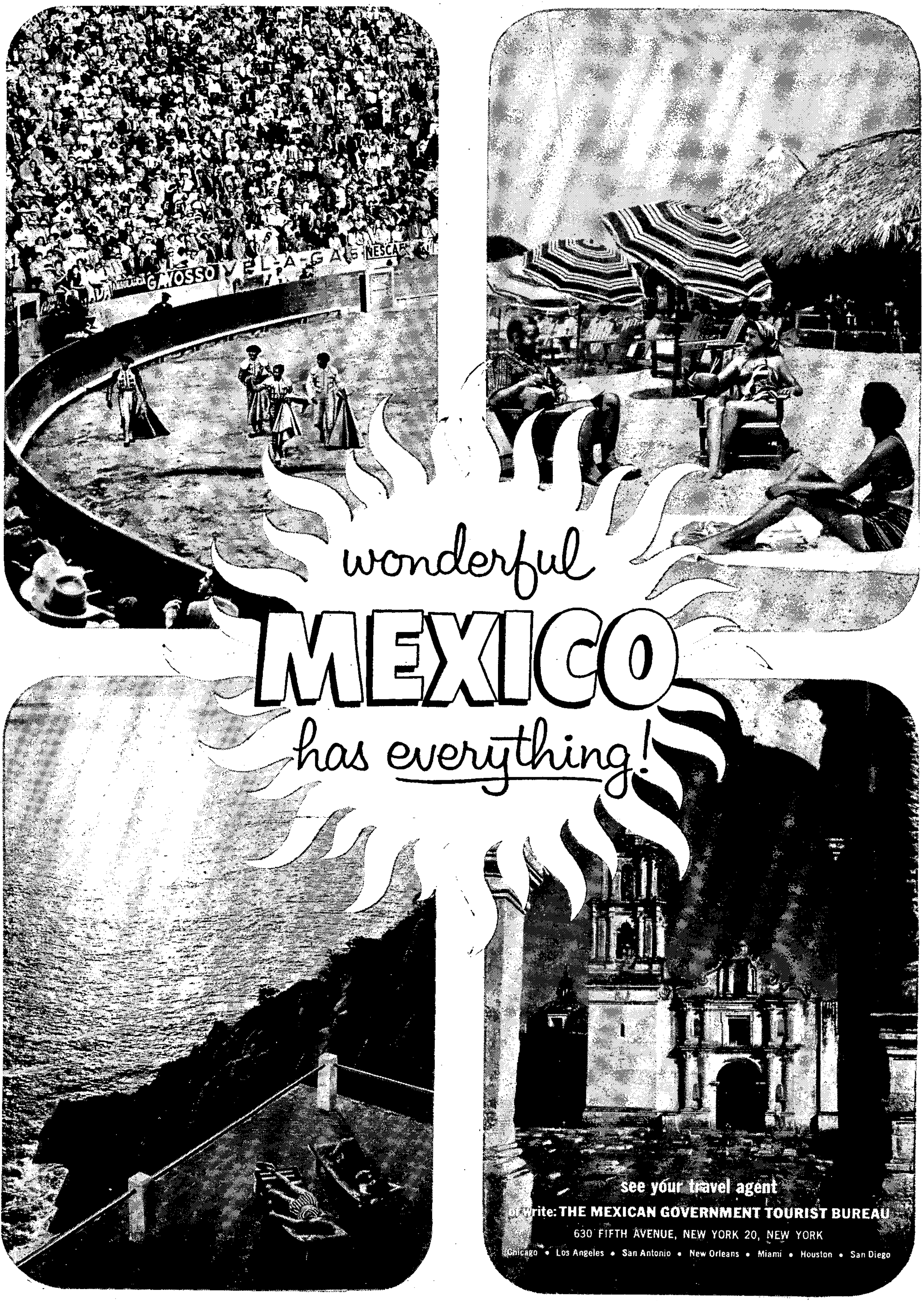
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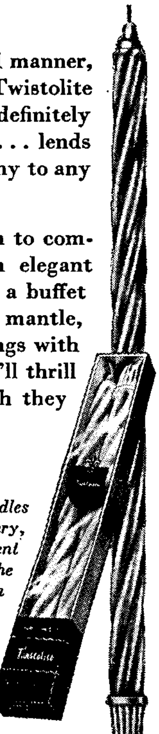

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ters von Dittersdorf and Johann Baptist Wanhal, two other composers, played second violin and cello. It must have been quite a foursome.

LANDON and his wife live in two large, comfortable rooms of an old house overlooking Vienna's Stadtpark. During the summer, an orchestra plays in the park every afternoon and evening, but since it rarely plays Haydn, Landon considers it an intrusion on his peace and quiet. The Landons' rooms are filled with Haydn pictures, Haydn prints, Haydn books, Haydn music, and Haydn records, and in the living room is a harpsichord like the one Haydn used to play while simultaneously conducting his orchestra for his patron, Prince Nicholas (the Magnificent) Esterházy. (Conducting achieved the status of an art in itself only toward the beginning of the nineteenth century.) Mrs. Landon, a Viennese harpsichordist who performs under her maiden name, Christa Fuhrmann, has played the harpsichord in several Haydn recordings that her husband has produced. The Landons feel a close personal relationship with Haydn. They live, talk, work, and dream Haydn. They celebrate Haydn's birthday. In conversation, they seldom use Haydn's name, referring to the composer simply as "he" or "him." Haydn has been dead for a hundred and forty-five years, but to the Landons he is a beloved member of the family.

Landon has devoted more than half of his young life to Haydn. His aim is to collect and publish everything Haydn ever wrote, and to get it all on records, too, except for some plainly inferior work. He is a huge, friendly, high-spirited fellow who often gets carried away by his own enthusiasm and always talks prestissimo when he discusses his hero, which, of course, is most of the time. His devotion to Haydn dates back to 1940, when, at the age of thirteen, he was a pupil at the Asheville School, in North Carolina. His music teacher there used to complain that no one cared about Haydn. Landon decided to care. While his friends were playing baseball or hanging around the corner drugstore, he was busy reading all he could find on Haydn. His father, William Grinnell Landon, a well-known designer of railroad locomotives in Boston, gently humored what he thought of as a passing whim. Young Landon wanted to major in Haydn and get his degree in Haydn, but no American college offered enough courses dealing with the subject, so he settled for piano and music appreciation

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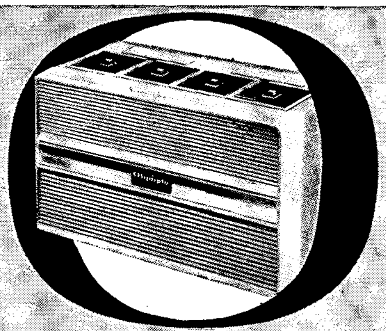

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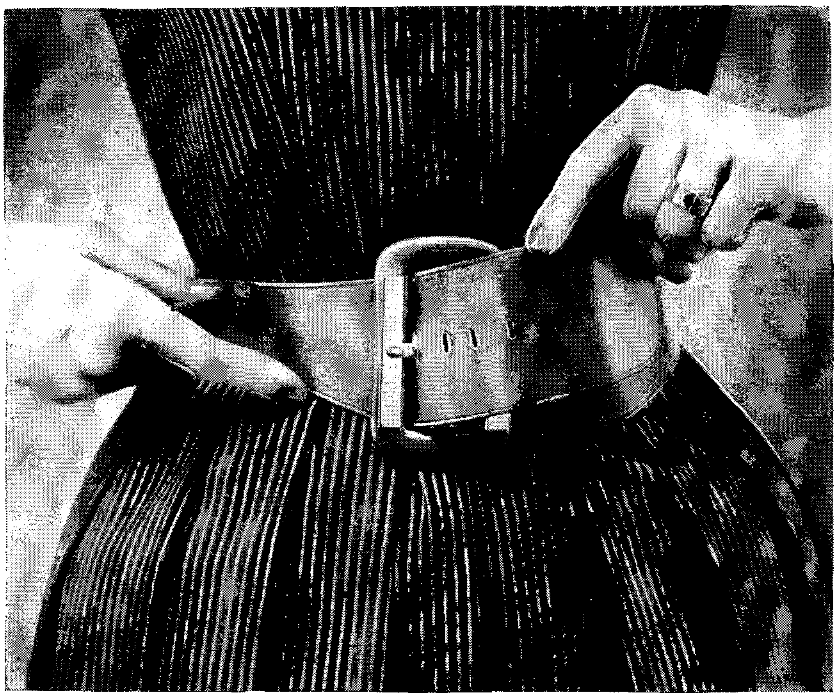

Here's how a sensible use of sugar and the good things containing it can raise your blood sugar level—help you stick to your diet

Research scientists at a leading university have discovered that, if you are a healthy person, your blood sugar level plays a most important part in your body's own weight-control system.

What this means to you, if your weight is normal, is that you can go right on enjoying as much sugar in your foods and beverages as you always have—without worrying about it or any other food "making you fat."

But if you are *overweight,* a moderate use of sugar in your diet may actually be *more effective* in helping you reduce than no-calorie artificial sweeteners.

Nature's "hunger regulator"

There is only one kind of calories that can make you fat. These are the *extra* calories you get when you *overeat.* And one of the most effective things you can do to help keep from overeating is deliberately to eat or drink something sweetened with sugar just before a meal, or during the early part of a meal.

The scientific reason for this, just now becoming more clearly understood, is that your *blood sugar level* acts as a hunger regulator. When it is *low* your appetite is geared up to a hearty, heavy meal with second helpings. When your blood sugar level is *high,* your appetite is slowed down to a one-helping pace.

Eating a big meal, even if it contained no sugar at all, would eventually raise your blood sugar level to the point where it would "shut off" your appetite. But the big idea is to raise it quickly—before you've already eaten too much.

Sugar is absorbed almost *instantly*—faster than any other food. That's why even an 18 calorie teaspoonful in your coffee or tea can make it easier for you to turn down several times as many calories later on.

Helps make a small meal more satisfying

There is still another reason, based on a quite different nutritional principle, why overweight people are often told to include a simple dessert in their drastically curtailed calorie allowance. It is the fact that a meal that contains some sugar has a greater *satisfaction value* than the same meal without sugar. The sense of satisfaction stays with you for a longer time, helps to keep you from getting as hungry between meals.

No "magic" short cuts to losing weight

Many people feel that using a sugar substitute or giving up their favorite dessert is all they have to do to solve their overweight problem. Actually, reducing isn't that easy, although anything that will make it easier for you to stick faithfully to your diet (as sugar can) is a big help. Losing weight *does* require *dieting,* and your diet should be planned by a doctor. He will tell you that there are no "magic secrets" or safe and sure "short cuts" to reducing. But follow his advice and you *will* lose weight.

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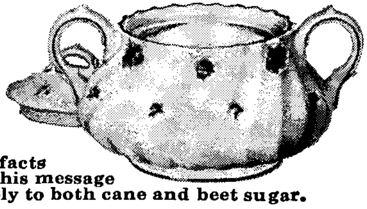

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at Williams. After one semester, he switched to Swarthmore, and later to Boston University, because the head of its Department of History, Theory, and Literature of Music was (as he is today) Karl Geiringer, formerly of Vienna, whom Landon considers the greatest Haydn authority in America.

In 1947, Landon came to Vienna in search of Haydn, and, to support himself, got a job with the Army writing a history of the United States forces in Austria. He spent all his spare time in the archives of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, examining Haydn manuscripts. He was distressed by the fact that of Haydn's hundred and four symphonies, some, between No. 49 and No. 82, had never been published, and it was at this time that he made up his mind to publish a complete edition. At that point, he had exactly a hundred and seventy-nine dollars to spend on the job—a job that he now thinks will run to sixty-five volumes and cost at least three hundred thousand dollars. As a starter, Landon, with the help of a few friends, set up the Haydn Society, which was incorporated in Massachusetts and has offices in Boston, New York, and Vienna.

The Haydn Society's first recordings, made in Vienna, sold well in America—particularly "The Creation" and the "Nelson" Mass. But they didn't sell well enough. Although recording is less expensive in Vienna than in the United States, Landon soon ran out of money. Then an acquaintance of his who was working for the American Army in Vienna invested thirteen thousand dollars in the Society, impressed by Landon's earnest claim that profits would "pyramid faster than those from California real estate." They didn't, but at least the investor got his money back. Next, a wealthy uncle of Landon's came forward with fifteen thousand dollars, which helped pay for two volumes of Haydn published by the Society. In 1952, another financial crisis threatened, and Landon began to wonder whether he would have to go home and look for a non-Haydn job, but just then the uncle died, leaving him a trust fund that makes it practically certain he will be able to devote the rest of his life to Haydn.

NOT long ago, Landon called me up and invited me to go down with him to Eisenstadt, a small provincial capital in the Soviet Zone of Austria, thirty miles southeast of Vienna, where Haydn spent almost thirty years of his life as *Kapellmeister* of the

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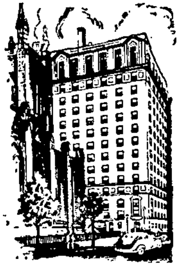

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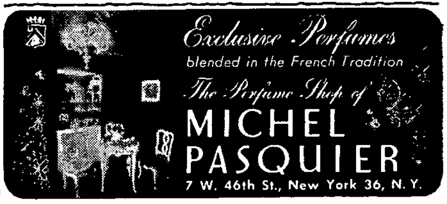

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princely household at the Esterházy castle. Landon said that there was a first edition of Haydn's Symphony No. 44 at Haydn's house in Eisenstadt, and that he wanted to find out whether a certain note in the seventh bar of the final movement was an E or an F sharp. I like people who undertake trips like that to settle matters like that, and I told him I'd be glad to go along.

The next morning, Landon called for me in his car, exuberant at the prospect of a reunion with Haydn. As soon as we got under way, he told me that he and his wife had just pulled off a major Haydn coup. "We'd been searching a long time for early copies of Haydn's two main choral works—'The Seasons' and 'The Creation,' " he said. "The autographs are lost, but there were believed to be good copies somewhere in Vienna. We'd known for quite a while that Haydn occasionally conducted his works at the concerts of the Tonkünstlersocietät, and that in the nineteenth century this became the Haydn Verein. A couple of days ago, we learned that the Haydn Verein had disbanded in 1927, and transferred its manuscripts to the Vienna City Library. We went to the librarian and asked him if we could see the Haydn stuff. He said that the manuscripts were stored somewhere in the cellar in two big wooden boxes and that he'd never got around to taking a look at them. He didn't think there was anything of importance there. We kept after him until he agreed to have one of the boxes brought up to his office. I opened it, and there was a wonderful copy of 'The Creation' made by Johann Elssler—Elssler was Haydn's servant and copyist—with corrections and revisions in Haydn's own handwriting. The score and all the parts. Goodness, we were delirious! It was late, but the librarian took us down to the cellar and we opened the other box. Sure enough, there was an Elssler copy of the score of 'The Seasons' and parts for an orchestra of a hundred and six, including triple woodwinds and twenty first violins—over ten thousand pages all told. Haydn's revisions were often very revealing. For instance, in 'The Creation,' when the chorus sings, 'And there was light,' Haydn originally did not use a trombone, but in the corrected version he added three trombones at the word 'light,' for more power. Wonderful stuff."

We turned down Vienna's Triesterstrasse and soon left the city behind. "It took Haydn about a month to write a symphony and three months to write

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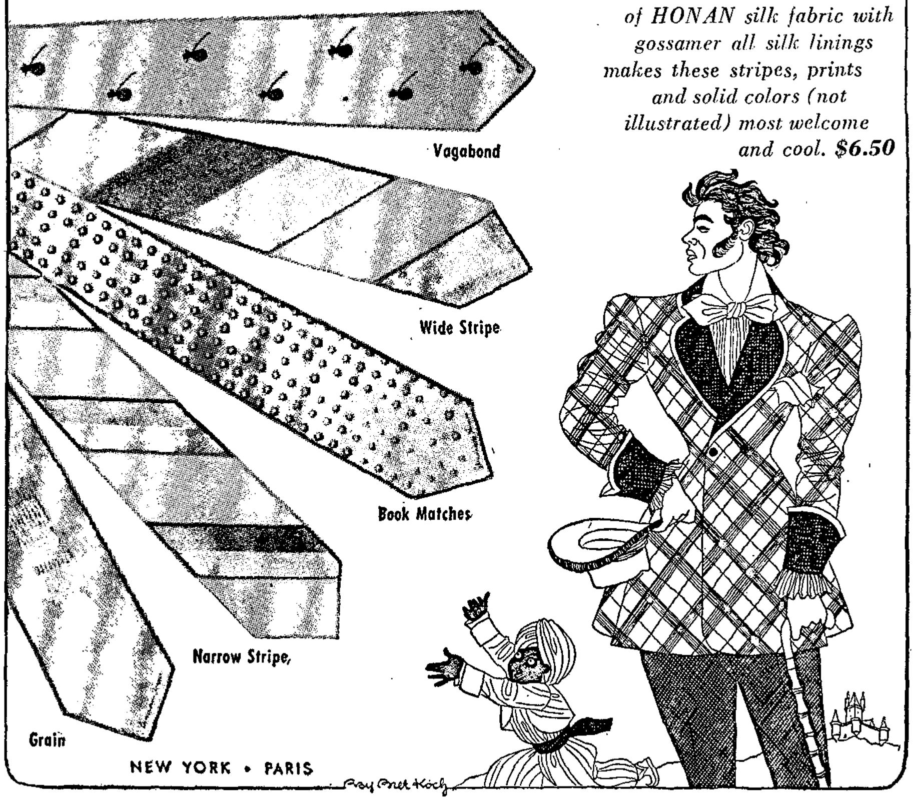

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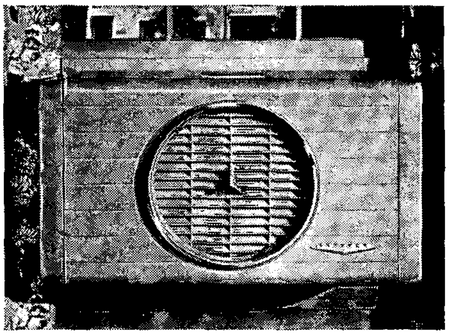

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a Mass," Landon said. "He was a hardworking guy. He'd start in right after breakfast—around eight o'clock, usually—by playing the harpsichord to put him in the mood. Then he'd sketch new compositions until eleven-thirty. After lunch and a walk, he'd start in again at around four in the afternoon, when he did most of the scoring. He'd work until eight, go out for another walk, come back at nine, work another hour, and have supper at ten—just bread and a glass of wine. By midnight, he'd be in bed. And in spite of this rigorous schedule, it took him eighteen months to compose 'The Creation.'"

The dean of Haydn scholars, Landon told me, is Jens Peter Larsen, a Dane who is said to know by heart three-quarters of everything Haydn wrote. "Larsen is a giant," Landon said. "He spent ten years of his life in various monastery libraries and in other archives and collections looking at Haydn autographs and copies. I met him for the first time in 1949, when I went to Copenhagen. He came down to the station to pick me up. When I got off the train, I recognized him from his pictures, all right—he's a gray-haired, dignified-looking man—but he certainly wasn't expecting anything like me. I went over and introduced myself, and I must say it was quite a shock for the poor fellow. We hit it off fine, though, once we sat down in his library and started talking Haydn. We've seen a lot of each other since. Christa and I got married in his house—sometime in March or April of '51; I always forget the date. Several Haydn experts sent messages congratulating me. Larsen sent one himself, signed 'Stalin' and offering Christa and me free use of the Haydn autographs in Moscow, provided we proved that Haydn was a Russian. That's a real Haydn joke."

Between Vienna and Baden, the famous spa frequently visited by the Kaiser and the Imperial Court, we met a number of cars, mostly Buicks and Tatras, with Soviet license plates, all hurtling along at formidable speeds. We drove through dreary villages where Red Army trucks were parked in driveways, and once we saw a small castle that had been turned into a Kommandantura. The entrance was hung with Communist banners and a large red star. There are believed to be forty thousand Russian occupation troops stationed in Austria, and a large proportion of them are billeted in the poorest villages—because, some Austrians say, "they look so much like home to the Russians."

Presently, vineyards appeared on

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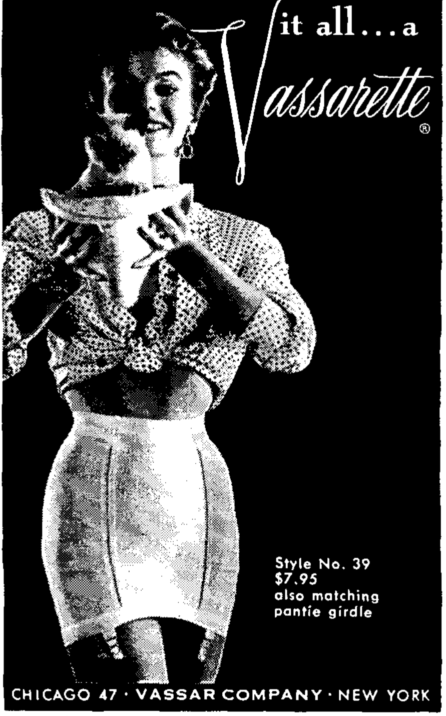

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both sides of the road, and before long we came to a blue-and-white sign informing us that we were entering Eisenstadt. We drove past the domed Bergkirche, where Haydn's bones, minus skull, are buried, and past the church of the Barmherzigen Brüder, where he used to play the organ and for which he wrote the "Kleine Orgelmesse." Though Eisenstadt is the capital of Burgenland Province, it is a sleepy small town, with a population of only seven thousand. The upper part of the town is dominated by the Esterházy castle, with its yellow baroque façade, four bell towers, and Tuscan columns bordering its entrance. The castle was taken over by the Red Army in 1945, but the Russians later leased it to the provincial government of Burgenland to use as offices. We pulled up in front of the entrance and got out. The large hall where Haydn conducted his music is on the ground floor, and Landon eagerly led me to it. "Not much has been changed here since the days of Haydn," he said in an awed tone. "The floor boards are the same, for instance. Imagine, Haydn walked on these very boards a hundred and ninety years ago! Haydn and his twelve-piece orchestra—three violins, a cello, a double bass, a flute, two oboes, two bassoons, and two horns—sat right there," he went on, pointing to a platform at the far end of the hall. "They wore the uniform of the household—blue and gold, with white stockings—and they weren't treated much better than lackeys. According to his contract, Haydn had to compose whatever works His Highness might require, and he presented himself in the antechamber daily for orders. The court musicians had to perform two operas and two concerts a week, and Haydn had to coach the singers, rehearse the orchestra, and practice for the Sunday Mass. Besides all that, he was responsible for the upkeep of the instruments and the music library. It was a tough routine and would have finished a lesser man. But nothing could keep Haydn's genius down. Not even the hunting lodge the Prince converted into a castle that was to rival Versailles, with an opera house for four hundred people, a coffeehouse, a theatre, a frescoed hall, a picture gallery, a library, and all the necessary terraces, cascades, and vistas. It would probably have been a magnificent social success anywhere except where it was—twenty-five miles from here, in the middle of nowhere. Still, the Empress Maria Theresa did visit the place, in 1773, and heard the Symphony No. 48 in C Major and the

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operas 'L'infedeltà delusa' and 'Philemon and Baucis.' Haydn composed and produced all three of them in her honor. He and his musicians hated the place. They called it 'the desert.' But the Prince insisted on spending several months of every year there because of the fine shooting. In 1772, at a time when the musicians were feeling particularly lonely there, Haydn wrote his 'Farewell' Symphony—No. 45 in F Sharp Minor. The orchestra played it for the Prince, and when they got to the final movement, one musician after another blew out the candle on his music rack and tiptoed away, until only the first and second violinists were left. The Prince got the hint and gave orders to pack up and return to Eisenstadt. Now let's go and see some of the rest of the town."

We drove past a Haydn cinema, a Haydn drugstore, and a Haydn library, and turned in to Haydngasse, a quiet side lane lined with modest white-painted two-story houses. Landon stopped the car in front of one of them, which bore a sign reading "HAYDN MUSEUM." We got out, and he rang the bell. After a while, the door was opened by an elderly lady with gray hair and a reddish face. Landon introduced her to me as Fräulein Rose Hyden (pronounced "Heedn"), the government-appointed caretaker and guide, who lives on the premises and looks after the house.

"How have you been, Fräulein Hyden?" he asked her. "And how is Papa Haydn this morning? I've come to look up something very important in one of his scores."

"You're forever doing that," said Fräulein Hyden. "What is it this time?"

"An argument with my wife," Landon told her. "Christa claims that one of the notes in the seventh bar of the final movement of the Symphony No. 44 is an E, and I say it's an F sharp."

"I'm sure she's right," said Fräulein Hyden. "Come in."

We walked through a stone-paved entrance corridor that opened on a courtyard. On one of the walls, I noticed a plaque that read, "To Joseph Haydn, who lived in this house from 1766 to 1778—our immortal fellow-citizen whose creative genius carried from these narrow walls to the great world outside." We climbed an exterior staircase that led from the courtyard to the four-room apartment on the second floor where Haydn had lived with his wife. The apartment, now the museum, is filled with pictures and prints, and

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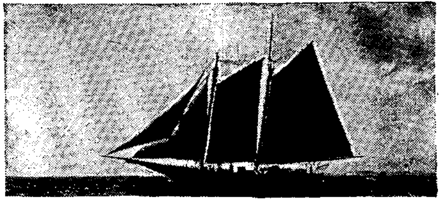

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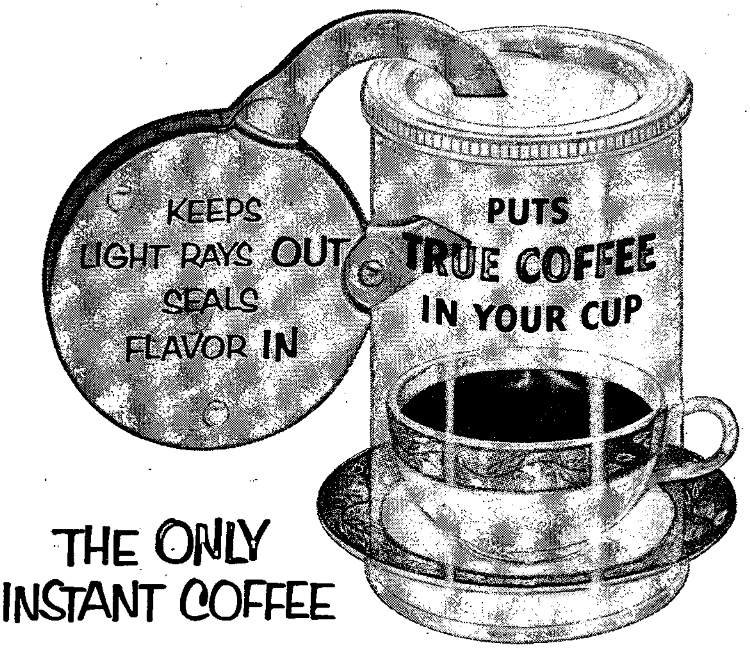
programs of important performances of Haydn's work, including one of "The Creation" in Nanking in 1936. The only autographs in the museum are of a march and a German dance, which were displayed in a case. Next to them was a copy of Haydn's opera "Armida" made by Elssler and corrected and revised by Haydn. On the page lying open, Haydn had written a note explaining exactly how he wanted the "fp" (forte-piano) to be performed.

Landon opened a drawer in a cabinet and took out a pile of first editions. Fräulein Hyden brought me the visitors' book and asked me to sign, adding that she'd been keeping the book for over fifteen years. Many of her Russian visitors had not only signed their names but had written long tributes to Haydn. "There were over ten thousand Russian troops here in the summer of '45," she said. "I guess it wasn't always pleasant for the younger women. But I must say they were all very nice when they came up here."

I examined some of the Russian entries that were written in German. One read: "The great Haydn is generally admired and widely popular in the Soviet Union. As I looked at his small house, I was reminded of my years in school and as a musician." And another: "Never did I dare hope that someday I would have an opportunity to see an autograph of the great Haydn. The sight excited me. We from Moscow pay tribute to the great composer whose works belong to the people everywhere. Many thanks for the interesting lecture. Everything we saw here proves to us the greatness of Haydn." And a third: "When I saw the home of the great composer Haydn, I, a Soviet soldier, stood in silent admiration. We Soviet people honor the immortal Haydn and hope that the Austrian nation will honor his memory by playing his works often in concerts and over the radio."

Fräulein Hyden and I strolled about the museum for a quarter of an hour or so while Landon went on with his work. Suddenly he came running up to us, waving the first edition of the Symphony No. 44. "It's an E!" he exclaimed. "Christa was right! I'm glad to have that settled. Now let me tell you about the skull." He whisked me over to a chest on which stood a plaster cast of a human skull. "A copy of Haydn's, which is still in Vienna," he said. "It's a weird story. Haydn died in Vienna on May 31, 1809, and was buried there in the Hundsthurm Cemetery. Two nights later, his close friend Josef Carl



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Rosenbaum went to his grave. No one knows exactly what happened, but Rosenbaum left after a few hours, carrying Haydn's head under his arm. He was a prominent student of phrenology, and he wanted to preserve Haydn's cranium for scientific study. The theft was discovered eleven years later, in 1820, when Prince Nicholas Esterházy II, the grandson of Haydn's patron, had Haydn's body exhumed in order to bring it to Eisenstadt and bury it. Well, as you can imagine, there was quite a scandal. The police suspected Rosenbaum at once, and searched his house, but they couldn't find the skull. Frau Rosenbaum, who was in bed pretending to be ill, had it hidden under her mattress. Prince Esterházy offered to pay Rosenbaum for the skull, and Rosenbaum sent him a skull, which was buried with Haydn's bones. Then the Prince refused to pay, claiming that it would be ransom money, but Rosenbaum had the last laugh, because the skull he'd sent the Prince wasn't Haydn's. Before his death, Rosenbaum confessed the whole thing, and bequeathed the genuine skull to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. It's still there. For more than a century, various Princes of Esterházy have tried to get the skull back so they could bury it with the rest of Haydn's bones at the Bergkirche. But so far they've had no luck."

"It's not *nice* of them," Fräulein Hyden said with conviction. "The skull belongs to us here."

Landon shrugged. "What difference does it make, Fräulein Hyden?" he said. "The inscription on Haydn's mausoleum says that his sweet melodies will preserve his memory long after the stones of his tomb have crumbled. That's the way I feel about it, too."

—Joseph Wechsberg

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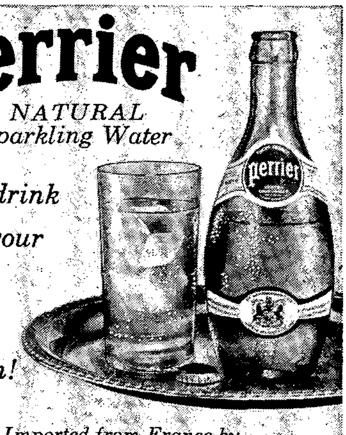

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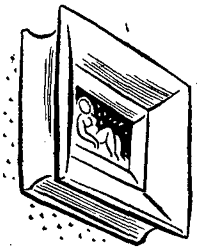
THE ART GALLERIES

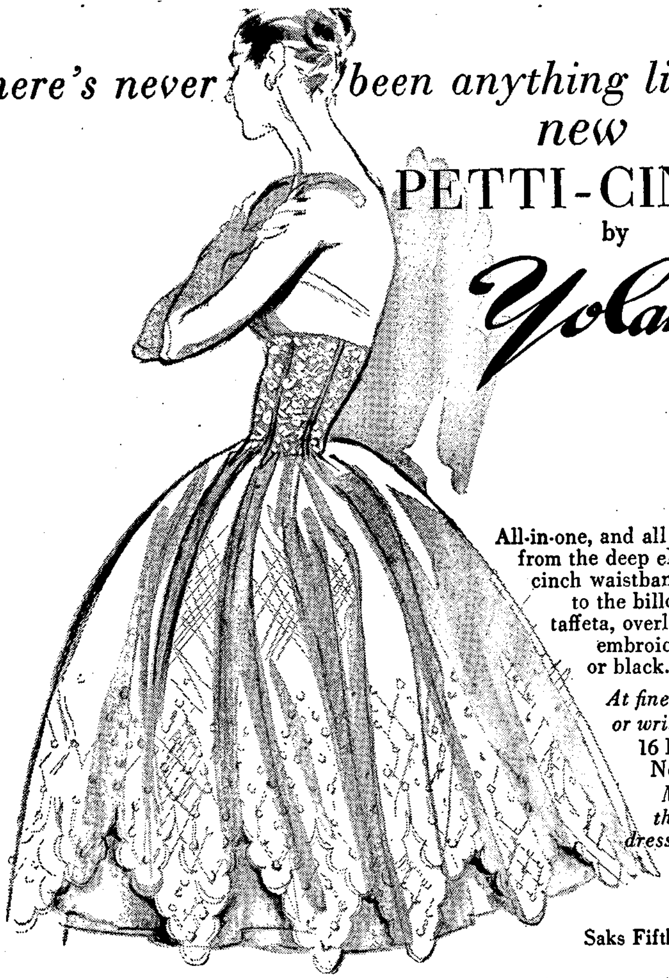
The Nineteenth Century And Today



INTEREST in nineteenth-century American painting, which has so long been neglected, has for some time been growing steadily, and now it seems to be spreading as well. Even the Europeans have become interested, and a year or so ago the American Federation of Arts, at the request of a number of German museums and with the support of our State Department, got together a loan collection of works from that period for exhibition abroad. It's back now and on view at the Whitney, after a tour that included seven cities in Germany and Italy, and I must say that it makes an admirable showing. It is also an unusually well-arranged one.

Nineteenth-century painting in this country, as we're only beginning to realize fully, is a fairly complex and diversified subject, and the product of a turbulent era in our national development. Four major wars formed its background, and a surge of expansion that carried us just about all the way across the continent, while in the field of international relations it saw us rise from a struggling ex-colony to a world power in our own right; and though none of this, or almost none, appears explicitly in the paintings of the time (art, in those days, was not as outspoken politically or socially as it is now), one gets occasional glimpses of its effects—in, for instance, the far greater confidence and sophistication displayed at the end of the century as compared with the beginning; in the change from romanticism to realism that followed the Civil War, and the wave of humanitarian interest that began, slightly earlier, with the breakup of the old Federalist rule and the rise of Jacksonian democracy; and, of course, most of all, in the wonderful boom-time expansionist fervor that colors so much of the landscape painting.

The show threads its way through these sometimes conflicting trends with intelligence and lucidity and, despite its size (eighty-nine paintings are listed), with a brisk compactness, too. Only a few early portraits are shown, in con-



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trast with most such collections, which tend to be overloaded with them. But these few are all excellent examples, from the restrained "Mrs. John Williams," by Gilbert Stuart, to the equally handsome, if more atmospheric, "William Cullen Bryant," by Samuel F. B. Morse; and the space thus saved leaves extra room for exploration of the more complicated developments that came later. The Hudson River and other mid-century landscapists are given particularly good representation, as are the genre painters of about the same period, and since both these schools are favorites of mine, I lingered longest among them—being most pleased by such pieces in the first group as Thomas Cole's "The Titan's Goblet" and "View Near Ticonderoga," Martin J. Heade's "Lake George," and the really grandiose "View of the Kaaterskill House," by Jasper F. Cropsey; and in the second by George Caleb Bingham's "The Trappers' Return" and Richard Caton Woodville's "War News from Mexico."

Without insisting on it, the selection in the first group manages to bring out a suggestion of that almost surrealist feeling one finds in so many of the nineteenth-century landscapists. Cole, of course, had a natural bent for the fantastic, and in "The Titan's Goblet" he exploited it deliberately. But in the others the fantasy was, so to speak, unconscious—a product, really, of the artist's awe at the scenic majesty he saw around him—and as a result their pictorial exaggerations (Lake George appears as big as Lake Titicaca, and the Kaaterskill House, a no doubt quite comfortable hostelry, looks like an outpost in the jungle) have the innocent ebullience of the exaggerations of a child. There's no straining for effect, in other words; it all comes out naturally, and it's principally this, I think, that sets them apart from the more academic contemporary celebrators of the grandiose who follow in their footsteps.

There's a fine William M. Harnett ("Old Models," of a violin, a trumpet, and some other of his favorite still-life trappings) to stand for the American *trompe-l'œil* school, and the end-of-the-century artists—Eakins, Ryder, Homer, and so on—are also well represented. I liked especially Eakins' "The Swimming Hole," with its marvellous fluency of design, as well as his almost uncannily penetrating portrait called "Addie," while among the Homers the range is from the fairly early genre painting called "Snap the Whip" to such late and extremely powerful ex-

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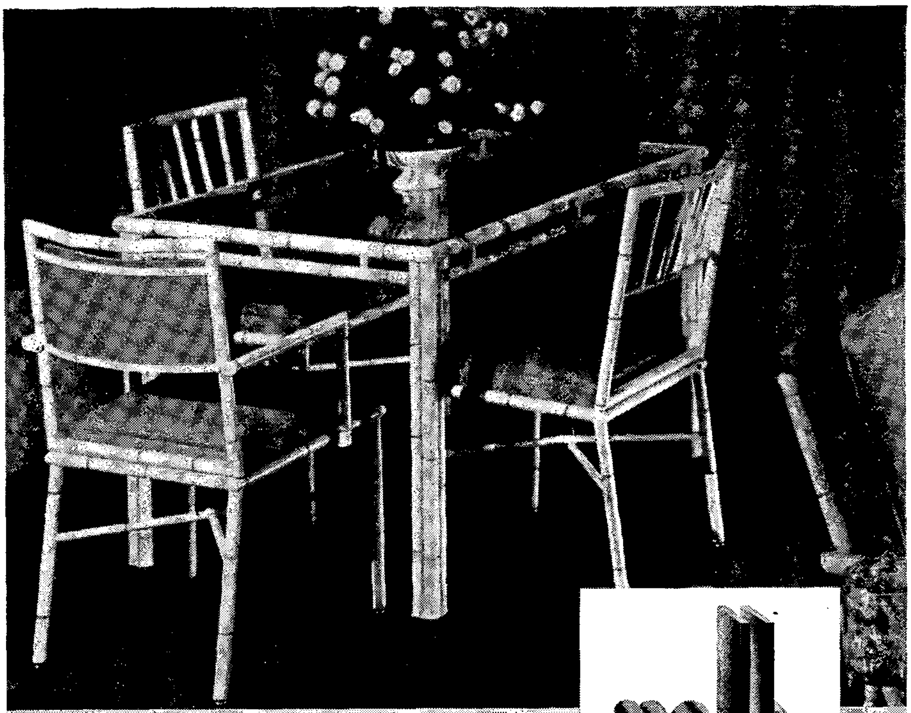
amples as the cold, wintry "Early Morning After a Storm at Sea" and the study of a fishing boat among sky-high waves called "Kissing the Moon." Last, in the arrangement at least, come the primitives, and I found myself wondering most of all, as I went through the show, what the European onlookers thought of these. Until Rousseau and the Paris primitives, people abroad showed little interest in unschooled painting and no inclination to collect it seriously, and I couldn't help speculating on their reaction to the small, precise "Still Life" by Emma Cady, dated around 1820; the only slightly later and anonymous "The Buffalo Hunter;" "The Garden of Eden," by one Erastus Salisbury Field; and—well, all the other examples, carefully preserved, of what might be called the creative impulse in the rough. Surprise, probably, I suppose, but also, I hope, some delight.

THERE are a few first solo affairs that are well worth mentioning—all, unfortunately, closing this Saturday. William King, the young sculptor now at the Alan, had a showing in the Modern Museum's penthouse five years ago, but this is his first gallery exhibition, and it reveals an artist of frightening versatility. He works mostly in wood, and his primary influences are primitive American folk carvings. But he is not above ornamenting this basic framework with bits of wire for hair (as in his portrait head called "Fitzie"), strips of tin (see "Tom Boutis"), or with glass eyes and fragments of porcelain for teeth (as in "Nadelman from a Photograph"). His figure of a man walking, called "Wallace," shows a fine feeling for sculptural balance. But he has a tendency to let his gift for quick characterization run away with him, and a faint thread of caricature appears all through his work. I have an idea he'll do much better when he settles down to a perhaps less glittering but more thoughtful development of his considerable talents.

THE Kootz and the Hugo are showing new men from abroad—Pierre Soulages at the first and Manolo Borromeo at the second. I was attracted by both, but not unduly. Soulages, now thirty-four, is one of the rising figures of Paris; he has both style and assurance, and any one of his paintings is likely to knock your eye out. The trouble is that they all fall into the same abstract pattern—a series of slashing, broad bands of black, like enormous brush



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strokes, set against a lighter background, and a roomful of variations on this not too complicated theme can become a bit repetitious.

Borromeo, a Milanese, is less striking but more rewarding. Chirico appears here and there in his work, especially in the landscapes, and the painting as a whole has a rather dry, flat quality, which makes it at times a little monotonous. But there's a personal quality about it, too, as well as an unfailing feeling of quiet good taste, and I thought such pieces as "Capri: The Marina Grande (No. 2)," "The Castle of Ischia," and the still life called "Glasses, Eggs, and Lemons," in their unassertive way, quite charming.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
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[*From "Ashes," by Charles Francis Coe*]

His teeth were as white as a movie star's, which seemed inconsistent with his slouchy posture, his unpressed suit. —*Page 13.*

His teeth glistened. —*Page 15.*

"I do like you," Vi said. "You are bright and attractive. You've the loveliest teeth a man ever bore. You seem to enjoy kissing me. I enjoy having you do it. What's so confusing?" —*Page 33.*

His teeth were white, but not so white as Tim Gunn's. —*Page 40.*

Tim's lovely teeth made him pleasant to kiss. —*Page 74.*

He was no potential part of the prosperous Worley family. He was just a man with wonderful teeth. —*Page 75.*

His teeth, perfectly formed and grown, glistened in the light. They were white, as pearls are white. A lady from the group called: "It ain't fair for a boy to have such beautiful teeth. It just ain't fair!" —*Page 79.*

"Hello," he greeted, his brilliant teeth flashing. —*Page 83.*

Between the lad's slightly separated lips she caught a glimpse of his teeth. Those perfectly aligned teeth, so beautifully white. —*Page 112.*

Tim shrugged, smiled wryly, his white teeth flashing. —*Page 193.*

He spread his lips. His teeth were still perfect. —*Page 205.*

Tim smiled, his bright teeth flashing. —*Page 223.*

"My boy," she said softly. "Such beautiful teeth!" —*Page 223.*

•

WORCESTER, MASS. (U.P.)—Two women whose maiden names were Shirley Weagle—unrelated and never met before—gave birth to sons at the same hospital here, six minutes apart.

Goldfish have been bred by the Chinese for centuries.—*Arlington (Va.) Sun.*

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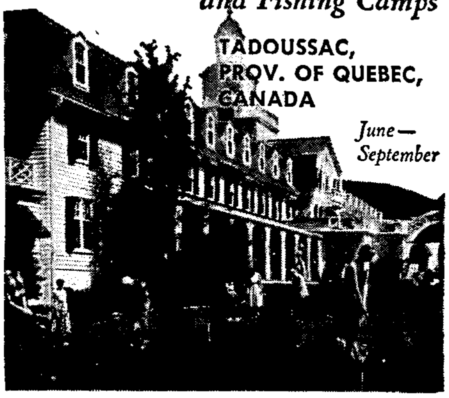

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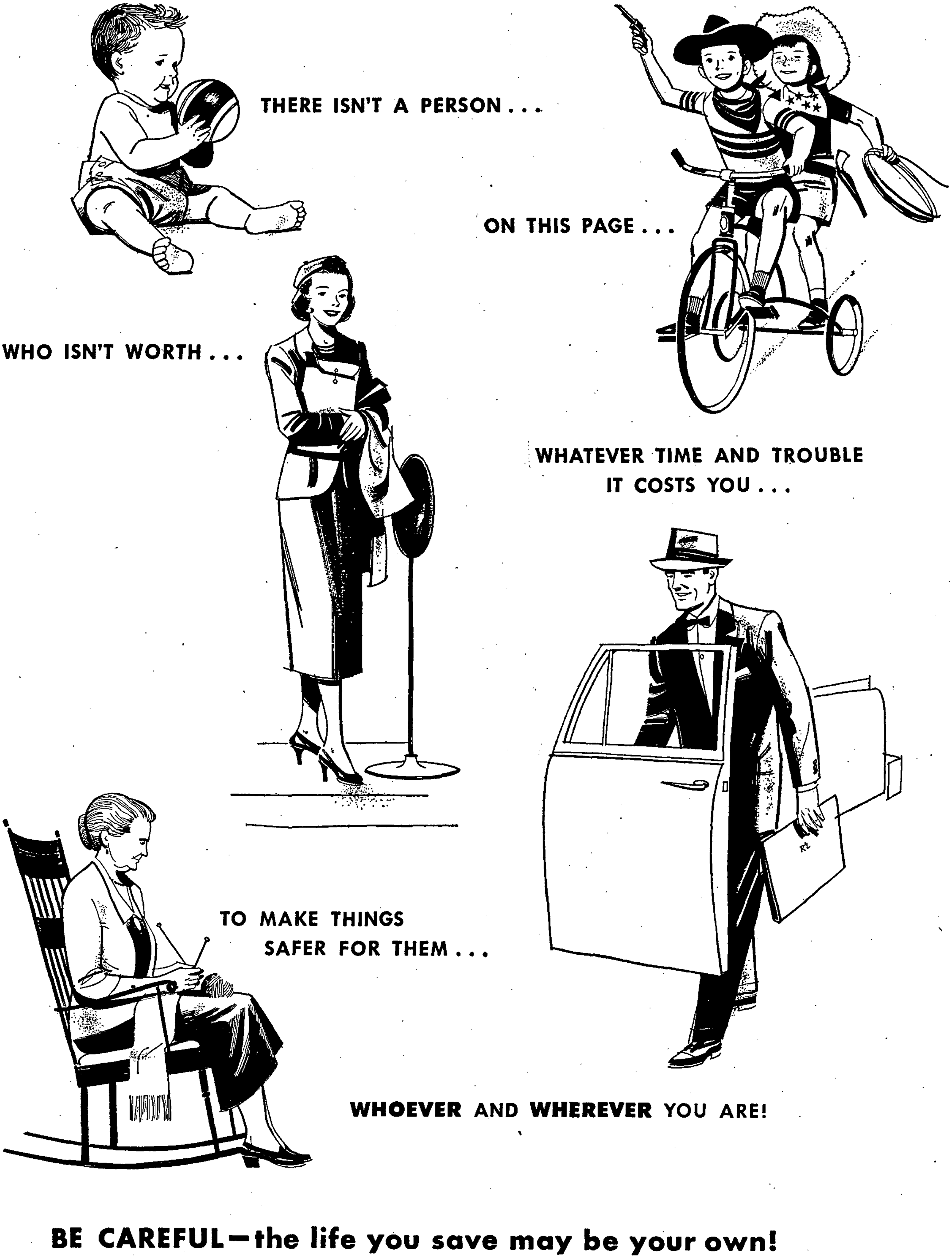

THERE ISN'T A PERSON . . .
ON THIS PAGE . . .
WHO ISN'T WORTH . . .
WHATEVER TIME AND TROUBLE
IT COSTS YOU . . .
TO MAKE THINGS
SAFER FOR THEM . . .
WHOEVER AND WHEREVER YOU ARE!
BE CAREFUL—the life you save may be your own!

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

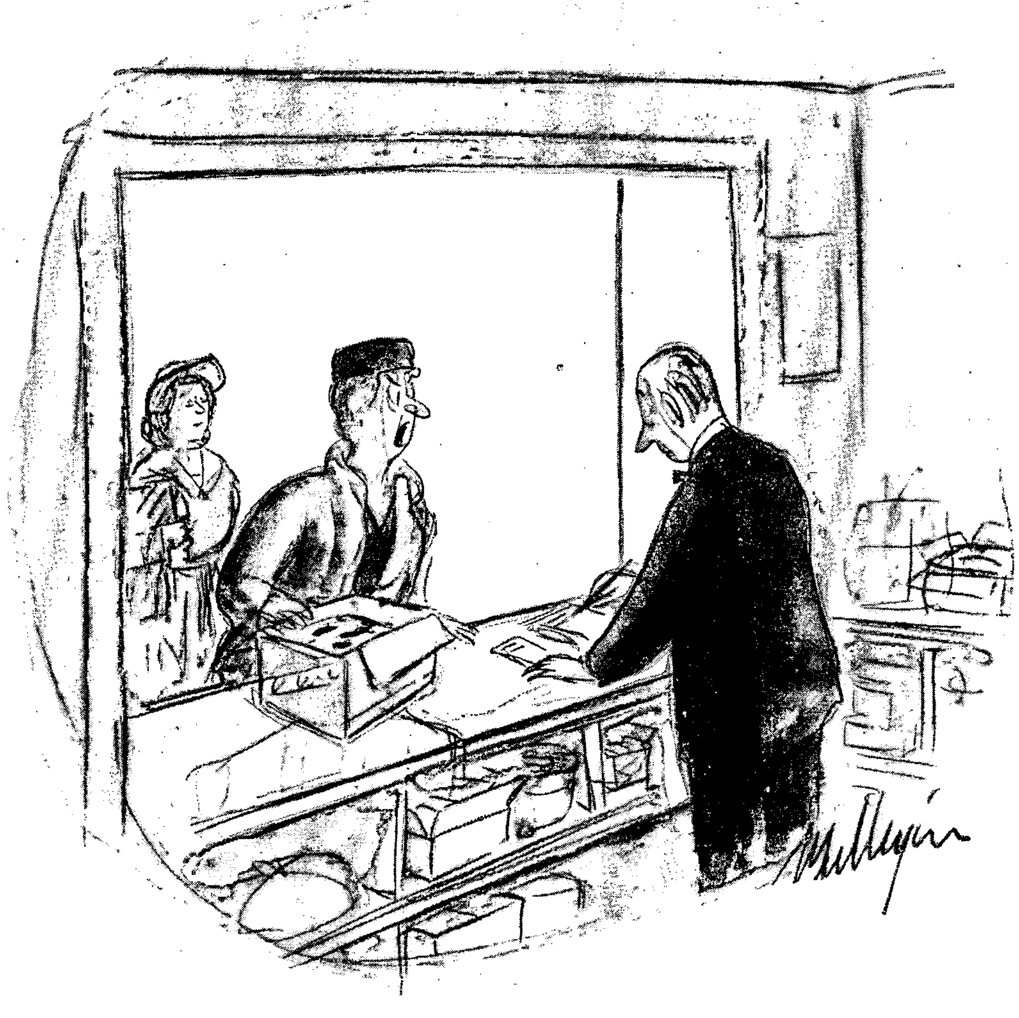
MARKETS AND MENUS

THIS is perhaps a pointless reflection, or at least one that is not especially appropriate to these practical columns, but I have frequently noticed that whereas English intellectuals are content with worse food than any other single group on earth—with American writers almost nosing them out of bottom place—the intelligentsia of Continental Europe have always had an extraordinarily discriminating palate, collectively, and the female writers, professors, artists, and so on from that part of the world turn out remarkably fine dishes. I was forcibly struck by the truth of all this when I recently sampled some pastry made by Mrs. Ferenc Kormendi, who is the wife of a Hungarian writer and an intellectual lady of parts herself, and who makes and sells pastries that are nothing short of perfection.

The fact that this Hungarian pastry maker does not include strudel—the tour de force of every mediocre Hungarian baker in town—in her repertory is itself a distinction. What she does offer is a small selection of sweets that, I am told, were rarely, if ever, seen in shops or restaurants even in prewar Budapest but were met with in old-fashioned homes where work in the kitchen held no terrors for the lady of the house. Chief among these Hungarian specialties, and one that I predict will have a dazzling New York future, is a fragile little tart called kosárka, the shell of which is a *pâte brisé* made of flour, egg yolks, and sweet butter, and the filling of which is a paste of ground walnuts. These exquisite creations (they are exquisite to the eye as well as to the palate) are classed as coffeecakes in their native land, and they do make an ideal accompaniment for either coffee or tea, being not too sweet, and of a lightness that leads to their consumption in shameless quantities during a sociable afternoon. For New York hostesses, the kosárkas should provide a perfect solution to the vexing problem of dessert for a buffet party, since they are neither overly moist nor the least bit sticky, and can easily be eaten in the fingers. Moreover, a heaped platter of the cakes, each of which is topped with a fanciful little twist that looks like a pastry butterfly, makes a striking decoration. They are about the size of cupcakes, and they cost $2 a dozen.

Less unusual, but also delicious, is a confection called Rigo Jancsi, which is baked either in individual pieces or as a large *torte*. It is made of two layers of very rich chocolate cake put together with coffee-flavored whipped cream and iced with a black bitter chocolate that has only a hint of sweetness. Eight individual servings cost $2.80, and a nine-inch *torte*, enough for a dozen or more servings, costs $4.50. A cake that makes a magnificent dinner dessert is the Malakhov loaf, which consists of three or four layers of ladyfingers, a buttercream filling mixed with parched almonds and flavored with rum, and an icing of cherry-strewn whipped cream. A nine-inch Malakhov, enough to serve nine or ten people, costs $4.50, and a twelve-inch one costs $5. It will give you an idea of this scrupulous pastry maker's standards when I say that in listing the ingredients of the Malakhov for me, she assumed that it went without saying that the ladyfingers used in its construction are homemade. Mrs. Kormendi's address is 56 East 89th Street, her telephone number is Enright 9-1040, and orders must be placed twenty-four hours in advance. There is a fifty-cent charge for delivery.

PEOPLE who still remember the good butter served at the Danish Pavilion of the World's Fair, and think of it as the archetype of that staple, will be interested to know that a limited



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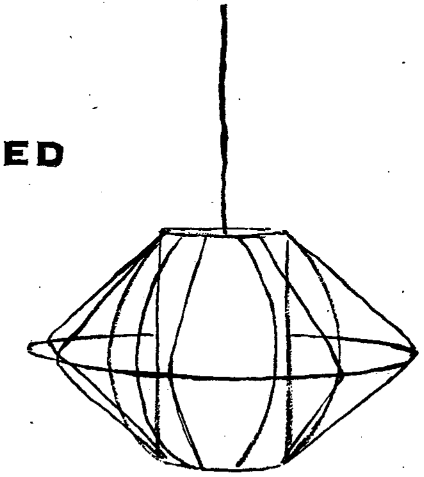
TO SIT WITH BABY IN THE NURSERY... ...TO KIBITZ AT SCRABBLE OR BRIDGE... TO ENJOY A "SIT-BESIDE-ME" TETE A TETE

TO ROLL INTO ANOTHER ROOM...... .....TO PREPARE FOR DOZENS OF "UNEXPECTEDS" IN TOWN OR COUNTRY HOME.....



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with this charming deceiver

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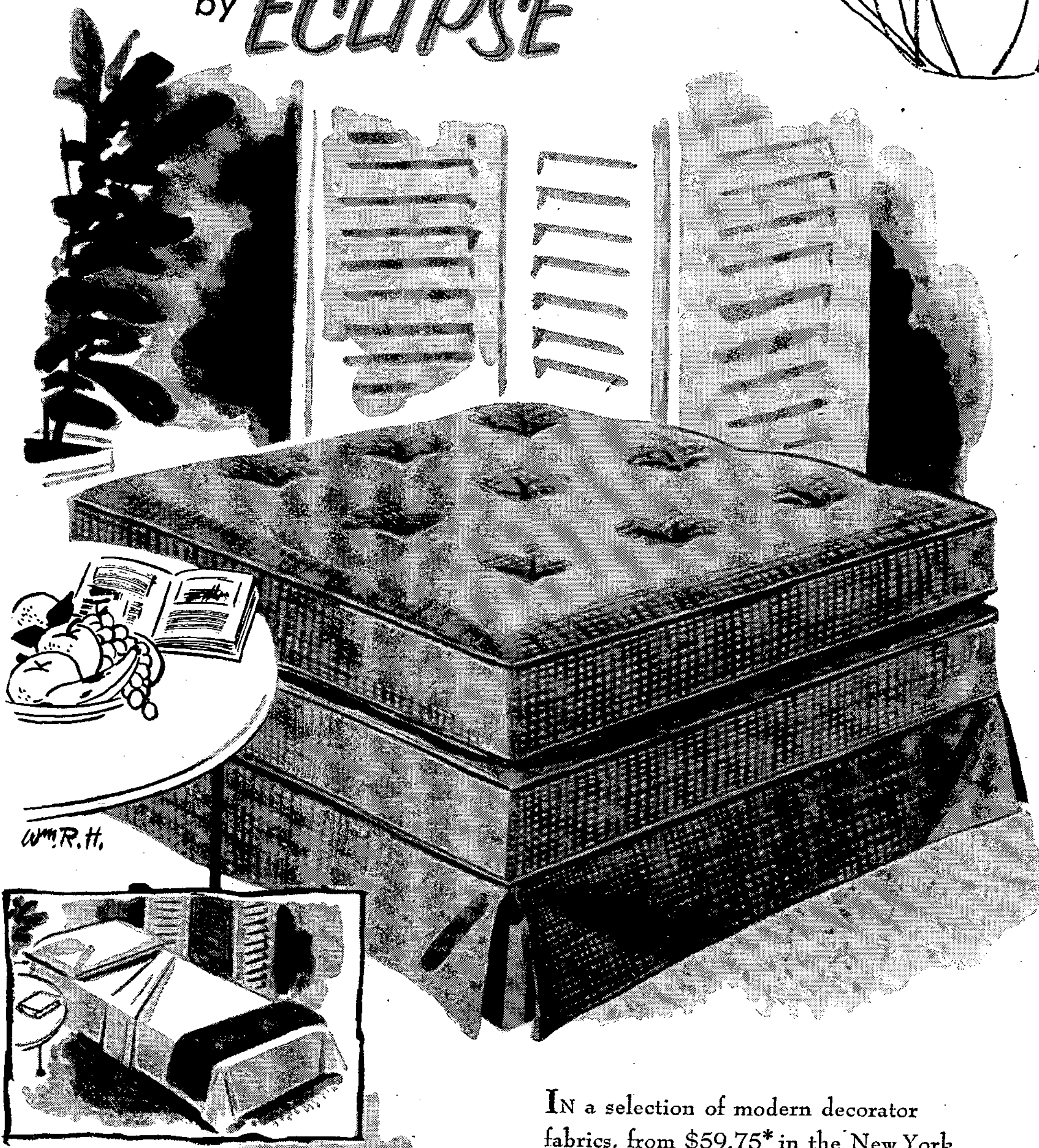
by ECLIPSE



UNEXPECTEDLY it opens into a full length innerspring bed.

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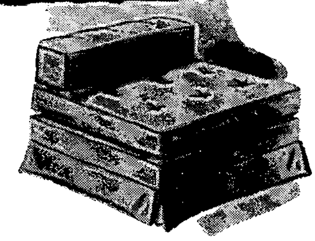

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quantity of fine butter is now coming into this country from Denmark. Our Department of Agriculture said that two hundred and twelve thousand pounds could be imported during the current fiscal year, and about two-thirds of that has already been received. The remainder will be arriving in small shipments during the next few weeks. What will happen after that, with the powerful dairy lobby presumably as militantly opposed to foreign butter as it has long been opposed to foreign cheeses, is doubtful. Serious butter fanciers, though, will find it well worth their while to keep a sharp lookout for the import as long as there is any chance of its being around. I am sorry to say that, unlike Danish butter on its native heath, what arrives on these shores is lightly salted, and that does something to reduce its enjoyableness. Even with this disadvantage, however, it tastes so fresh and pure, and is so suggestive of cows and green pastures and cleanliness, that I believe most people will accept the mild saltiness in preference to the unpleasant flavor of the greater part of our own sweet butter. Indeed, if the Danish product were allowed unlimited distribution, it might create the same salutary competition that has done so much to raise the standards of our native cheese making, and we might once again have American butter to be proud of. The Danish butter is sold by Scandinavian Delicacies, 1100 Third Avenue (65th); the Cheese of All Nations chain; Rahmeyer, 1022 Third Avenue (60th); and American Farms, 131 Chambers Street. In pound packages, with the quarters wrapped in foil, it costs around eighty cents. At the Cheese of All Nations, I have also had it cut from the slab, but although this is probably the same as the bar butter, it has not been improved by lying around in the air in dubious proximity to cheese of all nations.

THE excellence of the *pasta* at Sixty-Eight, the restaurant at 59 Fifth Avenue (13th), has long been a source of satisfaction both to amateurs of this Italian standby and to grumblers who worry about the declining standards of the town's restaurants. Way back in speakeasy days, the proprietor of this establishment, which was then situated at 5 East 12th Street, used to make his egg noodles and red and green *tagliarini* every morning in his sunny back yard, carefully rolling and kneading and cutting the dough by hand, on a well-scrubbed deal table. Residents of the neighborhood, watching approv-

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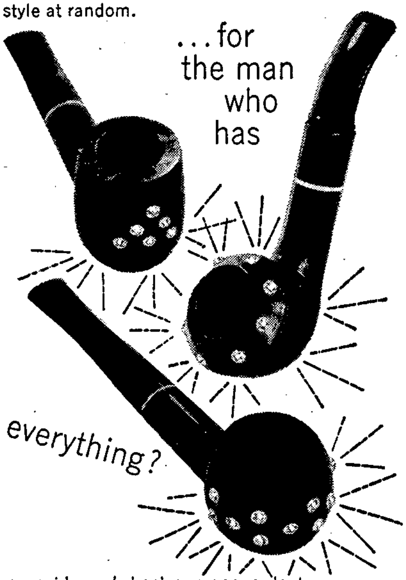

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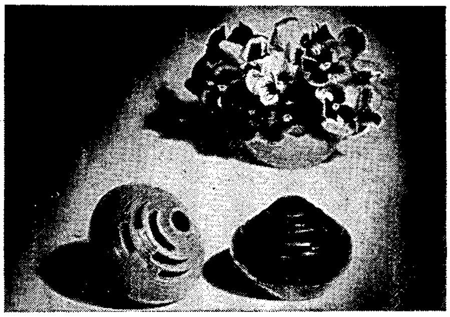

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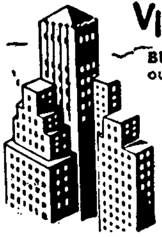

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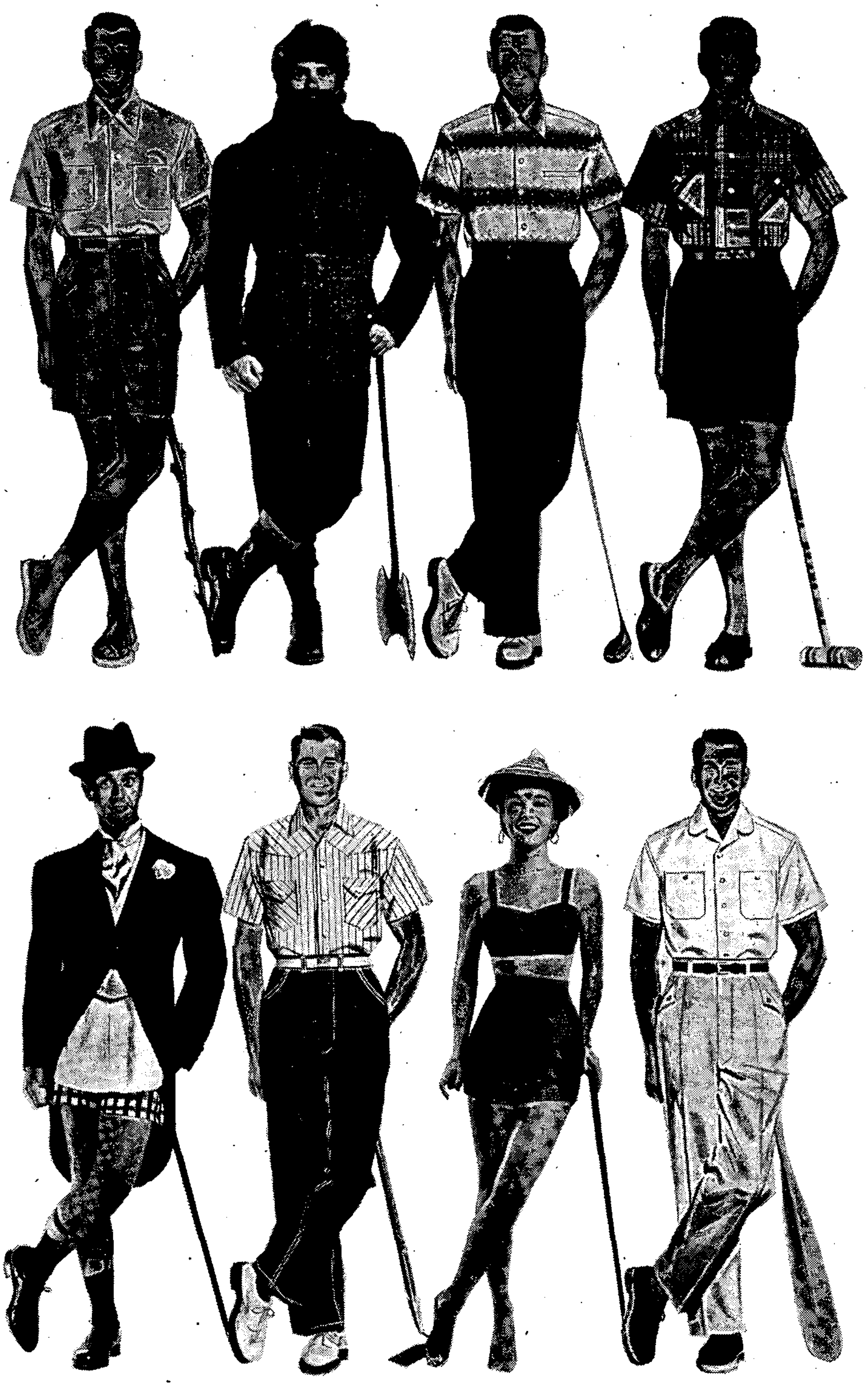
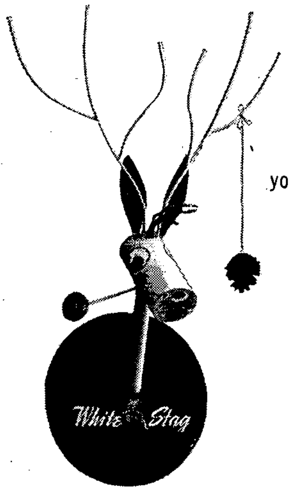
ingly from their back windows, would wait until the last ribbon of paste had been cut and, exactly ten minutes later, present themselves in the restaurant to enjoy such a dish of noodles *al burro* or *tagliarini verdi* as could be found nowhere else in the city. The *pasta* making no longer takes place in a back yard, and there is a machine for cutting it, but the dough is still mixed and rolled and kneaded by hand, of the same first-quality ingredients, and, what's more important, it still has its inimitable fresh taste.

This lengthy preamble is by way of announcing that Sixty-Eight now puts its various *pastas* in ten-ounce cellophane packages (eighty-five cents a package), so that they may be cooked and consumed by the customer at home. Available to go with them are four of the restaurant's fine sauces—tomato (eighty-five cents a pint), Marinara ($1 a pint), clam ($1.25 a pint), and Bolognese ($1.50 a pint), in pint and half-pint jars. The almost universal inability of American cooks to dress Italian pastes properly gives the new take-out service a particular importance, since it puts within reach of the most uncompromising Yankee housekeeper a dish that is faultless in its authenticity. Incidentally, the noodles make a perfect refreshment to offer late-staying guests after a cocktail party, being absolutely no strain on the cook and yet good enough to bring the party to a splendid climax.

EVERY year at this season, I get from Wynne & Treanor, the Madison Avenue fish store that might easily be mistaken for Cartier, a small baby halibut, and in my estimation this event ranks with the arrival of the first shad as a gastronomic high spot of the spring. In former years, by the time I have got around to passing on these glad tidings the baby-halibut season, an uncertain period at best, has ended, and I have had to resign myself to waiting for the next year's crop of juveniles. Right now, though, it seems that there is enough of the season left for me to draw the attention of appreciative people to these incredibly delicate and wonderfully flavored fish. The specimen I enjoyed recently was exactly twelve inches long, which is small even for a Wynne & Treanor baby; usually these prizes run about eighteen inches and weigh around three pounds. (They cost $1.25 a pound.) Such miniatures rarely, if ever, reach the Fulton Fish Market, but from now until June, if there is a halibut in the first flush of





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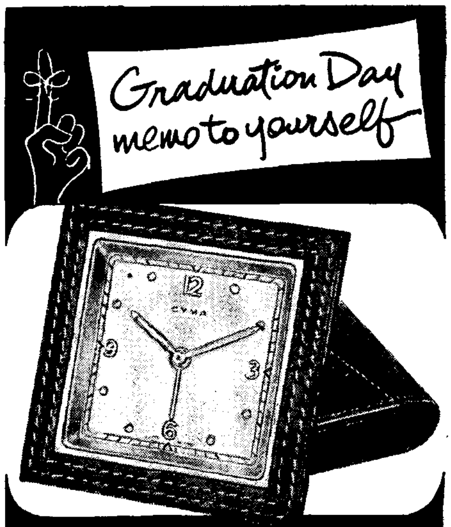
youth swimming anywhere between Nantucket and Block Island, it will surely be directed to the Madison Avenue shop, which is at No. 712, near Sixty-third Street. This delicious morsel is, of course, much too fragile for broiling; it should be poached whole in a white-wine court bouillon and dressed with a light sauce. Above all, it should not be overcooked by so much as a fraction of a second.

EVERY now and then, I run into somebody or other who has been visiting in Westerly, Rhode Island, and almost invariably these people speak with much feeling about a homemade ginger ice cream turned out by the Vars Brothers Drug Store, which uses a superior crystallized ginger that is manufactured specially for the shop. Since I have been unable to sample this ice cream (I must admit, though, that I have thought of making a trip to Westerly for that purpose), I recently ordered a pound of the ginger, and I found it superb. I don't set myself up as a serious student of ginger, and I haven't made extensive comparisons between one variety and another, so I can't say categorically that the Vars product is, as I am assured, the best crystallized ginger in the country. It does seem awfully good, though, being very soft and tender, with absolutely none of the stringy pithiness that often afflicts ginger. I used some of it, chopped very fine, in making ice cream, and while this may not have been up to the Westerly version, I was very much pleased with it. Vars Brothers ship the ginger anywhere in the United States, for $3 a pound.

In case there are more people with a taste for ginger than I had suspected, perhaps I had better polish off the subject once and for all by reporting on a beverage called ginger wine, which has recently been imported from England. Although this is the first time it has appeared over here, ginger wine has been an English family standby since the days of George III, and Stone, Ltd., who put out the wine I am speaking of, are the original manufacturers. Taken neat, as I believe the English like it, it is hideously sweet (it's made of green Jamaica ginger mixed with sweet Greek wine), but the ginger flavor is good and strong, and, combined with ice, club soda, and a slice of lime, it makes a refreshing hot-weather drink, like a rare, slightly alcoholic ginger ale. It is sold, at $2.49 a bottle, at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st); Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park



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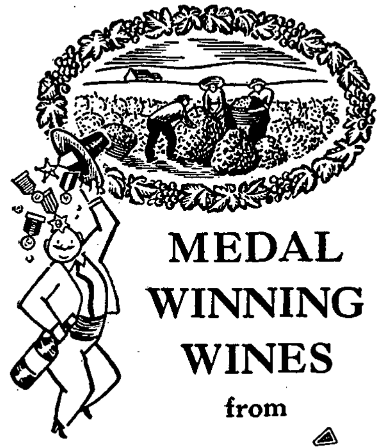

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JUST in time for that disorganized period of settling down in the country, when the housekeeper's mind is on getting the windows washed rather than on *la haute cuisine*, Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, has received from Germany a canned roulade of beef that, emergency or no emergency, would be a credit to any table. As I am a chronic disparager of canned stews and the like, I find it encouraging that here is a product made of an excellent quality of beef that has been rolled up with exactly the right quantity of an herb-flavored minced meat and cooked in a sauce so satisfactory that I, who am usually unable to let a bought sauce go by undoctored, have to admit it needs no added seasoning. The can holds two generous-sized rolls and an abundance of gravy, and costs $2. The same German packer also puts out a pot roast of the same sort of well-flavored beef, four thick slices of it to a can. Unlike the roulades, however, it is so short on gravy that it would inevitably require an added sauce. Both these meats are on the heavy, Germanic side, but their quality is far above that of the other canned or frozen meat dishes that have come my way, and it would be a great pity to overlook either of them.

IT would be even more of a pity to overlook a group of especially attractive wines that have lately arrived from France and ought to provide a lot of pleasure in the coming warm weather. One of the most serviceable of these is a newcomer to this country—a 1950 white Côtes de Provence—about which I am unable to tell you much except that it is grown in that sun-drenched strip of country between Marseille and Nice, has a fresh, beguiling charm, and costs only $1.45 a bottle at M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd). Anybody in search of a clean-tasting, extremely pleasant accompaniment for the light foods of this season would do well to lay in a supply of this little wine of Provence. Another *petit vin*—this one from Alsace—is a Gewürztraminer '52, which is as light as air but has the delicate fragrance and the irresistible spiciness common to Gewürztraminers. It is to be had at Sherry Wine & Spirits, at $1.49 a bottle and $16.56 a case.

The enchanting white wines of the Loire, which, with the exception of Vouvray, have always come to us in a tantalizingly feeble trickle, now seem

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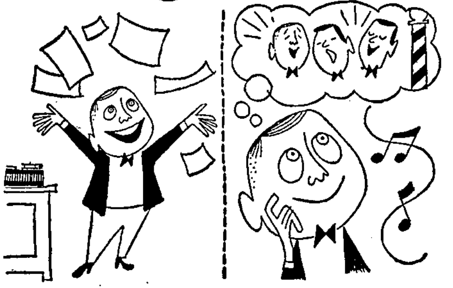

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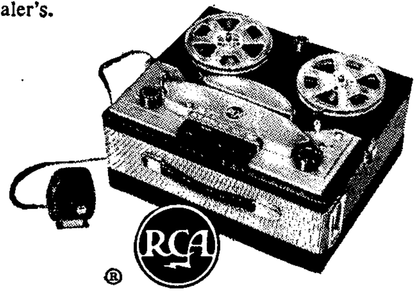

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to be arriving in something like satisfactory volume, and this summer may well be remembered as the happy season when Americans took seriously to the vintages of Sancerre and Pouilly and Chavignol. A number of these wines have appeared so recently that I haven't had a chance to find my way among them, but I can report on two admirable specimens at Lehmann—a 1952 Chavignol, from Gabriel Delaporte, at $2.99, and a Pouilly-Fumé, of the same year, at $2.40. Both are delightfully clean, dry wines with the unique fruity freshness that is a characteristic of these districts. Either one would be precisely right with that baby halibut we were talking about a while back.

I have never understood those wine drinkers who banish red wine in hot weather as regularly as they put away their winter woollens. More broad-minded people, who share my belief that a light claret is as essential a part of summer as a straw hat, will, I think, be glad to learn about two very useful red Bordeaux that have been brought over within the past few weeks for Sherry. The first of these—Château Bahans, a red Graves of 1950—comes from one of the lesser vineyards of the famous Château Haut-Brion, and is not only new over here but, I believe, fairly new in France. It sells for $1.79 a bottle, and ninety-nine cents a half bottle. Although the Bahans is not to be compared with a real Haut-Brion, it is unquestionably an exceptional claret, with a suggestion, if not of its noble relative's distinction, at least of its charm. The wine is bottled at the Château, and so has a legal right to the sacred Haut-Brion label, but the bottle—with commendable propriety, it seems to me—does not sport the familiar picture of the beautiful two-turreted château. Another newcomer that should have a hearty welcome from wine lovers looking for an inexpensive sound claret is a Château Fombrauge '50—a very agreeable St. Emilion, sold by Sherry at the very agreeable price of $1.29. This one has something of the robustness characteristic of more distinguished St. Emilions, and it should prove a blessing—if a minor one—during the coming months. —S. H.

•

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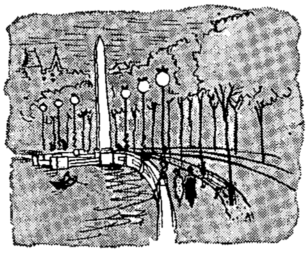
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 5

LONDON is looking forward to May 15th, when it will welcome home the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh after their six-month absence on Britain's business. To judge by all the signs, it will be quite a celebration, with special trains bringing in out-of-town visitors to wedge themselves alongside the Londoners and cheer. Strollers under the tender-green trees in the Mall have been watching workmen put the last lick of paint on the flag standards that will decorate its processional length, and the wooden crowd barriers that were a familiar sight during the Coronation excitements are up again in the streets around Buckingham Palace. In spite of a cruelly cold, rainless spring, which is seriously worrying the farmers up and down the land, London is putting on its own annual gala show of floweriness and leafiness in its parks and squares—a pretty sight for all returning travellers, royal or otherwise. So that as many people as possible will be able to get a glimpse of her, the Queen will return to her capital by water, sailing up the Thames on the royal barge from the Pool of London to Westminster. From whatever point the crowds view her on the day, they will be delighted and reassured to see her home again. People think that the royal tour has been both a huge success and gruelling hard work, and the welcome on Saturday week will undoubtedly express both these opinions emotionally.



IT is just as well that the public can feel pleasure about something here at home, since the outlook everywhere else is so grave. During the last few weeks, the steadily growing reaction to the American hydrogen-bomb explosions, the steadily worsening situation in Indo-China, the uncertainty following a hastily called weekend Cabinet meeting, the spectre of German rearmament always in the offing, and the Labour Party's serious internal differences on this last point of foreign policy, as well as on others, have all written immense black question marks in the press and in citizens' minds. There is no doubt at all that the Prime Minister's flat statement that the British Government has not given any assurances of military aid to the French in Indo-China, and will not enter into any new commitments that might sink the Geneva Conference before that heavily laboring ark is even well under way, was heard with a loud sigh of relief by the House of Commons and with an even louder one by thousands of uneasy people all over the country. Before Sir Winston spoke up on that particular question, Mr. Eden's unexpected flying return from his talks in Paris with Secretary Dulles and Foreign Minister Bidault to confer with the Prime Minister and Admiral Radford's arrival in London had combined to confirm many people's impression that what the Bevanite faction has been shrilling—that the British Government was being urged by Washington toward another Asiatic war—might be true. The papers and the weekly political journals are now busy trying to interpret the timetable of the recent diplomatic exchanges between Washington, London, and Paris for the benefit of the average confused citizen, for whom the crisis blew up almost out of the blue. Although the influential *Economist* came out with an editorial in which it put forward the argument that the British people might have to grasp the Indo-Chinese nettle, for fear of later finding a rampant Communist weed right in their own Commonwealth back yard, it is certain enough that a big section of the public looks upon intervention in the Indo-China war with horror. These people doubt whether any intervention would be effective, and, collaterally, whether it would stop at the suggested limit of air support. On the contrary, they are gloomily convinced that the conflict would become unlimited and might end in the atomic war that seems to be at the back of everybody's mind this merry month of May. Since the Pacific explosions and Mr. Dulles's famous "massive retaliation" phrase (persistently taken to have an atomic meaning, in spite of denials, and still nervously repeated in talk, speeches, and cartoons here), the facts of thermonuclear life appear to have been suddenly shaken out of the depths of the national subconscious and ranged in full public view. There have been one or two immediate reactions. Coventry, a city with some experience of bombs, decided to call a halt to all civil defense as being a useless consumer of its citizens' time and money, now that the reported effects of the hydrogen bomb have made

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the existing arrangements for saving life look about as helpful as crawling under the bedclothes. After a protest from the Home Secretary, the City Council said all right, they would postpone their decision a little while, until they could call on him and be told how to deal with H-bombs. The Rural District Council of Clowne, up in Derbyshire, also announced that it was shutting up shop on civil defense, and will presumably await the end of the world with dignity and with free evenings.

The Book of Revelation seemed to have been required reading for many of the Members of the House of Commons who spoke in last Thursday's debate on the Atomic Energy Bill, which aims at transferring control of atomic development from the government to an independent national authority. Some Labour backbenchers wanted a clause inserted in the bill stipulating that British production of H-bombs must be sanctioned in advance by both Houses of Parliament—a sort of moral safety valve. The charnel-house details given in the debate, plus the theological speculations as to the way this planet would finally be vaporized, were enough to frighten any citizen to death right now. (Five H-bombs were mentioned as the necessary sum to put "Paid" to this island.) There is no doubt that large numbers of British of all parties have lately been jolted into shocked contemplation of such facts as these, and in the Commons last week sixty-three Labour members—not all of them Bevanites, by any means, and three of them Labour Party whips—were moved to vote for the clause. Nevertheless, it was thrown out by two hundred and nineteen votes.

Mr. Attlee's sharp, immediate sacking of the three rebellious whips was the first sign of anger—or, indeed, of anything at all—to come from the Labour Party leadership since the much discussed divergence of one of its leading personalities last month. Aneurin Bevan's second public walkout has started up a lot of conjecture as to whether it will be good or bad for the Labour Party, for himself, and for England. There are those who predict that it will prove fatal to the Party's chances of getting back at the next election, and those who predict (often without displeasure, needless to say) that it will merely prove disastrous to the man. Certainly there are many Labour supporters who think that one spectacular exit may be good political theatre but two are plain bad judgment, which will be resented by loyal Party onlookers.

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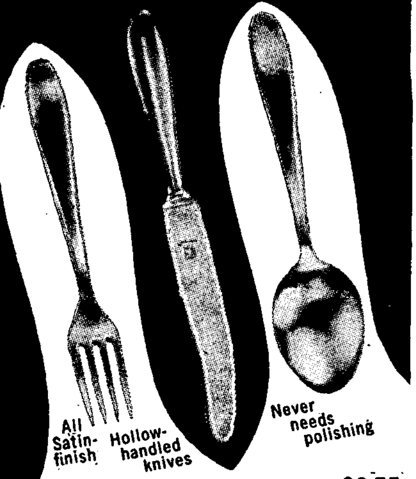

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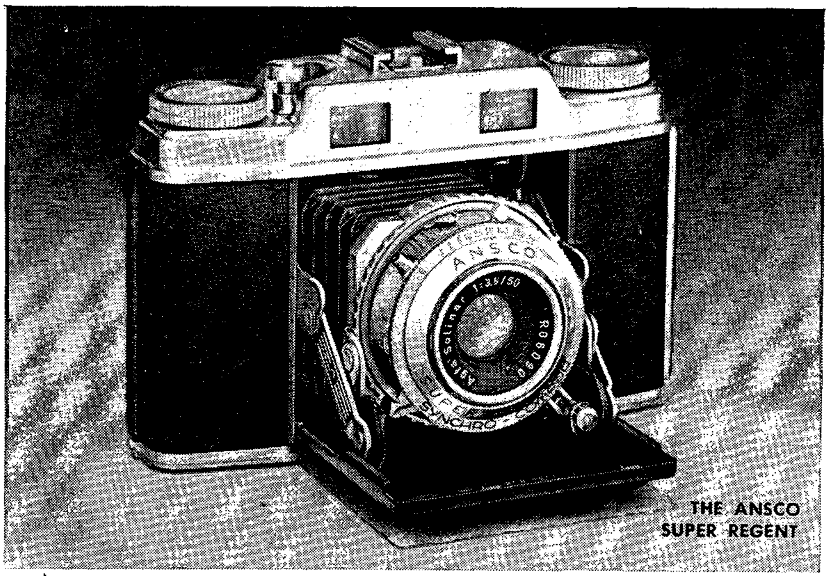
Mac A. Chamberlin, HEmlock 5-2000

The Liberal *News Chronicle* just published a Gallup Poll showing that Bevan has lost in popular support, even though what has come to be known as Bevanism—particularly the uneasy fear of United States foreign policy as it affects Britain—is stronger than it was two years ago. According to some cautious observers, however, those questions will be resolved only at the annual Party conference at Scarborough this autumn, when the voices and votes of the trade unions and of the constituency Party organizations will give the answers, and in louder and clearer tones than anything that has yet been said at Westminster or elsewhere.

MANY people believe that the worrying turn of recent events and the whiff of fire and brimstone proceeding from them are not unconnected with the fact that London's most extraordinary phenomenon at the moment is the nightly crowds drawn by Dr. Billy Graham, the evangelist, at Harringay Arena. Harringay is a suburb about twenty minutes' ride by tube from Piccadilly, and in addition to the Arena, which is jammed every night to its capacity of eleven thousand or so by Dr. Graham and his team, it contains a second stadium, where the followers of Mammon and dogflesh go to watch greyhound racing. (There are frequent close shaves when eager disciples find themselves all but in the jaws of the wrong turnstile.) The fact that huge queues wait patiently for the Graham meetings and many people have to be turned away from them is viewed as either a startling refutation of the accusation, often levelled in the past from



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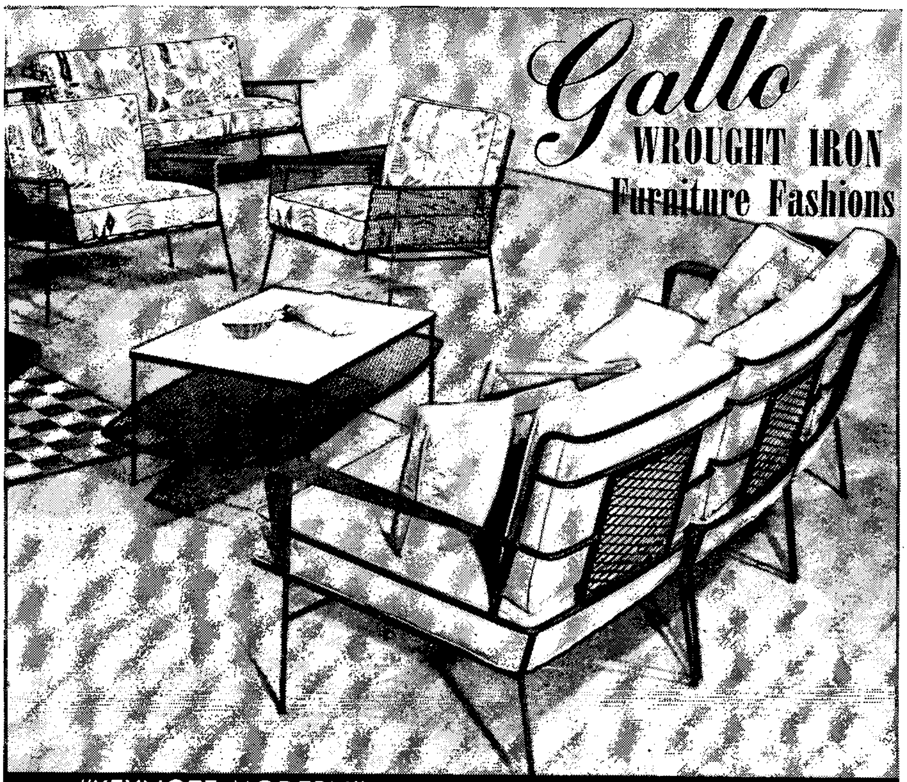

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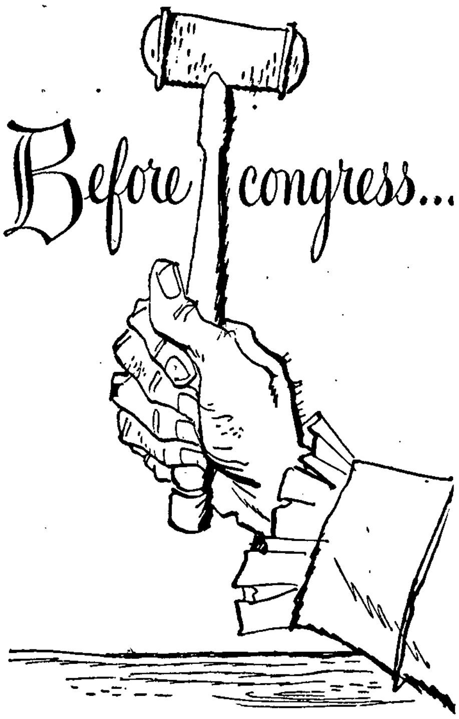

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pulpits to half-empty churches, that this generation of British youth is godless or a sign that a large-scale religious revival is at hand. Since March, when Dr. Graham began his thunderously successful campaign—to a not especially enthusiastic reception from the press—he has been heard by more than a million Britons, of whom the largest percentage are young people, and he has made over twenty thousand declared converts at his services. Understandably, he has also caused the churches to look thoughtful. He has announced that because Wembley Stadium, which he had taken for his final evening meeting, on May 22nd, and which holds a hundred thousand people, had turned out to be too small for the numbers who had applied to come, he had hired the White City Stadium (with a mere seventy-thousand capacity) for a duplicate service in the afternoon. On the tube trains taking the crowds home from Harringay, the sound of young people loudly singing hymns echoes along the station platforms, to the mild surprise of the more secular passengers. No doubt about it, London has never known anything quite like it before in anybody's memory. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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    falling back,
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Heads thrust forward, manes flying,
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The bright, green terraces of summer.

—OLIVER JENKINS

•

If, on the other hand, you put a small boy on the table and hit him with a hammer, he will go somewhere but you can never do the same thing to that small boy again. Hitting him with a hammer changed him into another small boy. First he is Small Boy and then he is Small Boy Hit With a Hammer. Small Boy Hit With a Hammer is a good person to know psychiatrically.—*"Psychiatry for the Curious," by George H. Preston, M.D.*

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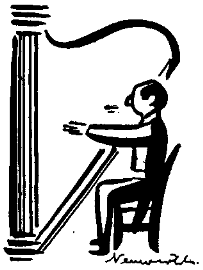
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Maestro



FROM a historical point of view, the most important event of the past musical season was, I suppose, the retirement of Arturo Toscanini. It has brought to a close a period of approximately a quarter of a century that will no doubt be known in the annals of American symphonic music as the Toscanini era. The powers that enabled this distinguished Italian artist to dominate the musical scene as completely as he did were, of course, altogether extraordinary—so extraordinary, in fact, that it would be easy to lump them all under the heading of "genius" and let it go at that. But the analysis of the personal and the artistic elements that contributed to Toscanini's genius has always been a fascinating problem to me, and I am going to allow myself the luxury of a few retrospective comments on the matter.

The great artistic integrity and the spirit of dedication that Toscanini brought to every moment of his work can, I think, be set aside from this discussion. These were qualities of attitude rather than of method, and the Maestro's attitude toward his art was, of course, to a very uncommon extent one of "infinite pains." The art on which these infinite pains were expended, however, has always seemed to me to spring from two phenomena that were unusually well developed in his personality: first, his outstanding musical intelligence, and second, the uncanny faculty he had for forcing those who worked with him to give substance to the insights of that intelligence. The first included his tremendously thorough comprehension of the scores he conducted, and the wonderful sense of proportion that permitted him to achieve both perfection of detail and absolute mastery of the larger dramatic continuity of a composition. The second included those more functional and practical talents by which he controlled an orchestra or a group of singers and seemed to make them into the responsive tools of his artistic imagination. It was the first phenomenon that provided the musical taste in his works—a taste that was always fastidious, sometimes limited by considerations of temperament, but in-

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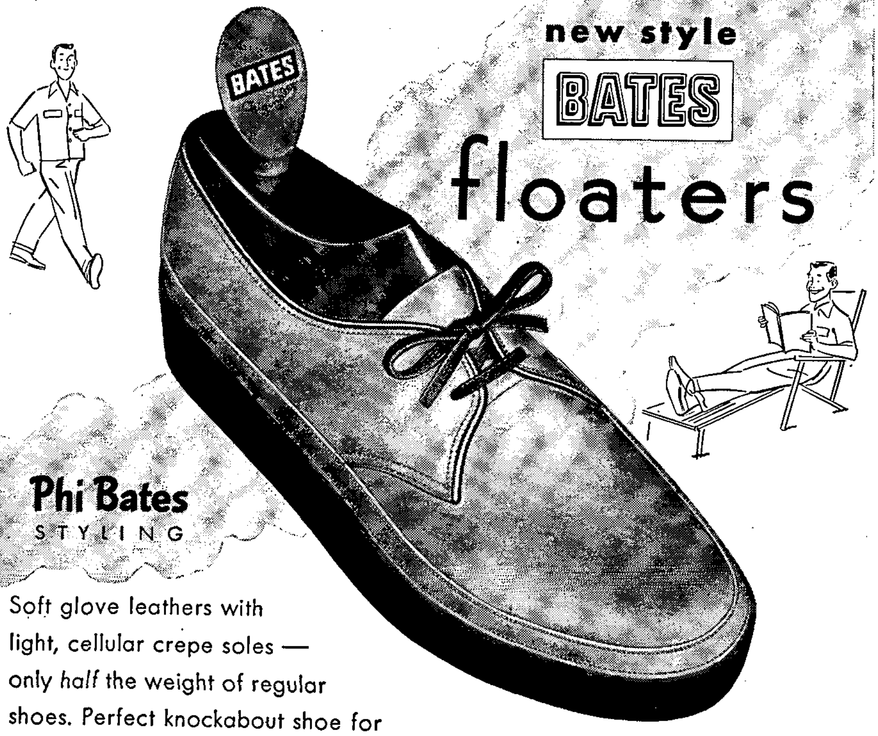

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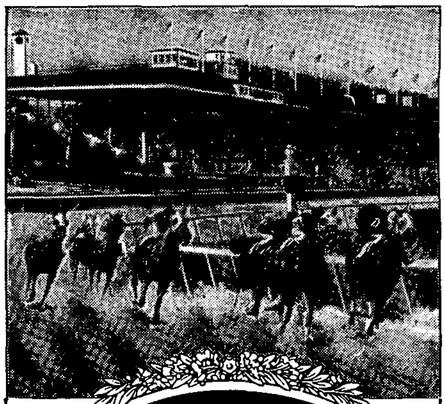
variably lucid and eloquent to a degree matched by few of his contemporaries. The second phenomenon—the source of the electrifying enthusiasm and the almost hypnotic control of the human materials that were features of practically all his performances—was, however, the more mysterious one. Toscanini not only conducted everything as if his life depended on its perfection but seemed able to infuse this psychology of crisis into the mind of everyone who worked with him, and this was the particular gift that made him unique among conductors. His methods of accomplishing this—the lashing beat of the baton, the fits of temper, the scoldings and imprecations, the incantatory crooning, and the cajolery and wheedling—have elicited no end of fairly amusing journalistic comment for years. The amazing thing about them is that they worked with complete efficiency, and that the result was always a triumph of inspiration.

The mentality behind this impressive functional gift had, of course, its own set of predilections. No conductor performs all kinds of music equally well; Toscanini performed more kinds of music remarkably well than most other conductors. Nevertheless, there were kinds of music in which he was not especially at home, and there were other kinds of music to which his peculiar temperament brought a rather specialized sort of interpretation. His talents shone in the direction of brilliance, clarity, and galvanic energy, and he tended to impart these qualities to all his work, even when he was dealing with music of a relaxed and contemplative type. The symphonies of composers like Bruckner and Mahler eluded him; his approach to Brahms lacked a breadth that one can find in the interpretations of other conductors, and even his Beethoven performances, though magnificent in their way, were sometimes too driven and sleek for my taste. I remember an old recording he once did for Victor of the Blue Danube Waltz that was so metronomically exact and so relentlessly dynamic as to make it appear that that poetic river was flowing with Vesuvian lava. Often, too, the somewhat imperious Toscanini approach deprived singers of a certain leeway for the expression of their own individuality. His recent recording of Verdi's "Otello," for example, is a superb piece of conducting craftsmanship, but its hard-driving intensity, in my opinion, sometimes obscures the tender human emotion the score contains. I am conscious that in making these criticisms I am pointing out minor flaws in the work



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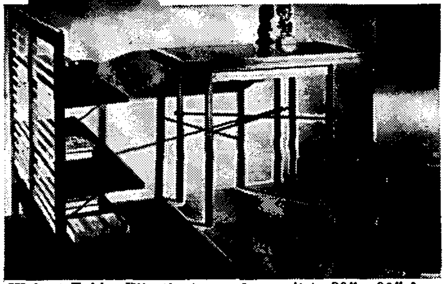

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of a great master, but they are, to me, still flaws.

The Toscanini era was remarkable for, among other things, the effect it had on our other symphonic maestros, since he was the most widely imitated conductor of his time. In some respects, his influence was admirable. His sincere devotion to the essentials of his craft did away once and for all with a rather hammy and visually self-conscious tradition of showmanship that had been fairly common among conductors in America before he arrived on the scene. In some other respects, his influence, through no fault of his own, was less happy. A good many lesser conductors laid hold of his most obvious peculiarities of style—particularly his unswerving tempos and his tendency toward speed—and made them into fetishes, with the result that restlessness and a sort of chromium-plated brilliance became the prevailing goals of American symphonic performance. Had these lesser conductors possessed the wonderful faculty for elasticity with which Toscanini enlivened his rigid and speedy tempos, this development might have been more fruitful. But they did not possess it, and the effect, on the whole, was to make bare metronomic precision into a prime canon of musical taste.

Toscanini's retirement means, of course, the loss of a superlative artist and a public idol. But it does not mean that superlative artistry in this field is about to disappear from our musical life. Even during the period when he reigned undisputed over American symphonic music, there were other conductors—notably Wilhelm Furtwängler, whom political considerations prevented from appearing on this side of the Atlantic—who were artists of very nearly comparable stature. Recent guest appearances here by such conductors as Eduard van Beinum and Ernest Ansermet have suggested that Europe is by no means barren of younger maestros with extraordinary qualifications, and we may have been somewhat inclined to overlook the contributions of such familiar top-rank figures as Georg Szell, Bruno Walter, and Pierre Monteux. Still, there was that old electric excitement that Toscanini alone seemed able to give a symphonic performance—and I, among so many others, shall deeply miss it.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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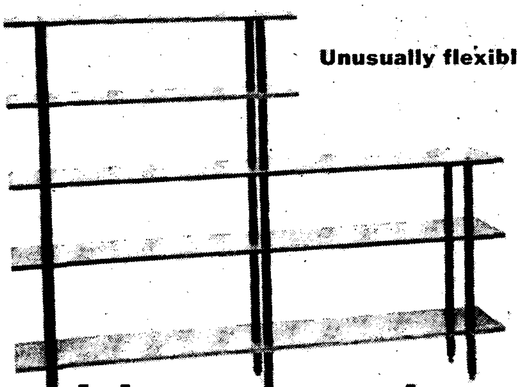
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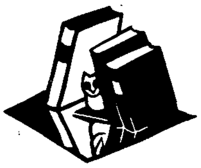
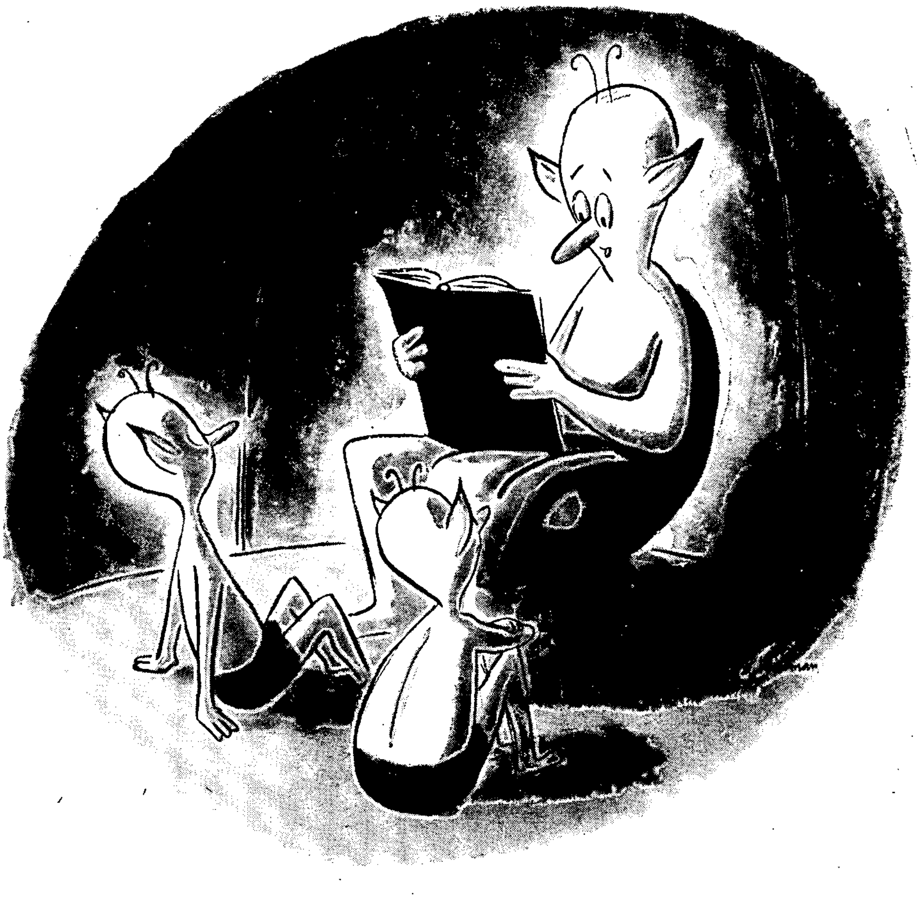
On First Reading Genesis



I Discovered a few years ago, in going through the attic of my mother's house, an old Hebrew Bible that had belonged to my grandfather, a Presbyterian minister, as well as a Hebrew dictionary and a Hebrew grammar. I had always had a certain curiosity about Hebrew, and I was perhaps piqued a little at the thought that my grandfather could read something that I couldn't, so, finding myself one autumn in Princeton, with the prospect of spending the winter, I enrolled in a Hebrew course at the Theological Seminary, from which my grandfather had graduated in 1846. I have thus acquired a smattering that has enabled me to work through Genesis, with constant reference to the English translation and the notes of the Westminster Commentaries, and this first acquaintance with the Hebrew text has, in several ways, been to me a revelation. In the first place, the study of a Semitic language gives one insights into a whole point of view, a system of mental habits, that differs radically from those of the West. But besides this, I had never read Genesis before. In college I had taken the second half year of a course in Old Testament literature, so I knew something about the prophets and the later phases of Biblical history, but the Pentateuch and the earlier historical books were known to me only in patches or through simplified versions of Bible stories that had been read to me when I was a child. I came to them in the original for the first time rather late in life, when I had already read many other books, and since such an experience is probably rare—Hebrew being studied mainly by Christian seminarists and orthodox Jews, both of whom come to it early and with definite religious predispositions—I am going to give a report on it. I am myself neither a Jew nor a Christian, and I propose to disregard, in doing so, the little I know of the tons of theological commentary that have been written by the various churches. I do not propose to take for granted—as, from recent conversations on this subject with even well-educated people, I conclude I am warranted in not doing—that the reader is any better acquainted with even the most famous Bible stories than I was when I recently began to explore them.

First of all, the surprises of the language. The Bible in Hebrew is far more a different thing from the Bible in any translation than the original Homer, say, is from the best of the translations of Homer, because the language in which it is written is more different from English than Greek is. To speak merely from the point of view of style, the writing of the earliest books is a good deal tighter and tougher—Renan calls it a twisted cable—than is easy to imitate with the relatively loose weave of English. It is also much more poetic, or, rather, perhaps—since the King James Version does partly take care of this with its seventeenth-century rhythms—poetic in a more primitive way. Some passages are actually in a kind of verse, and even the prose has a metrical basis. The first verse of Genesis, for instance, almost corresponds to a classical hexameter, and we soon feel we are reading an epic or a saga or something of the sort. The progress of the chronicle is interspersed with old prophecies and fragments of ballads that have evidently been handed down by word of mouth and that stand out from the background of the narrative by reason of their oracular obscurity and their "parallelistic" form. There are many plays on words and jingles that disappear in our solemn translations, and the language itself is extremely expressive, full of onomatopoeic effects. The word for "to laugh" is *tsakháq* ("kh" as in "Chekhov"), and thus Isaac is called Isaac (*Yitskháq*) because Sarah, in her delightful scene with God, cannot refrain from laughing when He tells her she shall yet bear a child; a light rain is called *matár*, a heavier downpour *géshem* (it was a *géshem* that caused the Deluge). The words for the emotions are likely to come from the physical states that accompany them. The verbs for "to love" and "to hate" are both based on heavy breathing: *aháv* and *ayáv*. Patience and impatience are rendered as the taking of long or short breaths.

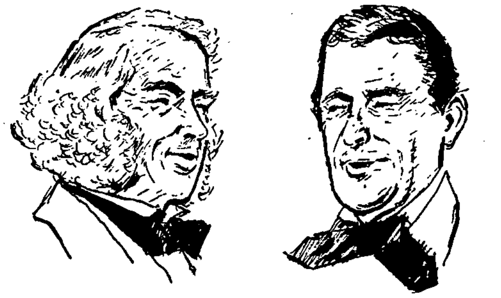
The Hebrew language is also emphatic to a degree with which our language can hardly compete. The device for affirming something strongly is to



"A wave of horror sickened her as she saw the creature approach. Its hands were a grotesque cluster of five fingers; its head, if it could be called that, was small, with slits for eyes and a shapeless blob for a nose, and crowned with a rank, repulsive growth . . ."

repeat the important word, and God's warning to Adam that he will "dying, die," if he disobeys His orders, seems weakened in our version— "thou shalt surely die"—as does Joseph's assertion that "stolen, I was stolen out of the land of the Hebrews" by "indeed I was stolen." Nor can we match the vehement expression of the violent Hebrew emotions. When Jehovah, about to invoke the Flood, has become disgusted with man, it is not adequate to say that the thoughts of man's heart were "only evil continually;" in the "*raq ra kol hayyóm*" of the text, we seem to hear the Creator actually spitting on his unworthy creation. "And Isaac trembled very exceedingly" is the rendering of the King James Version of the passage in which Isaac discovers that Jacob has deceived him, which falls short of "Isaac trembled mightily a great trembling," and in the next verse we read that Esau "cried mightily a great and bitter cry." This violence and vehemence of the Hebrews is implicit in the structure of the language itself. They did not conjugate their verbs for tenses, as the modern Western languages do, since our modern conception of time was something at which they had not yet arrived—a significant feature of the language that I want, in a later section of this article, to discuss by itself at length. What the Hebrews had instead of tenses were two fundamental conjugations for perfect and imperfect—that is, for action completed and action uncompleted. And both of these two "aspects" may be found for every verb in seven variations (though actually the complete set is rare) that have nothing to do with time. The primary form of the verb is known as the "light" or simple form, and the second is the passive of this. This seems plain sailing enough, but what follow are three intensive forms—active, passive, and reflexive—and two causatives—active and passive.

These verbs, which take little account of time, are the instruments, then, of a people who, at the period when this language was formed, must have been both passionate and energetic. It is not a question of *when* something happens, but whether the thing is completed or certain to be completed. There are special forms, the causatives, for getting things done: "I will multiply your descendants," "They made Joseph take off his coat." The intensives are unexpected to the non-Semitic reader, who has difficulty in getting the hang of them but feels a dynamic element in the very bone of the language, and soon begins to find them fascinating. The transla-



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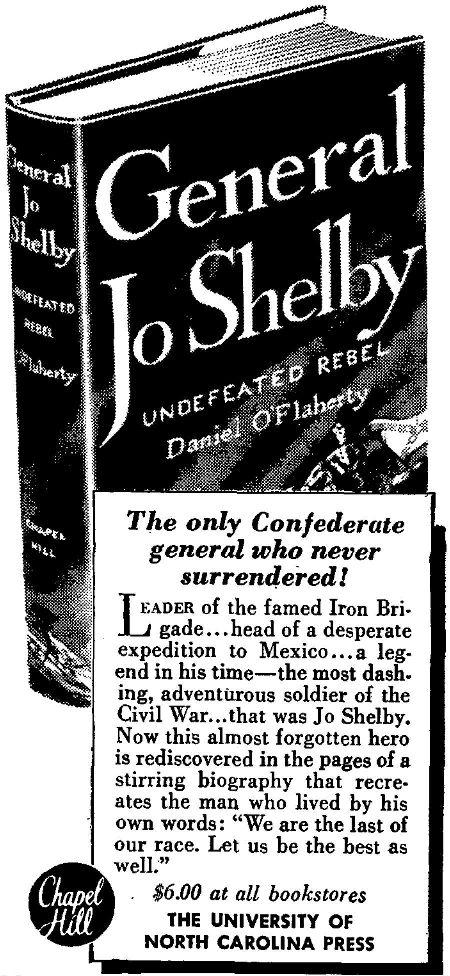
tor of these strange verb forms, which double the middle consonant and vary the pattern of vowels, is obliged to resort to an adverb or a stronger verb. The intensive form of the word for "to kill," the paradigm verb that the student learns, is given in the grammars as "kill brutally." So you have "break" and "break to pieces," "grow" and "grow luxuriantly." A curious example, which occurs in Genesis 24:21, illustrates the problems of translators. When the emissary of Abraham meets Rebecca at the well and watches her attentively in silence, to see whether she will behave in the way by which he has proposed to God that the wife appointed for Isaac may be made to reveal herself, a verb that means "to look at" is put in the intensive form. The old Revised Version made it "And the man looked steadfastly on her;" the new Revised Version has it "gazed at her"—the first of these, that is, adds an adverb, the second tries to find an appropriate verb, and the nuances conveyed are different.

These intensives are sometimes baffling. It is not always easy to see what is implied in a given context. The forms may, in certain cases, turn intransitive into transitive verbs; the intensive of "to learn" may mean "to teach," or indicate multiplicity or frequency. The student soon finds himself groping amid modes of being and acting that cannot be accommodated to our Western categories, and of which the simplified descriptions supplied by his beginner's grammar do not really give him much grasp. The intensive reflexive, for example, has uses that are puzzling to render or even to understand. It seems to imply behavior that ranges from what Henry James, borrowing from the French, meant by "abounding in one's own sense" to what we mean by "throwing one's weight around." When Enoch or Noah "walks with God," he does so in this form of the verb "to walk," and nobody has ever known how to render it. Yet one gets from the Hebrew original the impression that the walking of these patriarchs was of a very special kind, that it had the effect of making them both more important and more highly charged. This expression, in the Old Testament, says Dr. John Skinner, the author of the volume on Genesis in the International Critical Commentary series, in general "signifies intimate companionship, and here denotes a fellowship with God morally and religiously perfect. . . . We shall see, however, that originally it included the idea of initiation into divine mysteries." I have looked Enoch



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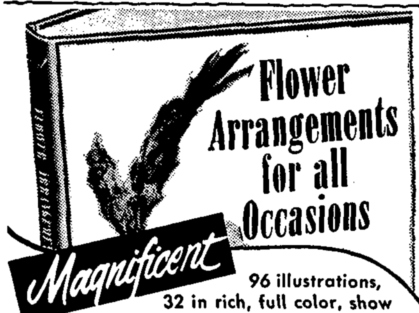

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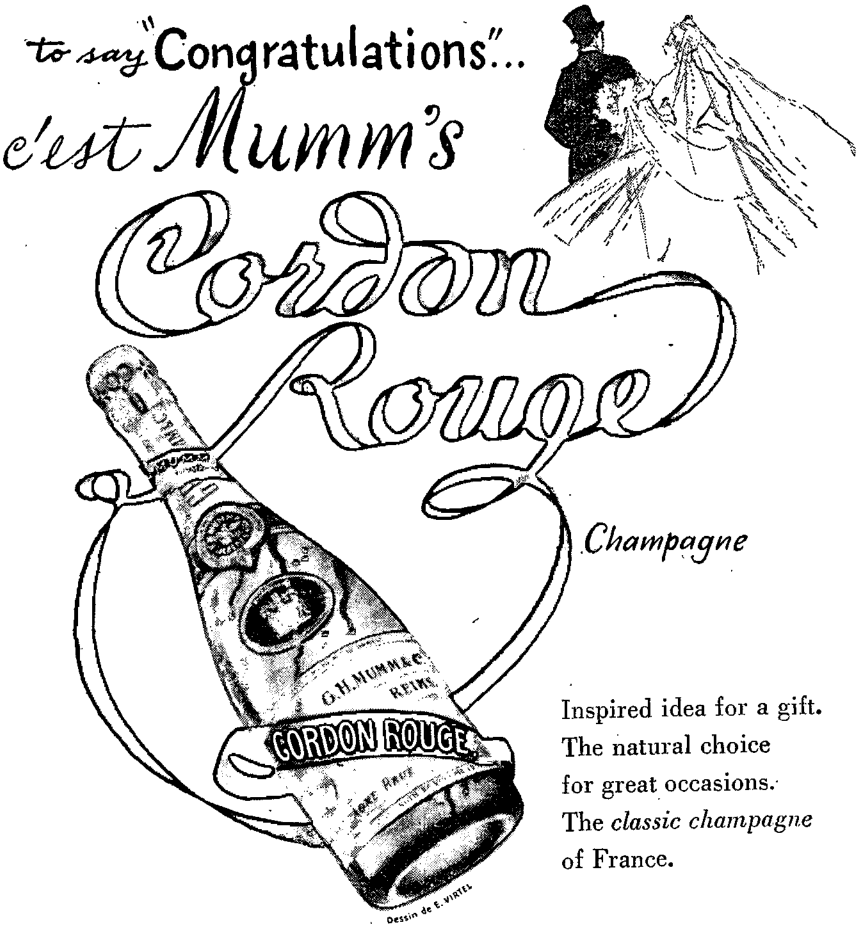
up in a number of translations, and the only attempts I have found to give the verb form its special force are in the independent modern translations by James Moffatt and Monsignor Knox, the former of whom says that Enoch "lived close to God," the latter that he was "the close friend of God." The flaming sword set by God at the gate of the Garden of Eden is made to "turn" in the intensive reflexive, and the English translations, from the King James Version to the Revised Standard Version, render this as "turned every way." I imagine something a little more spectacular. Gesenius's standard lexicon seems to bear me out in suggesting "brandished, glittering." Yet as soon as you are beginning to pride yourself on seizing the force of the intensive reflexive, you are pulled up by finding that this variation of the verb that means "to shave" implies, in the hygienic prescriptions of Leviticus, nothing more interesting than "to shave oneself" or "to get oneself shaved."

When Abraham, foreseeing that the beauty of Sarah will cause Pharaoh to want her for his harem, has passed her off as his sister, in order that Pharaoh may not be impelled to put him out of the way, and when Pharaoh, afflicted by God for a sin he has committed unknowingly, learns at last what is causing the trouble and sends Abraham about his business, he says, "Here is your wife. Take her and go!" We are amused, when we first read this incident, to find "send" in the intensive form and to hear the brusque snap of "*qakh valékh!*" Yet we later on find that these words are more or less a conventional formula that does not necessarily imply irritation and that "send" in the intensive occurs when the sending is not necessarily ejective. There is something, we become aware, peremptory in the language itself. You have drawn-out "cohortative" forms that express, for the first person, exhortation, strong intention, or earnest entreaty, along with clipped jussive forms for other people or things, as when God says, "Let this or that happen." The whole language is intensely purposeful, full of the determination to survive by force or by wit, to accomplish certain objectives, to lay down laws that will stabilize life and ensure its perpetuation, to fix the future by positive prophecies.

As this will of the ancient Hebrew finds expression in the dynamic verb forms, so the perdurability of the people is manifested in what may be called the physical aspects of the language. The prime unit of Hebrew is a group of three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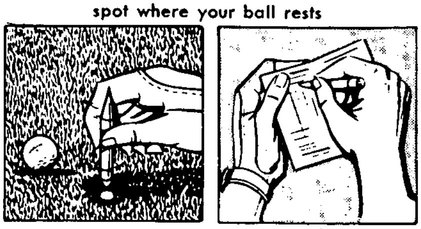

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consonants. Nearly every verb consists of such a trinity. The values may be modified—the consonant may be doubled or be altered to a kindred sound, as "f" to "p," "v" to "b"—by a dot written inside the letter, and the intervening vowels may be indicated by a system of dots and dashes written above and below, but they were not so originally written and are not—except in poetry and in a single daily paper—so written today in Israel. The Hebrew alphabet thus differs from our alphabet in not including characters for the vowels, or even, in every case, different characters for kindred consonantal sounds. It is a system of twenty-two integers, a set of unsupplantable blocks, and each Hebrew word makes a shell into which a varying content of vowel sounds may be poured. The verbs are modified by prefixes and endings, and some of the conjugations take prefixes, but, to a Westerner, the most striking feature of the Hebrew conjugations is the way in which a shift of meaning (from active to passive, for example) is effected by a vowel change inside this consonantal shell—the kind of thing that we do on a lesser scale in inflecting our so-called strong verbs: e.g., "sing, sang, sung." We may put in an "o" for the noun and get "song," and the Jews, too, can use the same shell, with a different vowel content, for a noun. What impresses is the hardness of this shell.

Our first look at the text of the Bible, when we have mastered the alphabet, is likely to give us the feeling that this system is extremely impractical. It requires what must seem to the beginner an annoying and easily avoidable effort to coördinate with the heavy consonants the elusive little dashes and dots that hover about them like midges, especially since two of the former are not consonants in our sense at all but gutturals, no longer pronounced, which have to be regarded as blanks and read with the sounds of the vowels that are indicated above or below them. Even the printing of these signs is difficult, impossible for a linotype machine, since they appear in innumerable combinations. The result is that, even in learned books, the consonants are, if possible, written without "pointings," and what you get is a kind of shorthand. You must already know the words extremely well in order to be able to recognize them. Yet some further acquaintance induces respect, and a perception that this method is appropriate, an inalienable element of the Jewish tradition. The characters themselves are impressive—not fluent like the Roman and Greek, but retaining still, as these have not, the look of having been once cut in stone. To write out Hebrew vocabulary, with black ink and a stub pen, affords a satisfaction that may give one a faint idea of the pleasures of Chinese calligraphy, as well as a feeling of vicarious authority as one traces the portentous syllables. One remembers the hand of Jehovah writing on Belshazzar's wall (though He had to write Aramaic in order to be understood by that alien and uninstructed king). These twenty-two signs that Moses was believed to have brought back from Egypt, graven on the Tables of the Law, and from which, in their Phoenician form, all our European alphabets have been taken, have, austere in their vowelless terseness, been steadily proceeding from right to left, over a period of two thousand years, among peoples that read from left to right; and in the Bible they take on an aspect exalted and somewhat mysterious: the square letters holding their course, with no capitals for proper names and no punctuation save the firm double diamond that marks the end of a verse, compact in form as in meaning, stamped on the page like a woodcut, solid verse linked to solid verse with the ever recurrent "and," the sound of which is modulated by changes of vowel, while above and below them a dance of accents shows the pattern of the metrical structure and the rise and fall of the chanting, and, above and below, inside and out, the vowel pointings hang like motes, as if they were the molecules the consonants breathed. Difficult for the foreigner to penetrate and completely indifferent to this, they have withstood even the drive toward assimilation, to their Spanish and Germanic neighbors, of the Jews of the Middle Ages; and in the dialect of German that is Yiddish, in newspapers spread in the subway, they still march in the direction opposite to that of all the other subway newspapers, English or Spanish or Italian, Hungarian or Russian or Greek, with only a light sprinkling of pointings to indicate Germanic vowels. And we have seen them reassemble in Israel, reconstituting their proper language—not embarrassed in the least by the fear that the newspaper reader of our century, even knowing Hebrew perfectly, may have difficulty in distinguishing, in the

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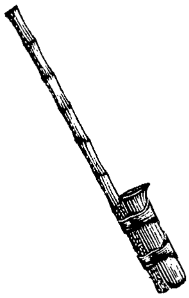

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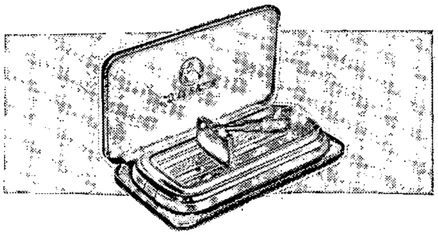

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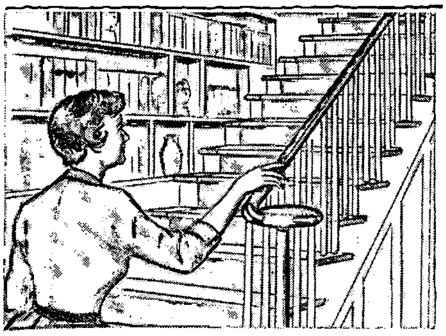

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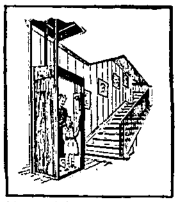

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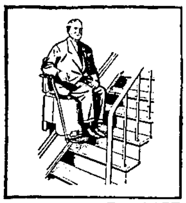

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awareness of their animal nature and the impulse to clothe themselves.

After Adam, the chronicle is almost lost in a cloudy domain of myth. Methuselah lives nine hundred and sixty-nine years; Enoch walks with God, then vanishes, "for God took him." The formidable race that the Septuagint calls "giants" and the Masoretic Bible "Nephilim" (fallen ones?) are dwelling on the earth. The sons of God interbreed with the daughters of men. Something in all this has gone wrong, though it is not clear precisely what. The Creator, at an earlier stage so nervously suspicious of man, so anxious lest man try to compete with Him, now decides he has gone to the bad and regrets He has ever made him. He decides to wipe mankind out, but relents in favor of the family of Noah. There follows the account of a flood which, according to Sir Leonard Woolley, must actually have occurred locally some three thousand years before Christ, in the region between the Tigris and the Euphrates—an account that seems less poetic as well as less realistic than the similar record preserved in the Babylonian epic "Gilgamesh." It is curious to compare the two stories. The Babylonian one mentions reed huts, the remnants of which Woolley found below a thick layer of river silt, and the adventures of the Ark are "lived," described here in much more detail than in the Biblical tale of the Flood. One is struck by the behavior of these earlier gods. "The gods were frightened by the deluge, and, shrinking back, they ascended to the heaven of Anu. The gods cowered like dogs crouched against the outer wall." Later, when the waters are going down and a sacrifice is offered, "The gods smelled the savor, the gods smelled the sweet savor, the gods crowded like flies about the sacrificer." This was not the way of Jehovah, who has absolute authority and absolute power, and could not behave so abjectly.

It should be said at this point that the text of Genesis is regarded as a patching together of texts by two different hands, combined, perhaps, with passages from still older sources. One sees clearly in the Hebrew the reasons why certain points seem confused in translation—though actually they have partially been ironed out—for the original is still more confused. In the two recensions that have been here brought together, it is evident that one of the scribes had referred to God as "Elohim," the other by the name that we call "Jehovah." The first of these words is a plural—most commonly used with a singular, but oc-

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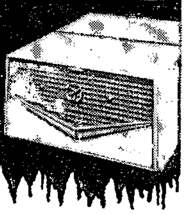

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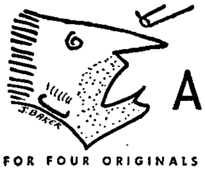

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casionally with a plural verb—which seems to designate spirits or powers that preside over the phenomena of the universe. It will be noticed that the Creator in the Eden story expresses his displeasure that Adam has "become like one of *us*," and this plurality of Elohim, the indeterminateness of his or their identity, lends mystery to certain incidents—the wrestling of Jacob with the "angel," the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah—in which a "man" or several "messengers" turn out to be what we translate as "God," though the names of Elohim and Jehovah, sometimes alternating, sometimes appearing together, make the ancient conception of deity rather difficult, at this early stage, to grasp. Jehovah is a definitely singular God, the pillar of monotheism. He figures in the Bible at first as the national divinity of the Hebrews, competing with neighboring divinities, but He is later, without ever losing His special relation to the Hebrews, to become a universal God; and one of the things that make Genesis interesting is to see how this universal Deity develops out of primitive conceptions, incompletely fused, of a personal Hebrew patron and a host of primeval spirits. The Jehovah who is to figure for the Christian as an omniscient Heavenly Father, for the Jew as a transcendent principle that cannot be given a name—"Jehovah" is itself a substitute for the unpronounceable name of God, and the Jew, in his religious services, substitutes for this "Adonai" (my Lord)—this soaring and awful conception is only trying here its first brief flights. Nor are there here any Christian angels, with flowing white robes and great wings, only divine "messengers," easily mistaken for human beings. The Hebrew word for "messenger" was translated by the Greek word "ἄγγελος," and this later gave rise to "angel," which has come to connote a being that does not exist in the Hebrew text. Nor is there as yet a Devil; even the Satan who appears in Job but is otherwise scarcely mentioned is merely "the Adversary," an antagonist opposing Jehovah. There are only the men of a nomad tribe groping after some understanding with a superhuman power or powers. The scribe himself is groping for their history, and his narrative is blurred not only by an undetermined conception of God but also by other discrepancies that result from his pious unwillingness to deal boldly with his differing sources. In comparison with this unknown editor, the unknown writer or writers who turned out the Homeric poems did a smooth and

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harmonious job on the ancient materials that he or they worked with. But that was not the Oriental way. The Semitic peoples, it seems, liked to preserve all the versions, with the result, in the text of Genesis, that the factual elements are rarely consistent; the chronologies do not come out right, the enumerations do not add up correctly. In the case of the episode mentioned above, of the imposture practiced by Abraham on Pharaoh in passing off Sarah as his sister, you are given the same story three times—told the second time of Abraham and Abimelech, the third time of Isaac and Abimelech. The men of the passing caravan to whom Joseph is sold by his brothers are designated first as Midianites, and then, in succession, as Ishmaelites, Midianites, and Ishmaelites. The wonder is, with all this untidiness, these absurdities and incongruities, that the dialogue should be so telling, the situations presented with so sure a stroke, that the personalities of the principal characters should remain so convincing and so interesting. Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph are created as living figures in a way that makes relatively unimportant the imprecisions of the differing versions; it is even perhaps true that their outlines are thrown into a kind of relief by the factual uncertainty of the legend. Renan tells us of one of his teachers at the seminary of St. Sulpice that, in expounding this episode of Abraham in Egypt, he had difficulty in explaining how Sarah, who is apparently supposed to be nearly seventy, was capable of exciting the desire of Pharaoh. He "would call our attention," says Renan, "to the fact that, after all, such things had been known, and that 'Mlle. de Lenclos,' at seventy, had inspired passions and precipitated duels." The extraordinary thing is that, in the course of all the centuries during which these stories have been read and pondered, such outrageous anomalies as this have not bothered people more.

WITH the emergence of the patriarch Abraham, there begins that remarkable narrative which also includes the careers of his descendants, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. We may wonder that these personages should run so true to familiar Jewish types till we realize that Jewish children, for more than three thousand years, have been brought up with these Biblical figures before them.

The relations of Abraham with Jehovah strike a note that today sounds feudal. He is respectful toward Him, even obsequious, yet their intercourse exhibits at the same time an element of what may almost be called homely intimacy. Abraham may argue with Jehovah, and Jehovah, who has made with him a covenant and chosen him as "father of many nations," never thunders against him as the Jehovahs of the prophets do. It is natural for this Jehovah to visit His earthly agent, in the guise of a human traveller and in the company of two other travellers (throughout this visit called "men," but later described as "messengers"), at noon, by the oaks of Mamre, as Abraham is sitting in front of his tent. The travellers ask him where his wife is, and he tells them that she is inside the tent. The visitor who is Jehovah explains to Abraham that He will come that way again in the spring, and that Sarah shall then have a son. She has been barren, and she and Abraham have already been through the episode, so painful to everyone concerned, of Hagar, the Egyptian maid, to whom Abraham has given a child and whom Sarah has driven away. Sarah has been listening inside the tent door, and when she hears this prediction, she laughs to herself. "Now that I am worn out," she says, "how should I have pleasure, and my husband an old man?" "Why did Sarah laugh?" asks the visitor. "Does she think that God cannot do it?" "I didn't laugh," says Sarah, frightened. "No, but you did laugh," says God.

In the meantime, Jehovah reflects that He had better take Abraham into His confidence and explain to him that recent reports as to what is going on in Sodom and Gomorrah make the situation sound so serious that He has decided to have it looked into: He may be obliged to destroy those cities. When He broaches this subject to Abraham, the latter thinks at once of his nephew Lot, who at the moment is living in Sodom. There ensues a significant dialogue, in which Abraham, playing on Jehovah's sense of justice, gradually beats Him down in such a way as to insure Lot's survival. Is it right that the good men in Sodom, Abraham puts it up to Him, should be punished along with the vicious? "The Judge of the whole earth will surely not commit an injustice! Suppose there are fifty good men: would it not be unjust that these should perish?" Jehovah feels the force of this; very well, He will spare the city if He finds in it fifty good men. "Behold, I have dared to speak to my Lord," Abraham is quick to add, relapsing into

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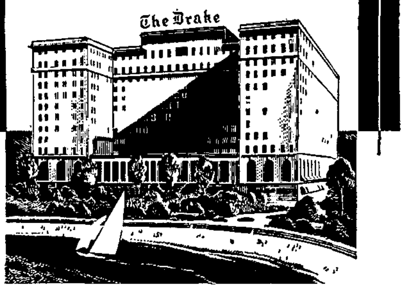

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abysmal humility now that he has won his point—"I who am dust and ashes!" But he persists: "Suppose five of the fifty are lacking?" Jehovah is obliged to admit that this would not be fair either, and gradually, step by step, begging God not to be annoyed and protesting his own unworthiness, he persuades Him to agree that for ten good men He will refrain from exterminating the Sodomites. (Nothing is said of Gomorrah, where Abraham has no relations.)

The messengers of Jehovah arrive at the city, where they find Lot sitting at the gate. He cordially invites them to his house, where he gives them an excellent dinner, but before they have gone to bed, the whole male population of Sodom—to a man, the narrator says—gather outside the house and demand that the visitors be surrendered to them. They have seen the divine messengers and found them all too attractive. In this scene, there is a real terror (echoed with less effect in the similar episode of Judges 19, though the latter is more brutal and more gruesome). Lot goes out and shuts the door behind him. He offers the Sodomites his daughters, if they want them (knowing, perhaps, that he is perfectly safe), but he cannot betray the guests whom he has taken under his roof. "You are not one of us!" shout the Sodomites, with the jeer that was so often to be made to the Jew. "You're all by yourself here—you're only a sojourner! You can't tell us what to do! We'll see that you get it worse than they do!" They yell at him to stand aside, mob him, are about to break down the door, but the messengers pull Lot inside, strike the invaders with blindness, and shut the door in their faces. "Now gather all your family together," the messengers order Lot, "and get them away from here. This place has become such a scandal that Jehovah has sent us to wipe it out." But the Sodomite husbands of Lot's two daughters imagine that the visitors are joking, and Lot himself is reluctant to go. When they have not left at dawn the next morning, the messengers drag Lot and his family out—the sons-in-law are left behind—and tell them to flee for their lives before the brimstone begins.

The insistence all through these episodes of the earlier part of Genesis is on family—i.e., race survival, the importance, by measures however extreme, of perpetuating the consecrated seed. One feels in the story of Sodom, coming after the promise that Sarah shall still bear a child in old age, that the horror for the Jews of the Sodomites is the menace of "genocide." When Lot's daughters, de-

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prived of their husbands, are living miserably with their father in a cave, they have no way of saving this seed except by getting him drunk and inducing him to make them pregnant. We are made to feel not that the daughters of Lot have here committed a sin, but rather that their action is justified by the desperateness of the situation. With this fierceness of the will to persist goes a sense, which redeems the sternness of the patriarchal relations, of the pathos of parental feelings. When Hagar is about to bear Abraham's child, she cannot help being insolent to Sarah, and Sarah retaliates by treating her so harshly that she runs away. She is met by a messenger of God, who reassures her and makes her return; but later, after Isaac has been born, when Sarah has fears lest Ishmael, Hagar's child, may come to share with him Abraham's heritage, she drives her away again. Abraham gets up early and gives Hagar some bread and a skin of water. With the child, she goes into the wilderness, and when all her water is gone, she puts Ishmael under a bush and sits down some distance away, saying, "Let me not look on the death of the child!" Then the little boy begins to cry, and God hears him and shows Hagar a well of water. So, later, God, testing Abraham, orders him to sacrifice Isaac. When they are going up together to the mountaintop, the boy speaks up: "My father!" "Here am I, my son." "We've got the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for the offering?" The father is obliged to reply, "God, my son, will provide the lamb." These strokes of human feeling, of insight, are so trenchant and so authentic, and they so surely awake a response in all kinds and conditions of people, that there are moments when the gods and heroes of the so much more expertly handled, the so much more sophisticated Homeric poems seem less real than the nomads of Genesis when the finger of the unknown scribe, tracing the ancient story, flashes across the page the verses that make them live. This finger also makes the contact, momentous in its day and place, between God and the humblest life, and the God of the patriarchal chronicle is a much more attractive deity than the God of the Garden of Eden, the Flood, and the Tower of Babel. The mind that created Hagar, dying of thirst with her baby, had also to create the God who would pity them and allow them their role in the world. The composer of the conversation between Abraham and Isaac on their way to the sacrifice could not admit of a God who would compel His chosen agent to go

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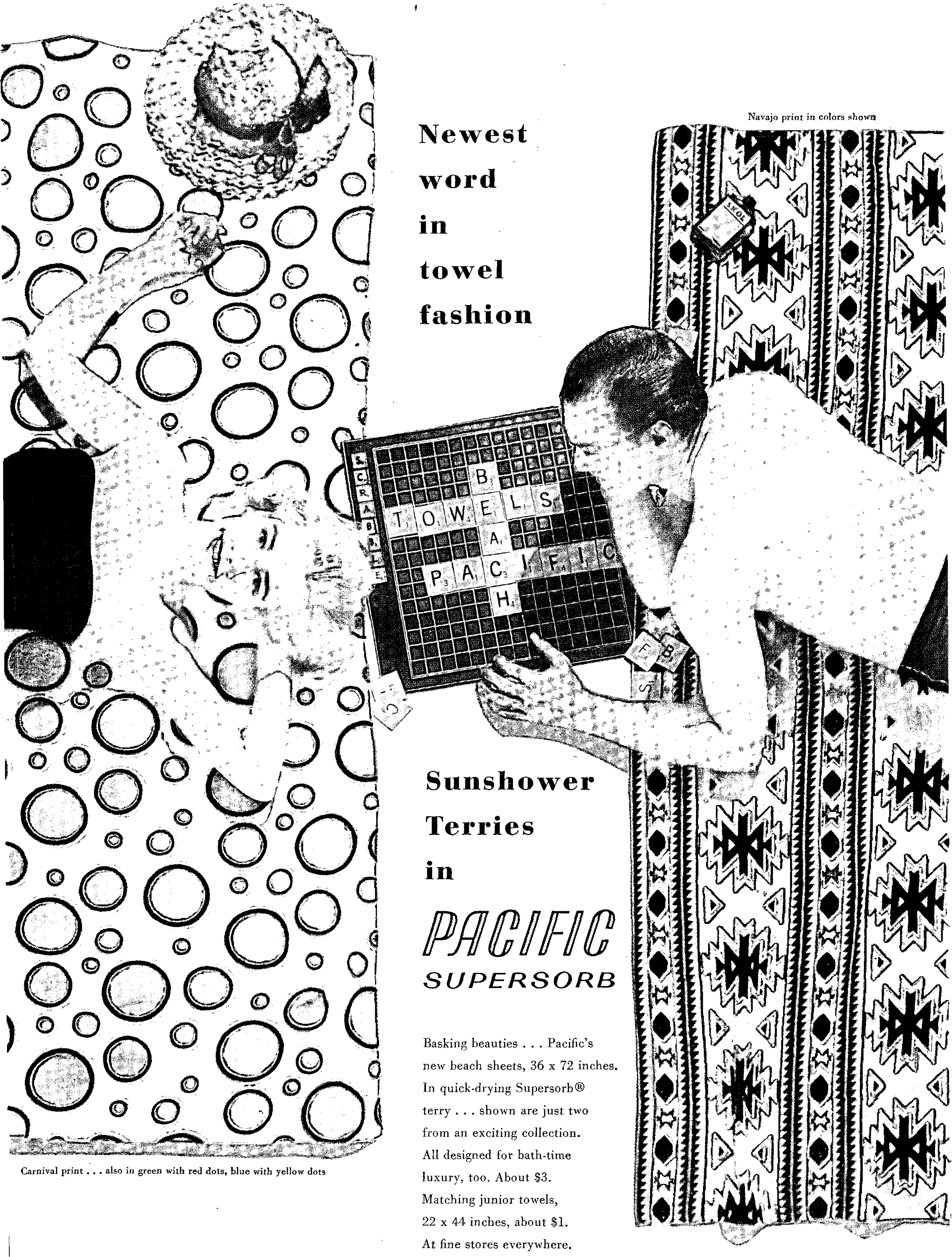

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through with this cruel ordeal. In these fumbling and awkward old stories, we can see man becoming aware of the conscience that begins to dignify him, that seems to tower above him.

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We now have a long account of Jacob's sojourn with his uncle Laban. He falls in love with Laban's daughter Rachel, but Laban will not let him marry her till he has worked for Laban seven years—a period that, so great is Jacob's love for her, seems to pass, the narrator tells us, like only a few days. But at the end of this time, when Jacob has earned her, Laban fails to keep his promise; in the darkness of the marriage night, he succeeds in passing off on Jacob his older daughter Leah, whom he wants to get married off first, but then offers Jacob Rachel, too—the marriage to take place at once—if the young man will agree to work for him seven years longer. While Jacob is serving this sec-

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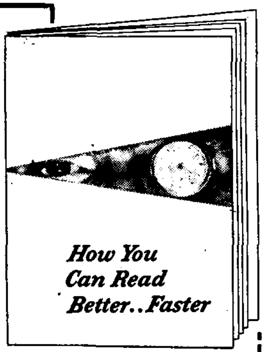
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ond term, the relations between him and his wives are subjected to a good deal of strain, because Rachel, whom he loves, has no children while Leah is producing four. Because she is not beloved—because she "is hated," the narrative says—God has taken pity on Leah and is trying in this way to console her. But Rachel makes her maid sleep with Jacob and then claims the resulting two sons as her own. Leah, who has now stopped bearing, makes Jacob give *her* maid, too, two sons. During the wheat harvest, an incident occurs. One of Leah's sons finds some mandrakes and brings them to his mother. The Hebrew word for mandrake has the same connotation as our "love apple;" it was supposed to be an aphrodisiac and also to promote conception. Rachel asks Leah for some of these, but the bitter Leah replies that Rachel has taken her husband's love; will she rob her of even her mandrakes? If Leah will give her the mandrakes, says Rachel, she will let her sleep with Jacob. The result is that Leah again conceives, while poor Rachel has no luck with the mandrakes. But at last God remembers Rachel and allows her to give birth to Joseph. Jacob decides, at this point, that he has had enough of working for Laban, but Laban has come to realize that Jacob is under divine protection, that he has prospered because of his nephew's presence. He offers to pay Jacob whatever he asks, and a duel of cunning begins.

This conflict has its comic aspect. Jacob offers to stay on awhile if Laban will allow him to take for his own all the spotted goats and sheep and all the black lambs. Laban agrees, but then removes these from the flocks and has his sons keep them apart from the rest. Jacob, encouraged by God, as he afterward tells his wives, secures a mixed-colored breed simply by setting up striped sticks at the water troughs where the animals mate. He also sees to it that the spotted breed is produced from the most vigorous specimens. This makes Jacob extremely rich, and he finally decides to leave Laban. Without forewarning his uncle, he goes off with his wives and his children, his camels, his sheep, goats, and asses, his male and his female servants. Rachel, without Jacob's knowing it, steals her father's household gods, the Hebrew equivalent of lares and penates. Laban comes after them and makes a scene. Why has Jacob left his uncle in this furtive way instead of allowing him to kiss his daughters goodbye and to send them away with music? He searches the tents for the household gods, which Rachel hides in

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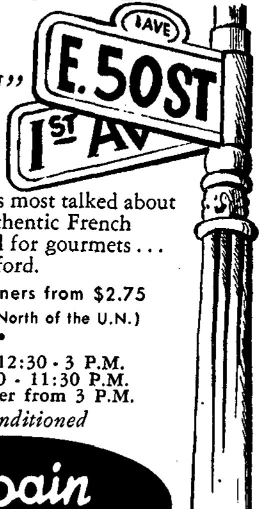

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her camel's saddle. Jacob, not knowing she has them, becomes angry and denounces Laban. "If I hadn't had God with me," he says, "I should never have got away from you with anything to show for my work!" Laban is obliged to back down. They make a covenant, and Laban goes home. Jacob proceeds on his way and encounters divine messengers. "This is God's army," he says.

But the thought of reunion with Esau now begins to worry Jacob. He devises a strategy for propitiating his brother or keeping out of his reach, in case Esau still wants to kill him. First of all, he sends out men to announce his return, and they report that Esau is coming to meet him, accompanied by four hundred followers. Jacob is apprehensive. He divides his company in two in order that, if one part should get massacred, the other would have a chance to escape. He then prays, reminding God that He has promised to stand behind him and to see to it that his children survive. After this, he instructs his servants to go ahead of him with a present for Esau, consisting of over five hundred animals. They are to drive them in procession, drove by drove, with intervals between the droves, so as to make the strongest possible impression. They must wait until Esau has seen the first drove and demands to know whose they are, then they will tell him it is a present for him, sent by his servant Jacob, who is following close behind. Each new drove will come as a fresh surprise. Soon Jacob himself will appear, and perhaps this will do the trick. Yet Jacob is evidently anxious and tense. He sends his wives and his children to the farther side of the Jabbok River. Now he is all alone, and he passes through a strange experience, a crisis and test of the spirit that accompanies this critical moment of his meeting his brother again and perhaps predetermines its upshot. This is the episode that has come to be known as the struggle of Jacob with the angel—perhaps out of euphemism, since the editors of the sacred text had a tendency to play down passages that appeared disrespectful of God. Actually, no angel is ever mentioned. Jacob wrestles all night with a "man." That they all but literally went to the mat is shown by the Hebrew verb, found only here, which is made from one of the nouns for "dust" (which is similar in sound to the name of the Jabbok). They are "dusting" one another. The mysterious opponent sees that he cannot get Jacob down, so he strikes him on the socket of the thigh and puts his thigh out of joint. "Let me go," he bids Jacob, "for the day is

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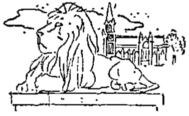

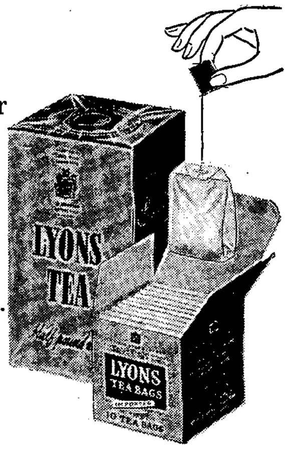

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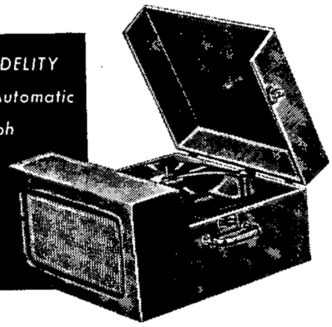

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breaking." But Jacob is still able to hold his own: "I shall not let you go till you bless me." The being asks Jacob's name, and when Jacob tells him, he says, "Your name shall no longer be Jacob, but Israel"—meaning "striver with God"—"for you have striven with both God and men, and prevailed." Jacob asks his opponent's name; the other refuses to answer, but blesses him before he departs. Jacob knows that he has wrestled with God, that he has seen Him face to face, yet still lives. The sun rises, and he goes away limping. Thereafter, he is sometimes called Israel. It is the first time the name occurs. Is there some implication here of a rivalry of God with His creation? What is striking for us today in this passage is that even the chosen leader, who identifies himself with the spirits that preside over man's destiny and the forces of nature, must pit himself against them, like Prometheus, in order to win something from them; that this name the Jews gave themselves contained, or was afterward made to contain, the idea that they had conquered, at a maiming cost, some share in the power of God.

The meeting with Esau goes off very well, though Jacob is plainly nervous. There follows a hideous episode of the kind that even devout readers of the Bible have not often cared to remember. Such stories are in themselves far from elevating; they do not provide texts for sermons or suggest subjects for paintings, yet, in the narrative of the Bible, their savagery has the effect of setting off the strong purposes, the flashes of revelation, that represent the emergence of the moral sense, of the nobler human ambitions—those principles and aspirations that seemed to the ancient Jew so much on a different level from the ferocity and the duplicity which were also a part of his history that he regarded them as promises and precepts handed down to him by a higher being. Jacob now buys some land in Canaan, and Shechem, the son of the local prince, seduces Dinah, Jacob's only daughter—"and humbled her," the narrative adds, which seems to imply rape. But Shechem's "soul was attached to Dinah; he loved her, and he spoke to the heart of the girl." Shechem goes to his father and asks him to arrange for him to marry Dinah. The father takes it up with Jacob and proposes that his people and Jacob's should live on good terms together, intermarry and trade with one another, that Jacob should settle among them. Shechem, whose soul longs for Dinah, offers Jacob and her brothers any gift they ask, if they will let him

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make her his wife. But Jacob's sons have just come in from the cattle, and, still furious at the wrong done Dinah but not betraying their feelings, they make the objection to Jacob that they cannot allow their sister to be married to a man who has not been circumcised, and insist that if there is to be intermarriage between Shechem's people and theirs, all the former must undergo this operation. Young Shechem at once consents, and his father, who has always humored him, goes to the gate of the city and announces that this drastic measure is forthwith to be carried out. Every man who goes out of the gate must be stopped and subjected to circumcision. When this has been going on three days and the male inhabitants of the city are all suffering from the effects of the operation and unprepared to defend themselves, two of Jacob's sons, Simeon and Levi, descend on them and slaughter them all, including, of course, Shechem and his father, and they carry away Dinah, who has been kept in Shechem's house. They also plunder the city and devastate the countryside, driving off all the animals and enslaving the women and children. When Jacob finds out what has happened, he rebukes his revengeful sons; he shows them what a mess they have made, that his name is now a stink to the people there. He has only a handful of followers, and his neighbors will combine against him and kill them all. The stupid young men reply, "Could we let him treat our sister like a harlot?"

God tells Jacob to go to Bethel, and Jacob makes his household purify themselves and hand over to him all their images of the false local gods. He reaches Bethel without interference, because God has restrained his enemies, and he builds an altar there. God now repeats his promises, and Jacob moves on to another place. But Rachel has conceived again, and on the way she falls into labor. "Don't be afraid," says the midwife, when her pains become agonizing. "You will bear another son." But Rachel dies in giving birth to this son, and, dying, names him Ben-oni, Son of My Suffering. Jacob, however, changes this to Ben-yamin, Son of the Right Hand. He marks Rachel's grave and journeys on. The last thing we hear of him in this section is that one of his sons, Reuben, has gone to bed with Rachel's former maid, his father's concubine, by whom Jacob has had two sons. "And Israel," says the narrator—Israel, the striver with God—"heard about this."

There follows the story of Joseph,

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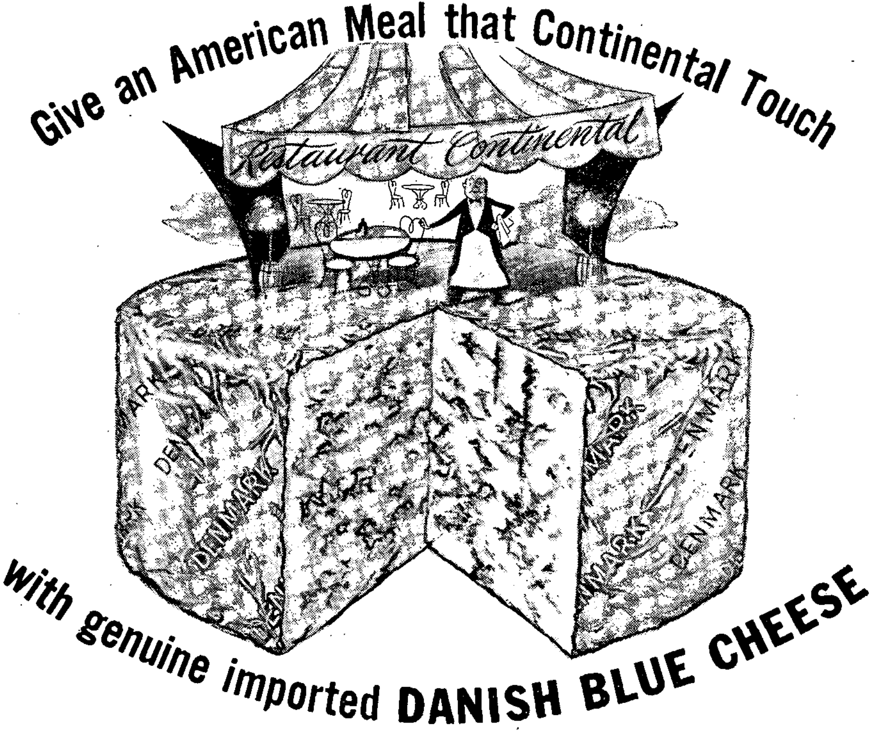
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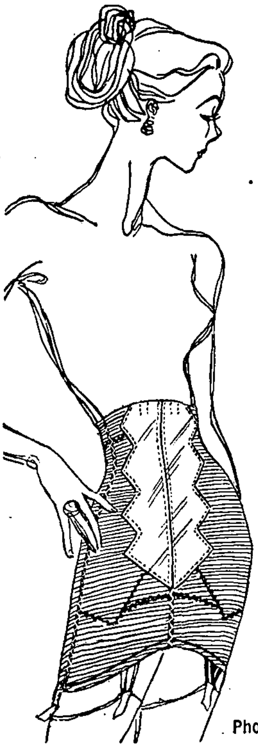

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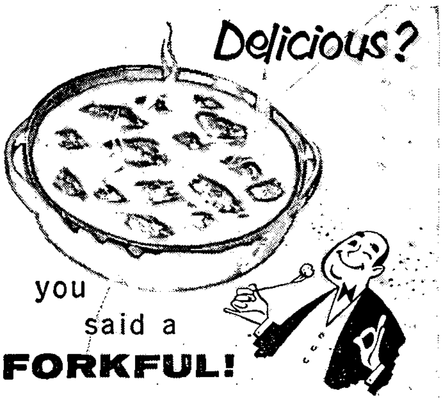
which I shall not attempt to retell. It is, of course, a success story, the prototype of all success stories. Joseph is the able Jew who makes good in a foreign land. In his function as Pharaoh's governor, he reminds us of Disraeli as Prime Minister and of the powerful Jewish viziers of the tenth and eleventh centuries in Spain. He scores off his envious brothers, who have sold him into Egypt, first by putting them to a great deal of inconvenience, then by forgiving them and setting them up in Egypt; and he gratifies his old father and arranges for him a serene old age. There are moments when we feel about Joseph that he is a little what is meant by the Yiddish word *allrightnik*, when we are tempted to sympathize with the brothers in their resentment at his reading of dreams that is always to his own advantage. Except for this gift of interpreting dreams, he has little communication with the Deity, and we may easily find Jacob more interesting, with his trickery, his love for Rachel, his victimization by Laban and his finally sending his father-in-law about his business, his difficult domestic relations and his uncontrollable children, his sporadic contacts with God that jolt him into consciousness of his destiny. But Joseph, with his solid character, his career of worldly advancement, makes a necessary intermittence—or, rather, an intermittence that convinces us we are dealing with a human world—in this chronicle of intercourse with the Deity, so that the next advance in this intercourse will come with a peculiar impressiveness: the Moses of Exodus, who will talk to God, face to face, on a loftier level than Abraham, who will derive from Him authority and leadership of a more compelling kind than Jacob's.

ALL these incidents take place in a world in which the time values are always vague, because Hebrew verbs have no real tenses. This whole question of time is so interesting, the time sense of a people is so fundamental, so important for understanding its mentality, that I want to discuss it in a general way, and not merely in connection with the Bible.

"What was perhaps most astonishing to the modern European," a former governor of Kenya, Sir Philip Mitchell (quoted in last August's issue of the German magazine *Der Monat*), has reported of the natives of that region, "was their not having any calendar or way of telling time, the fact that they oriented themselves solely by the moon and the seasons, the rising and the setting of the sun. Before modern Europe-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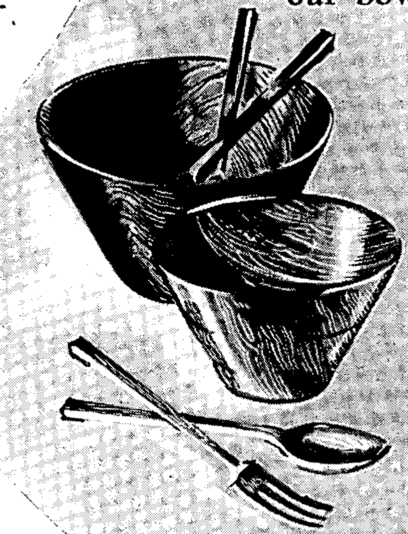
ans took over, there did not, except for the Swahili spoken on the coast, exist in any language from Abyssinia to the Transvaal any way of saying 'on January 1, 1890,' or 'at two-thirty in the afternoon,' or of expressing any other such idea."

Now, the Jews of the Old Testament were not, of course, quite in this primitive state, but their time sense was so little developed that they did not even have a word for "hour," and, as we have seen, they took no interest in accurate chronology. The Babylonians evidently had sundials three hundred years before Christ, but the only possible reference in the Bible to any such time-telling device is a dubious one in Isaiah 38:8, where the "grades" that have been taken for the degrees of a dial might mean also a flight of steps. We so much take for granted, in our part of the world, our schedules of clock and calendar time that it is difficult to adjust ourselves to the mental habits of peoples who do not share our conventions.

This is certainly one difference that throws us off in our attempts to deal with the Russians. The visitor to Moscow may at first be misled by the fact that he and the Muscovites make use of similar clocks, and that the Russians, since the Revolution, have adjusted their calendar to ours; he may assume that appointments will be kept, that meetings will begin on time, and he is likely to become impatient when he discovers that *seichas* (this hour) is often equivalent to "never." Yet if he studies the language, he should realize that the Russians are living in an older, a much less closely scheduled world. The tenses of the verbs in any language are the key to a people's idea of time, and the tenses of the Russians are different from ours and different from those, I believe, of any of the Romance or Teutonic languages. The basic thing to grasp here is that the Slavs lack the Western conception of a definite moment in the present, of the present as a definite moment. You cannot say in Russian, "I tell you 'No!,'" or, like John Burroughs in his well-known poem, "Serene, I fold my hands and wait." The Russians, like the ancient Jews, make their fundamental distinction between action completed and action going on. You can only say in Russian, "I am telling you 'No!'"—that is, put the verb in the "imperfective." In the "perfective," there is no present tense; you can have an action completed only in the future or in the past. The line from John Burroughs would have to be rendered in Russian either "I am



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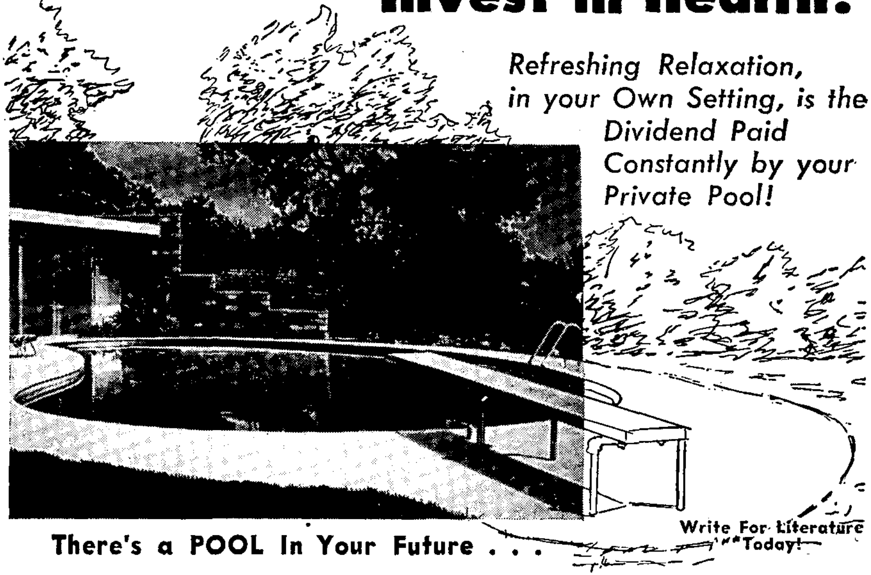

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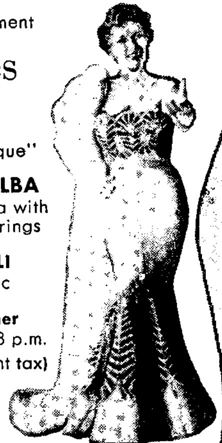
folding my hands and shall wait" or "I have folded my hands and am waiting." The language does not allow for an action completed in the present, and the past is also lacking in precisions that our Western languages make. The Russian past is an old past participle that is inflected (quite uselessly, from our point of view) for gender as well as number, but the use of which is otherwise exactly like the illiterate use of the past participle that is current in the American South: "I taken her out for a walk." In Russian there is no pluperfect; you cannot, by a change of the tense, make it clear that some action or event has taken place before some other. Nor is there any distinction such as we make between a perfect and a simple past; though I have written, "I have folded my hands" above, for the sake of natural English, the Russian would be simply "I folded." When something is past, it is past, and the antiquated Russian language does not worry about the chronology of past events in relation to one another. Nor does it have any grammatical machinery for adjusting events in the past to the point of view of the present—that is, to the point of view of the moment when the speaker is speaking. Thus, it could not be said in Russian of Chekhov's three sisters that they thought they would go to Moscow. A neighbor of theirs would have said, "They thought they *will* go to Moscow." The difference between us and the Russians is that, here again, we are equipped with the conception of the present as a definite point. This point, for us, stands as a limit to the past, and the past, as seen from this moment, falls into an ordered perspective. With us, the conditional "would" relegates the intention of the sisters to a moment when it was not yet possible to know whether or not their intention would be carried out; they might or might not have gone. Chekhov knows, of course, that they will never get off, but if he told you about it in Russian, the language would not provide him with any way of even hinting that there was anything problematic about it. It sets no limit and adjusts no perspective. In telling of the sisters' hopes, the language must transport the speaker to the period when these hopes were being entertained, and at that period, as I have earlier pointed out, there was no way in Russian for the sisters to say, "Today we shake the dust of this place from our feet and definitely clear out for Moscow!" It is easier in Russian than it is for us indefinitely to put things off, as Chekhov knows his three sisters will do; so far as



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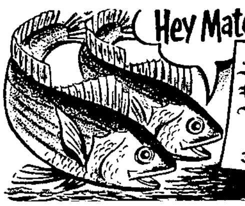

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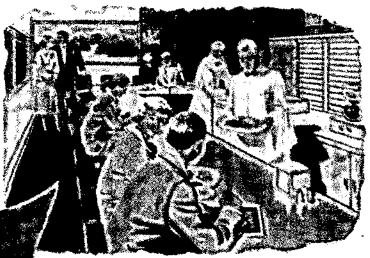

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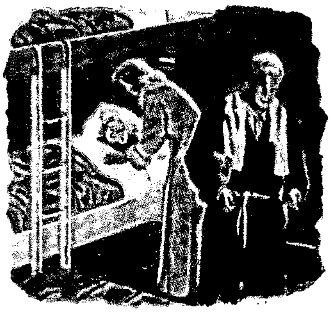

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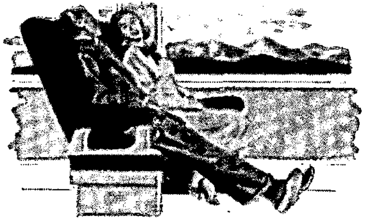

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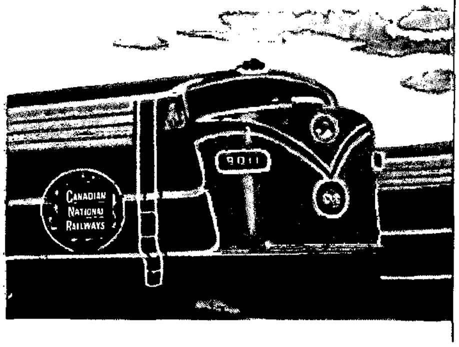

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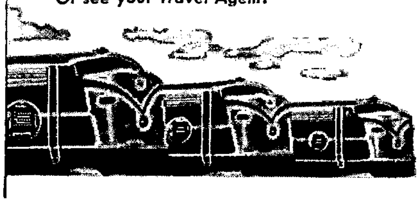

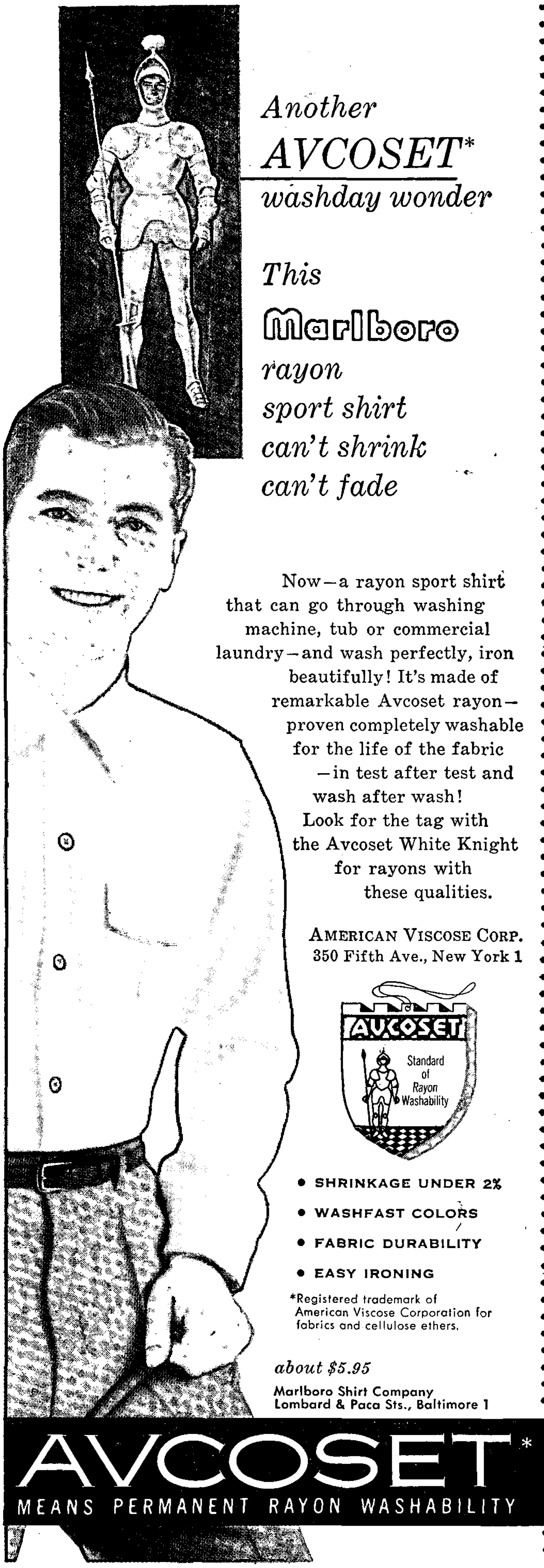

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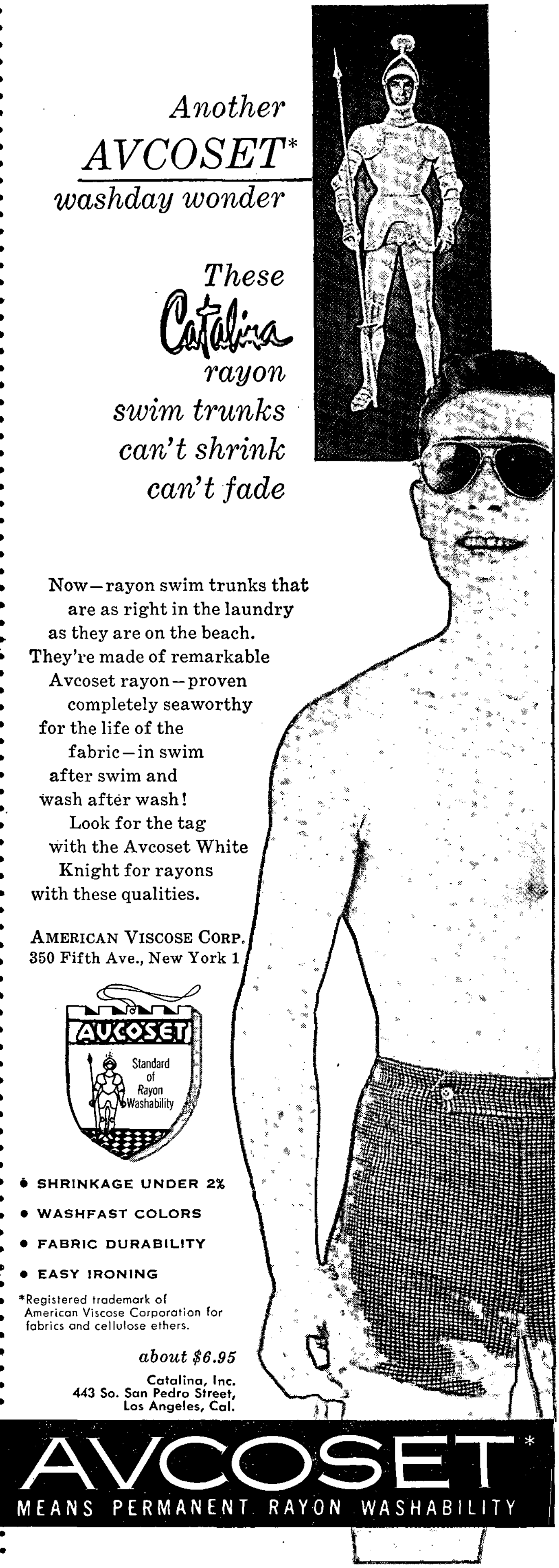

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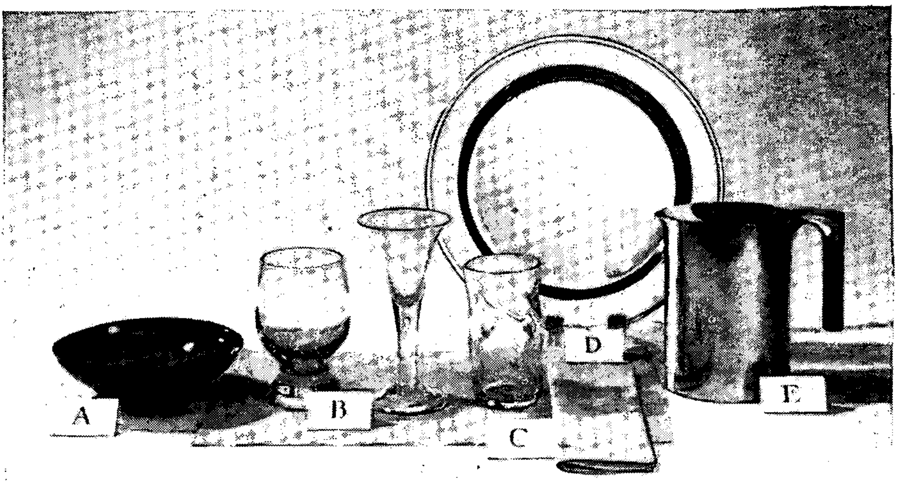
their grammar goes, the time of departure may never come, and from the moment when this ceases to be future, it is bound to be conceived as continuous—action still uncompleted. It will take them a long time to prepare, it will take them a long time to travel.

What cannot be grasped by your Russian friend who keeps you waiting an hour and a half is that for you a moment of the present will come when you stand with your watch in your hand and the hands of the watch at, say, two-forty-five (the times for which appointments are made in Russia often seem to us incomprehensible and soon cease to carry conviction, as when someone says, "Two, or perhaps half past two, or perhaps better a quarter to three"). If you make sure to arrive at a meeting a little in advance of the hour set and find that you must wait some time before the doors will be opened, it is because the time for beginning is understood differently by the Russians and the hour officially mentioned has nothing whatever to do with it. Eventually, they will drift in, and the moment to start will come; they will feel it, not check it on their watches. Nor will their watches tell them when to stop. Once a meeting, a performance at the theatre, a banquet, an interview, a lecture, a lesson has got itself under way, it will go on till the subject has been covered, till the drama has run its course, till everyone has had enough. And, as a result of this willingness to squander time, the theatrical entertainment or the novel or the serious discussion, with Russians, is likely to flourish more richly and to develop in a way more organic than enterprises of this kind usually do with us. As the performance will not be cramped, so the preparation will not have been hurried. Rehearsal, rewriting, preliminary study will not have been menaced by a deadline, by the last train to Montclair or Stamford, by an engagement to meet somebody at six o'clock and talk about something else till you dine with somebody else at seven. And this lack of our sense of clock time is also one reason the Russians—excelling at research and pure science—have proved themselves, since the Revolution, so ill suited for industrial operations, which depend on close timing and deadlines, the kind of thing perfected by our Taylor system. The programs of the Five-Year Plans were attempts to impose on the Russians the conception of clock and calendar time, to stampede them into the Western frame. In our mechanized part of the world, such a device is neither needed nor con-



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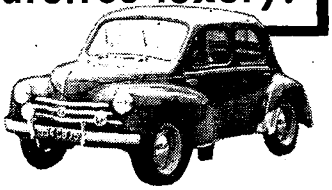

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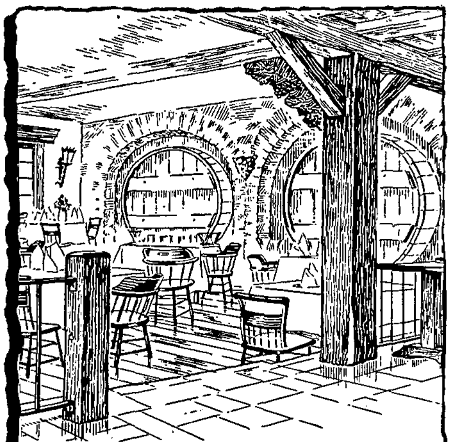

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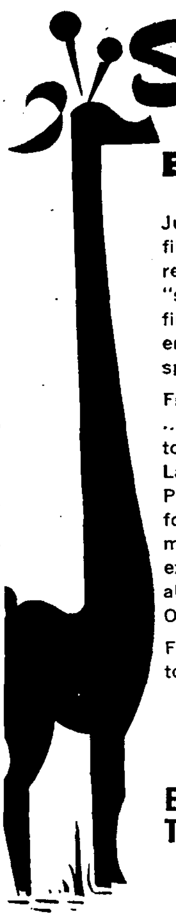
ceivable. Our industrial time runs on—the seconds clicking by like cogs—as steadily as the conveyor belt that carries the parts of the car that must always be the model of a particular calendar year. If some step in the process jams, it is soon got going again; our factories do not stop for lunch, as the Russian ones do, or as they did when I visited them in 1935. The accurate continuous functioning of the American industrial machine involves, more or less, our whole lives. But the Five-Year Plans of the Russians were like unaccustomed blocks of Western time set down in the Eastern eternity, as their plants were set down on the steppes; and though their front ends were squarely presented, a triumph of theatrical décor, they would tend to melt away on the other side, to succumb to the Russian continuous present. The planners themselves, in the meantime, instead of starting work with the workers and keeping in touch with the plant, would have been coming to their offices late in the morning and escaping from the discipline of the clock by getting together for interminable conferences that would go on for most of the night. The recent order that Soviet officials must be at their desks from nine to six is one of the ever recurring, the almost Sisyphean attempts on the part of the governing group to synchronize Russia with the schedule of the West.

NOW, the Jews of the Old Testament were living in a world of time that, from our modern Western point of view, was even less advanced than the Russian. In their language, as in Russian, the primary distinction was made between completed and incomplete action, but there were no definite tenses at all. The beginner is usually told, as the best rule of thumb to start out with, to translate the perfects as pasts and the imperfects as futures. But he soon finds out that this will not do. It is true that the ancient Jew usually thought of future action as uncompleted and completed action as past, but our categories of future and past can hardly be said to have existed for him. In my old grammar of 1838, the author, a Professor Isaac Nordheimer of the University of the City of York, begins his discussion of the Hebrew tenses by explaining that the effort of Europeans to work out a system of tenses has been "hitherto attended with very incomplete success," because of the fact that "Occidental scholars" cannot help proceeding on assumptions "derived . . . from the manner in which the various points of time are indicated in the Indo-European



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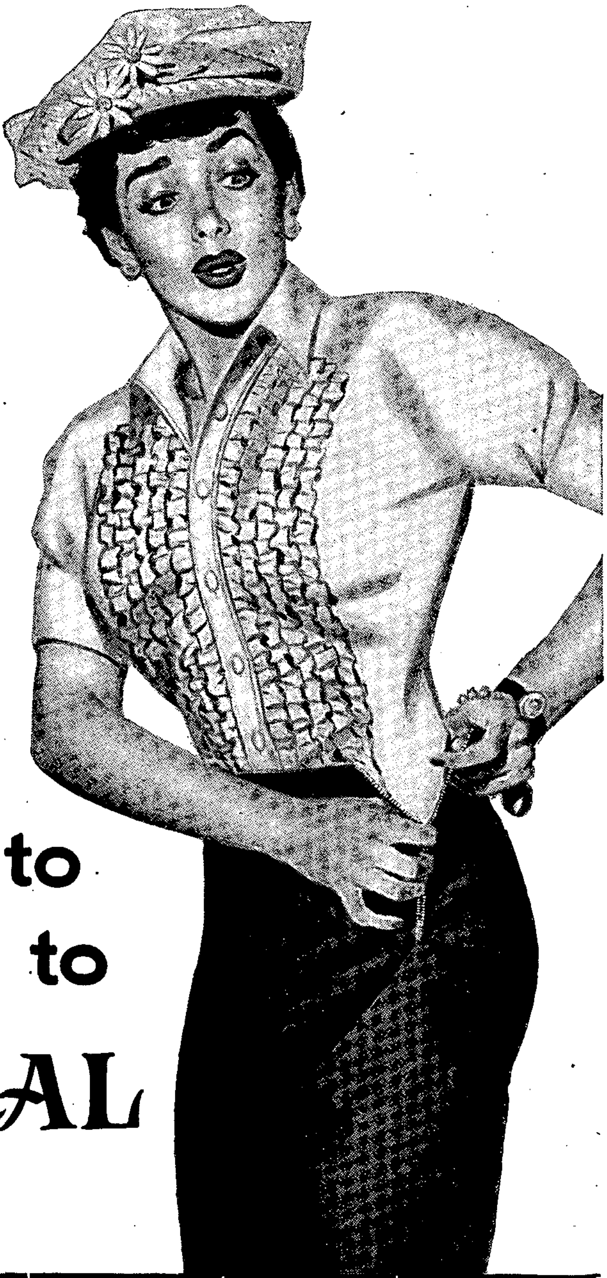
languages, rather than from the nature of the subject itself." He goes on to try to grapple with the nature of the Hebrew idea of time, and he presents us with a diagram. Let the straight line AB, he says, represent the sequence of time. Let us assume that for the Jews this sequence extended beyond A into an infinite past and beyond B into an infinite future. Let us take, upon this line, a point C somewhere between A and B, which will represent the present, *our* conception of the present. But here the trouble begins. The Jews even more than the Russians lacked our Western conception of the present moment—a feature that, it seems, marks a very advanced state in the history of language development. For them, no point C could exist. When the narrator of a Biblical story tells of something that has happened in the past, he does not keep it in a definite relation to a fixed point of reference in the present, the point at which the story is supposed to be told. He puts himself back into the time of the story, and by a logic not unlike that which is exemplified by the Russian sisters who thought they *will* go to Moscow, he may put in the imperfect ("future")—since the action has not yet been completed at the time of which he is telling—some event which, from our point of view, is already completed and belongs to the past. If we should try to proceed by our rule of thumb in translating Genesis 41:50, we should find ourselves putting it that Joseph "begat two sons before the years of famine will come." Dr. Nordheimer's diagram elucidates this by showing that the moment the storyteller puts himself back to a point D, between A and C, the happenings between D and C will be shifted from the past to the future; but he tries also to make it account for a feature of Hebrew grammar that must be one of the strangest in the history of language—the principle that when a verb form follows the conjunction "and," the imperfect is written for the perfect and the perfect for the imperfect. That is, if you relied on the rule of thumb, you would find yourself translating, "And God *will say*, 'Let there be light,' " instead of, "And God *said*." It seems to me that this phenomenon eludes Dr. Nordheimer's argument, and that the Hebrew line of eternity ends by slipping away from all his alphabetical points and retaining only the property of extending indefinitely in either direction; nor have I seen any other explanation that appeared to me satisfactory. I shall not discuss this problem except to point out that it illustrates how difficult



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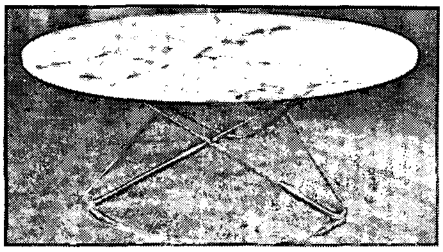

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it is for us today to grasp the old Hebrew idea of time.

The points on Dr. Nordheimer's line cannot even be used to demonstrate other features of the Hebrew verbs more accessible than the "*and* conversive." A striking example of this, and a very significant one, is the so-called "prophetic" use of the perfect. If Jehovah or a prophet declares with the utmost conviction of certainty that something is going to happen, the action or event is put—since its eventual completion is not to be doubted—in the form of the verb that denotes completion. The implication is "It's as good as done." If you translate, as everybody has had to do, these prophetic perfects as futures, you miss an important nuance. When Jehovah says to Moses, "I am what I am," we are faced with the converse problem. Both verbs are in the imperfect, so, if we followed our rule of thumb, it would give us "I shall be what I shall be"—which again would be incorrect, since what the author of Exodus means to say is that God's existence has never ceased, that it is still going on and will never end. Both these instances of usage are much to the point, for they both imply the conception of a single and eternal God, which was fundamental to Hebrew thought. For this Deity, the point C, the present moment, is a matter of little importance. Hence the carelessness of chronology in the Bible, the long shadows cast by the patriarchs, the habit of feeling that the prophets are still, like Jehovah, in being (the verb that means "to prophesy" has no "light" active but is always in the light passive, which indicates that God is speaking *through* the prophet, or in the intensive reflexive, which indicates raving or exaltation), so that it shocked no one's sense of reality to attribute to them writings that dealt with events occurring years after their deaths or to read back into them predictions of happenings—the coming of the Messiah, for example—that in their lifetimes had not even been imagined. "Instead of narrating, Israel predicts, that is to say, systematizes," says Renan in this connection. "That is why it has prophets, not historians. The invasion of the Scythians, for example, is not narrated anywhere. The episode of Gog, in Ezekiel, is a description of it, transformed into a symbol for the future. In this curious state of mind, everything becomes a type and a general formula. The thing that has actually happened counts for almost nothing." The Book of Daniel, which is written in terms of Belshazzar and Nebuchadnezzar and the Babylonian captivity, was intended

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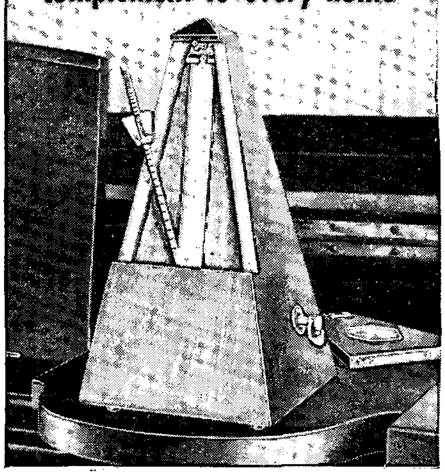

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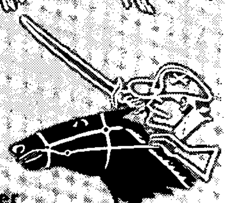

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to apply to a situation four hundred years later, when the Jews, then returned to Jerusalem, were being persecuted by Antiochus Epiphanes.

Renan believed also that this vagueness of the time sense, this lack of an equipment of tenses, which is common, it seems, to the Semitic languages, had been one of the factors that contributed to preventing the Semitic peoples from acquiring techniques and "progressing" along the same lines as the European world. They had never been geared into our time system. Though modern clocks were not used in Europe till some time in the thirteenth century, it seems to have been the Romans who established our clock and our calendar. The Greeks, of course, had water clocks and sundials and an elaborate system of tenses that indicated with precision, as the Semitic languages could not do, the relation of happenings to one another. But the Romans, with their conquests, imposed their system wherever their armies came; they left the construction of their language along with their other constructions. The Romance languages inherited them, and the Teutonic ones took their stamp. We live today in a Roman structure of present, past, pluperfect, future, and future perfect. (The current tendency to drop this last tense, to slur the relations of events in the future, is probably due to our desperate rush to pull future events into the present.) And we live not merely, as the Romans did, in a world of years, months, weeks, and days, but in a world of minutes, seconds, and infinitesimally split seconds.

Does the Westernized modernized Jew not live in this structure, too? He has mastered it; in a practical way, he lives by it. Yet his Bible and the language in which it was written seem never to be quite absent from the background of his mind. The Talmud has kept them alive as immediate inalienable realities that have annihilated time and space through fifteen centuries of exile and dispersion. Most Jews have a dimension of eternity, and this is one thing that sets them off from, and to some extent makes them seem strange to, the people whose view of the world is conditioned by self-limiting historical units: the development of civilizations, the births and the deaths of nations. Our myths are the temporal myths of Caesar and Pericles, of Charlemagne, Washington, Hitler, but the myths of the Jews are timeless—the patriarchs and prophets who never die, the Messiah who never comes. The legend of the Wandering Jew is an attempt by the

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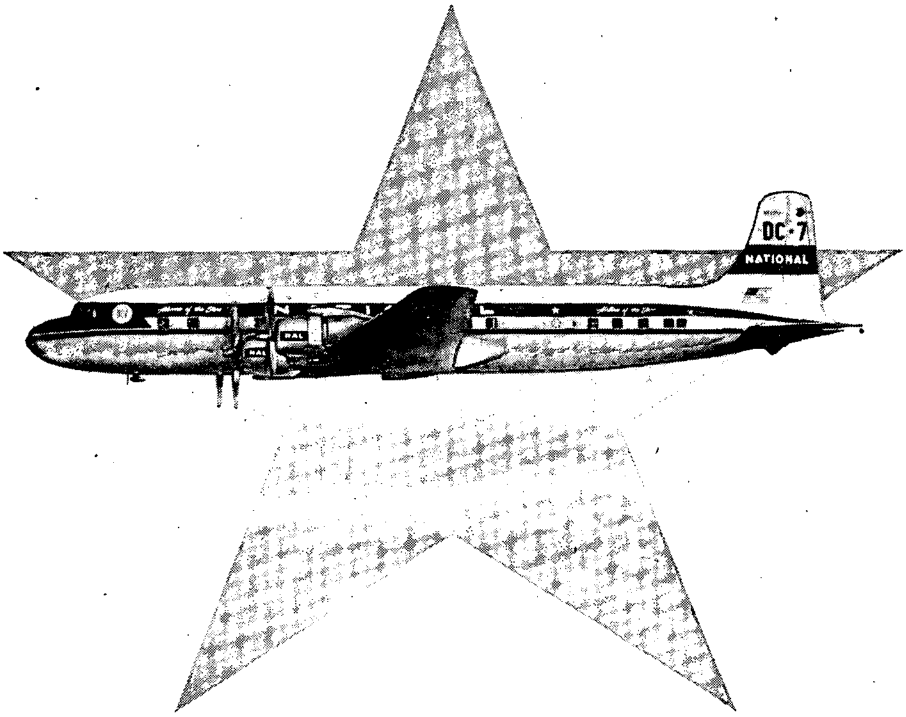

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Gentiles to synchronize the Jewish eternalness with the vicissitudes of their own intensely temporal history. The sense of persistent values that survive and transcend our historical epochs, as it has always been inherent in Jewish religion, is also implied in their language; and some acquaintance with the Hebrew Bible may be useful in making us realize how much our conception of time is an artificial contrivance, that tonight at eight-thirty, when we hope for a new revelation afforded by some popular drama, the night of August 9th, when we did or did not commit the crime, the point C that fixes the moment of the present, have an importance that is purely conventional. I do not mean that we ought to go back to the world of the Hebrew prophets or that the Jews as a people still live in this world, though one sometimes gets the impression that there are rabbis and scholars who do; but today one begins to be dubious of our passion for historicity, which seems at moments to become maniacal. I have lately been typing old notebooks of mine that go back to 1914, and I find that, for every year, I have recorded the current slang and the favorite popular songs. Is this valuable? I thought it was, and I expect to make some use of this data. Like everyone else in our part of the world, I am incurably history-minded. But what about all the issues of all the innumerable newspapers recorded on microfilm, all the minutes of all the meetings carefully filed away? We are shocked and indignant when the Russians, with their less highly developed historical sense, do not hesitate to sponge out the record of a decade or of half a century and to substitute something simpler, which will be more advantageous to the party in power (remember that the Russian verb does not indicate the relations of events in the past; when an action is past, it is simply past). We are amused by the rabbinical mind, which occupies itself with the moral situation of Jonah inside the whale as if it were a permanently important problem. But how long can our civilization go on storing up and stuffing our heads with so much minute historical information?

M. André Malraux, in his novel "The Walnut Trees of Altenburg," written in the midst of the last World War, presents an international group of thinkers in various departments of knowledge discussing those basic conceptions that underlie the mentality of every civilization without ever being subjected to criticism, because they are so taken for granted that people are not

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aware of them. And one of these, a great anthropologist, arrives at the conclusion that, for us, the uncriticized conception is not "the nation," as somebody else has suggested, but the historical point of view itself. We live, he insists, in history "as the religious civilizations lived in God," and behind our conception of history is our special conception of time.

Shall we someday come to reckon differently—to abridge historical processes, to range over longer periods, to see events in different relations, to have a different conception of events themselves? Our present conception of time, which has till recently dominated our imaginative writing and is still extremely strong, seems essential to our mechanics, to our science, which has merged with our study of morals. Now, the critical study of the Bible that has been one of the features of our scientific period has shown that the Jewish ideas about morals, the principles ascribed to Jehovah, were modified from prophet to prophet—and hence, from era to era, under pressure of varying situations, economic, political, social. And yet there is something there that is less affected than one might expect by these changes in time and locale: the principles of rectitude and justice—as, later, with Christianity, of human fellow-feeling—represented by the permanent Jewish God. When the resolute Western grammarian makes an effort to introduce our time sequence into the timeless Hebrew verbs, they continue to remain something else. "Many have concluded," says Dr. Kyle M. Yates, the author of an excellent beginner's grammar, "The Essentials of Biblical Hebrew," "that uniformity in the determination and translation of these points [the nuances of mood and tense] is impossible," but he insists that they must exist, and he draws up a table of them. The weakness of such systems is that they are bound to wear the aspect of gratuitous creations, since the meanings assigned by their formulators cannot, except in a very few instances, be shown to have any connection with the actual mechanism of the verb forms. And so, when the garbled events of the Bible are subjected to an exact rearrangement that satisfies our Western chronology, we see that they still remain something else—something that is scarcely impaired by the extreme improbability that Methuselah lived almost a thousand years, that Sarah was nearly seventy when she proved irresistible to Pharaoh, that Jacob's great love for Rachel kept him working for Laban seven years. It is something that has done a good deal

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THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

MY O. B. NEIGHBOR tells me that the period from 20 to 24 is the most favorable for having children, but because of medical improvements, childbearing now for women in their late 30's is safer than it was for women in their late 20's 10 years ago . . . Have a note or two on yourself and others in a cafeteria: Patrons take from 18 to 20 minutes for breakfast but from 30 to 32 minutes on Sundays and holidays. For week-day lunches, it's 30 to 40 minutes, 40 to 42 minutes for the evening meal. Family groups usually take longer than single customers. Patrons from out of town take longer than urban customers and inclement weather always stretches the eating time in any cafeteria . . . A Minneapolis family brought their teen-age son into the living room for a little conference the other night on the girl he was going with. His reply to their objections to her was this: "She's the best I can get with the car we've got" . . . You can now take a global tourist flight that will take you entirely around the world for $1,350 . . . Just discovered that raisins added to an outdoor bird-feeder create a delight among our feathered friends . . . Nothing worse than to mooch a cigaret from a woman, light it and find that it's scented from the perfume in her purse.

★

EXPECTING A HEART ATTACK? Watch out for these signs: A pain located below the breastbone. If it's constricting and oppressive. If it's brought on by effort. If it radiates into the arm. If it lasts only a short time. If it's relieved by nitroglycerin. A pain in the chest with three or more of these characteristics, and you may be in for it . . . The weatherman has more to face than the irate caller-up who complains about his bum guesses. And his decisions very frequently save lives and perhaps millions of dollars in property. But his job can extend way beyond any of those things. Consider the case of the forecaster in Boston. The other day a lady called in to ask what the weather was going to be two weeks hence. "I need to know," she told the weatherman on the telephone, "because I am planning to have a garden party that night."

★

WHEN THE "PRIME MINISTER of the world" travels half-way across the continent to pay tribute to 53 teen-agers, they must have something. On May 17, Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the United Nations, is coming to Minneapolis to address the awards banquet honoring the 53 finalists in the 1954 World Affairs program competition of the Minneapolis Star. These 53 are the cream of more than 90,000 students in 1,400 Upper Midwest schools who have been studying current news and world problems through a teaching and testing program developed and operated by the Minneapolis Star. Now in its eighth year, the Star's Program of Information on World Affairs is a uniquely important service to schools and educators (it's available to your school). And it's another substantial reason why the favorite newspapers of the 3½ state Upper Midwest area are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation now: more than 620,000).

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OUR FICKLE DAMES: When a woman sniffs at two samples of perfume, she'll most likely prefer one to the other. If the two samples are of identical scent, she frequently imagines a difference and will like the one she smelled first better . . . You lucky women, you. This month for the first time in 50 years, a limited number of chinchilla capes and stoles will be put on sale in selected stores over the nation—125 in all. And you can have one sent home for a paltry $10,000 . . . Next time impetigo or barber's itch hits you, ask your physician about myciguent. Physicians tested the new compound on 1,000 patrons and found that it cleared the infection up in from three to six days. It not only soothes inflammation, but combats the infection-causing bacteria.

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to sustain the morale of the Gentile as well as that of the Jew through the strictly historical happenings—the wars, the persecutions, the conquests, the migrations, and the natural disasters of the last three thousand years.

Yet the Biblical "aspect of eternity" has its disadvantages, too. It is the Jews who have given to the Western world all four of its great religions—Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Marxism—and they all of them have in common a compelling and delusive utopianism. The Jew expected the Messiah, who was to lead him out of captivity; the Mohammedan looked forward to his paradise; the medieval Christian expected the Judgment Day and the reign of Christ for infinity. Karl Marx, who liked to bait the utopian socialists and believed himself free from their errors, actually derived his appeal in great part from his vision of a socialist Armageddon and a socialist Judgment Day, when the sheep would be separated from the goats and the reign of Justice begin, as his "History" was also an omnipotent God that guided a chosen group. All these visions were solemn promises that gave people the courage to live, and in which they believed so vividly that it was almost as if they were already fulfilled. They belong to the "prophetic perfect," that phase of the Hebrew verb which indicates that something is as good as accomplished. And the escape from historical time—from the compromise, the modification, the incomplete satisfaction, the accepted misunderstanding, the complicated adjustments of every day—may bring with it something obsessive, as all four of these religions have shown, that easily produces intolerance. Now, intolerance is suicidal, for it stimulates intolerance on the other side. To believe in a word of God unchangeable and eternal (as promulgated by any of these prophets) is to stop human self-improvement, human self-creation dead—in the literal, as it always turns out, as well as in the "spiritual" way. This sense of transcendent principle has always had to be corrected by the realistic observation, the practical worldliness, of the Graeco-Roman tradition. It is the reciprocal relation of the two that has made what there is of our civilization. —EDMUND WILSON

•

Mrs. Gerald Thomas, wife of Lieutenant General Thomas, Assistant Commandant of the Marines, poured coffee in her fur coat.—*Washington Post & Times-Herald.*

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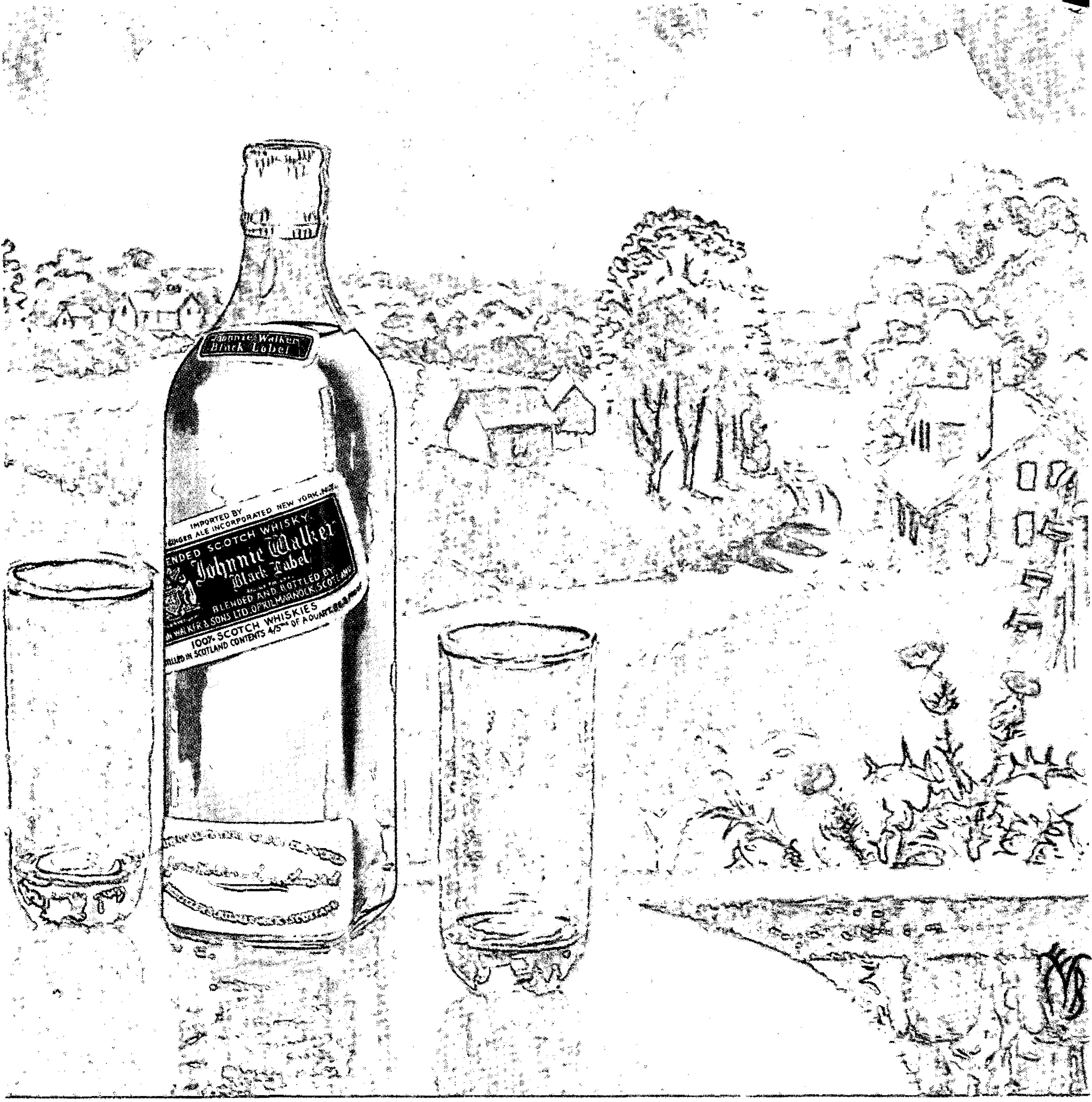
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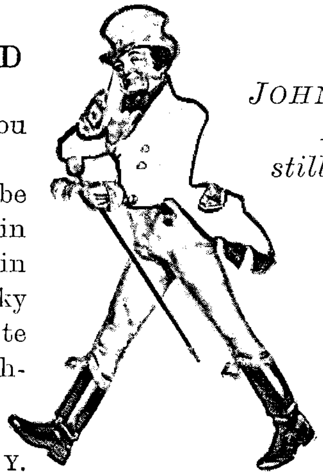

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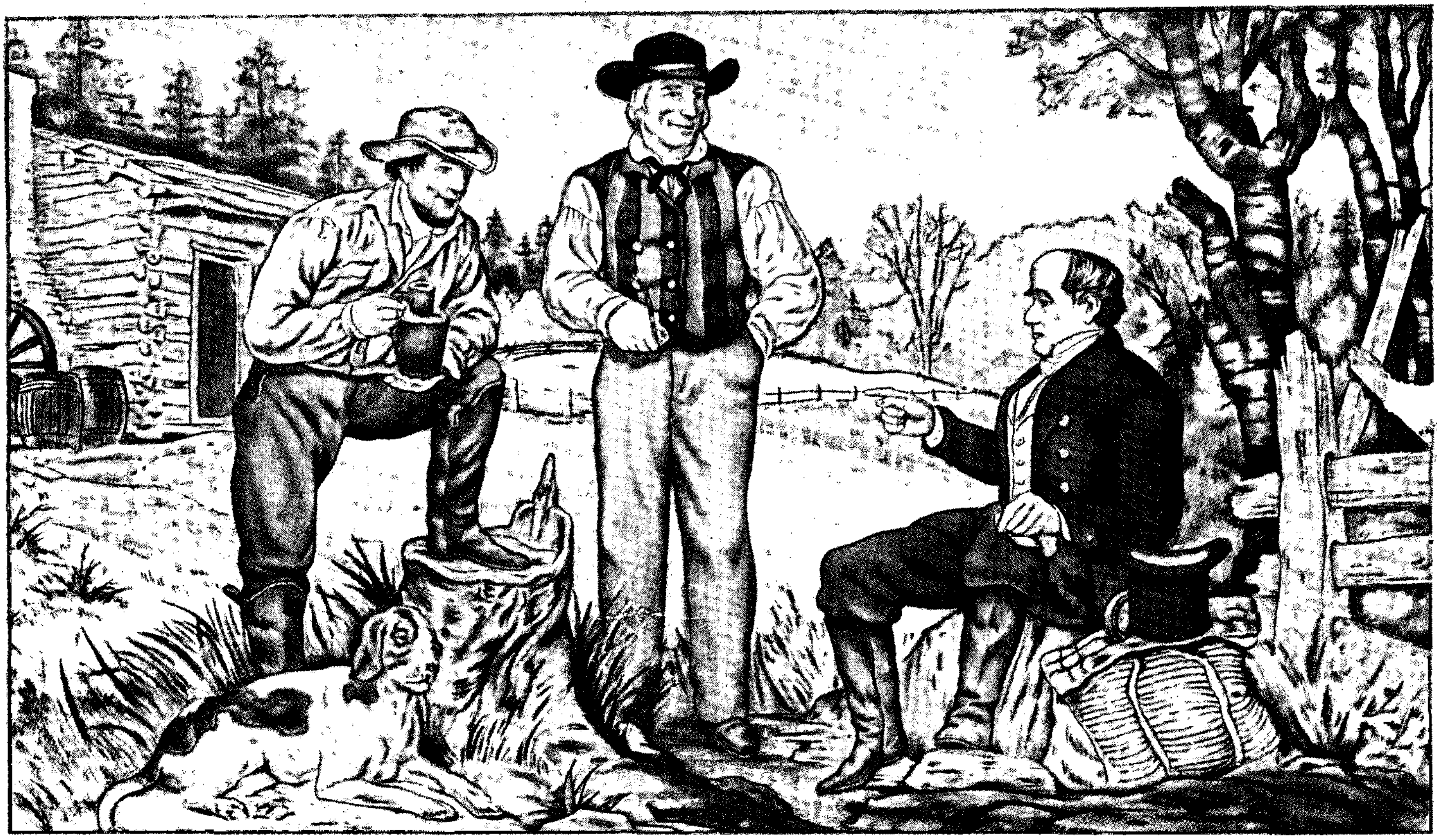

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